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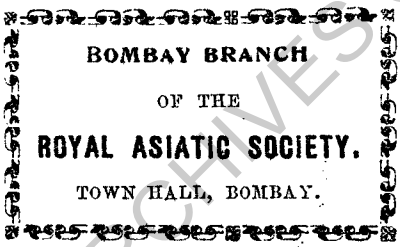

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LINGUISTIC AND ORIENTAL ESSAYS

WRITTEN FROM THE YEAR 1846 TO 1878.

18841

BY

ROBERT NEEDHAM CUST,

LATE MEMBER OF HER MAJESTY'S INDIAN CIVIL SERVICE;
HON. SECRETARY TO THE ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY;
AND AUTHOR OF "THE MODERN LANGUAGES OF THE EAST INDIES."

"Omnis
Votivâ pateat veluti descripta tabellâ
Vita Senis."

LONDON:
TRÜBNER & CO., LUDGATE HILL.
1880.

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NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

TO

WALTER SCOTT SETON-KARR,

FOR FORTY YEARS

MY FRIEND AND FELLOW-LABOURER IN

THE BEST INTERESTS OF

THE PEOPLE OF INDIA,

This Volume

IS DEDICATED.

LONDON, *July* 1880.

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PREFACE.

I CANNOT plead the conventional excuse of the solicitation of unduly partial friends for the appearance of this volume; nor, on the other hand, can I be charged with a desire to rush into print, as all these Essays have been published long ago (some more than a quarter of a century), in the pages of an esteemed Periodical, with a much wider circulation than they are likely to attain in a collective form. Two of them have appeared in a French garb in Paris.

Nor do I much care for praise or blame; I should be satisfied, if one or two sympathetic readers, after making allowance for many blemishes, would admit, that the Author dearly loved the people of India, and desired their best interests. I should also be glad, if one or two young men, in the morning of their career, were helped onward in the acquisition of Oriental knowledge, and fired with an interest in the wellbeing of our Indian fellow-subjects. How grateful should I have been, if such a volume had been placed in my hands in 1842, for I have had to work slowly to the attainment of the knowledge, such as it is, contained in this volume!

Some of the Essays are Photographs taken on the spot. Such a one, as the Indian District during a Rebellion, could

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not have been written before or since, or by any one, but the Magistrate, who succeeded to the charge, just as the Rebellion was being suppressed, who came with a calm mind fresh from England, and had access to the correspondence. Some, like Sikhland and the Ramáyana, are the results of a knowledge of Sanskrit and the Vernacular of Northern India, combined with a residence at particular spots, and a taste for legendary lore and geographical inquiry. Both these have been repeatedly quoted.

The Tour in Palestine, Mesopotamia, the Countries Betwixt the Satlaj and Jamná, and the Oriental Congresses and Scholars, represent personal studies of particular countries, and gatherings of distinguished men, such as are not always to be made under such favourable circumstances.

Such Essays, as those on Egyptology, the Phenician Alphabet, Monumental Inscriptions, the Religions and Languages of India, are condensations, more or less correct, of a long course of reading of scores of volumes, perused with a pencil in the hand. No doubt they are full of errors, and will be a subject of scorn to the specialist, who knows little beyond his own subject, but they represent a certain stratum of knowledge above the average level, and a study of them will start a fresh inquirer off on his voyage of discovery at a point more advanced than the one, from which I set out.

To me they represent thirty-five years of inquiry, reflection, and speculation. Many pages recall scenes in India, and friends, Natives and English, loved and valued, whom I shall see no more. The first Essay was written, when I was acting as private secretary to Sir Henry Lawrence in the camp of Lords Hardinge and Gough at the gates of Lahore, the capture of which is an old story now. The Indian

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District during a Rebellion was written in the camp of Lord Canning at Allahabád, while Sir Colin Campbell was still beleaguering Lakhnau. The Civil Judge decided his cases in one part of North India; the Collector got in his Land Revenue in another, at a distance of many hundred leagues from each other; but for any success in either vocation I was indebted to the rare good fortune of having sat at the feet of Lord Lawrence, and learnt my lesson from the greatest of administrators. Some were written in the tent under the shade of the mango-grove, or in the solitary staging-bungalow. Notes for others were jotted down on a log in a native village, or in a boat floating down one of the five rivers on the track of Alexander the Great, or in an excursion in the mountains of the Himálaya. The materials for others were collected in Palestine, Italy, France, Germany, and Russia, and pillaged from men and books in many languages, European and Asiatic. Such as they are, they reflect the turn of thought, the employment, the studies, and no doubt the weaknesses of the writer, viz., an ardent love for the people of India, a fearless spirit of inquiry into the history of the past, and a tendency to cast off all conventional shackles in the search for truth, and to look upon men of all ages and countries, as stamped in the same mould, deformed by the same weaknesses, and elevated by the same innate nobility.

Some of the last words of my master, Lord Lawrence, in India were, "Be kind to the natives." I would go even further, and say, "Take an interest in, and try to love them." They are the heirs (perhaps the spendthrift heirs) of an ancient, but still surviving, civilisation. And how far superior are they to the modern Egyptian, or the dwellers of

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Mesopotamia, the bankrupt heirs of a still more ancient, but exhausted, civilisation! How superior are they to the Equatorial and Tropical African, who never had any civilisation at all! It seems a special privilege to have lived a quarter of a century amidst such a people as the inhabitants of Northern India, who are bone of our Arian bone, if not flesh of our Occidental culture: a people with History, Arts, Sciences, Literature, and Religion not to be surpassed, if equalled, by the Chinese and Japanese, who, like the Indians, for so many centuries sat apart from, and uninfluenced by, the long splendour of the Greek and Roman civilisation, which had overshadowed the rest of the world.

And in spite of the puerile vagaries of the Sciolist, the unseemly bickerings of really great Scholars, the untimely death of some great Genius, to whom the world looked for enlightenment, and the strange lingering on in galvanised life of some old-world prejudice, some oft-exploded error, Knowledge is seen to advance slowly: "E pur si muove." We shall know something in the next generation of the early history of the Religions, Languages, and Races of Mankind.

ROBERT CUST.

LONDON, *July* 1880.

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ERRATA.

Page 96,	*for*	"Godáveri"	*read*	"Godavari."
,, 112,	,,	"dasyud"	,,	"dasyu."
,, 112,	,,	"mlechhad"	,,	"mlechha."
,, 112,	,,	"Áraynaka"	,,	"Áranyaka."
,, 170,	,,	"Cosma"	,,	"Csoma."
,, 306,	,,	"Adrian"	,,	"Hadrian."
,, 380,	,,	"Axam"	,,	"Axum."
,, 380,	,,	"Axamites"	,,	"Axumites."

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LINGUISTIC AND ORIENTAL ESSAYS.

CHAPTER I.

THE COUNTRIES BETWIXT THE RIVERS SATLAJ AND JAMNÁ, IN NORTH INDIA.

THE Khalsa army no longer exists, and the integrity of the Panjáb, the kingdom created and ably governed by Ranjít Singh, has been destroyed. We are now no longer menaced by a licentious army threatening, at every turn of Durbar politics and factious intrigue, the peace of our provinces: a succession of victories, unequalled in the fierceness of the conflict and the magnitude of the issue, has lowered the spirit of the last native power of India, which, though for the space of forty years bound to us only by the brittle chains of friendship and amity, had never before crossed swords with us, but during a period of temporary failure to our arms had proved our faithful ally. Irresistible circumstances, however, hurried on the conflict at a time, when universal peace enabled us to concentrate the strength of our empire, and annihilate the armies of the invader.

The campaign of 1845-46 will neither be soon nor easily forgotten: it will be remembered by many a widow and orphan, as the era from which their worldly distress commenced: it will be remembered by those engaged in it with feelings of triumph at the bravery and determination exhibited, and with humiliation, when we reflect upon the difficulty, with which the means of our vast empire are made available, and the slender hold, which, after the lapse of a century, we can be said to have upon India. We have indeed much to be proud of, and much to regret in the events, which have greatly crowded one upon the other: pride, at the display of the still indomitable valour of the British soldier; regret, at the number of those gallant men, whose services have been lost to their country. The soldier and the statesman will find

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no unprofitable lesson in pondering the progress and the issue of the campaign of the Satlaj.

But, for the present, we must waive the discussion of this subject. Our remarks apply to the battlefield, not to the battle, and we would draw attention to the scenes, upon which these stirring events have been passing, the plains of Sarhind and Malwa, the countries betwixt the rivers Satlaj and Jamná.

From the earliest times, going back to a period of dim tradition, these plains have been the battlefield of India. It is here, and in the country immediately adjoining the opposite banks of each river, that the fights of races and religions have been fought: who shall venture to state how often the rich valley of the Ganges has been lost and won on these plains; how often the conqueror from the West, once established on the threshold of India, has found himself the irresistible master of the riches and resources of the country beyond? From the days of Alexander the Great to those of Ranjít Singh the tide of conquest has flowed through this channel, bringing down a succession of the hardy and fanatical tribes of the West to colonise and deteriorate under the baneful influence of the East: once, and once only, in the history of ages has the order of things been reversed, and this century has beheld the often-conquered Hindu carrying on these plains in triumph a sufficient trophy[1] from the tomb of the first, the most fanatical, and still most hated, of their Mahometan conquerors.

A cursory glance at the map of Asia will show, how justly the plains of Sarhind are, as their name indicates, entitled to be considered the head, or threshold, of India: the great Himálaya range presents an unbroken frontier on the east from the confines of Arakan to the valley of Kashmír: on the west the vast desert of Central India extends from Gujarát, and gradually narrowing may be said to terminate in, or adjoining, the districts of Hariána and Bhattiána. European art and arrangement have in these days rendered this desert a safe and practicable route for those on friendly terms with the countries on both sides, and the caravans of the Lohání merchant have for ages traversed its sands in security; but to a hostile force advancing from the west these deserts present an ample and sufficient barrier. It is only, therefore, through this narrow neck of country, intervening between the line of hill and desert, that India has ever been open to invasion from the tribes inhabiting Central Asia, who had overwhelmed Hindustán with periodical inundations.

We have said that even from the days of tradition these plains have been the battlefield of India, and our readers, learned in the lore of the Hindus, will scarcely require to be informed, that our allusion is to the battle of the Kurukshétra, the contest between

[1] The gates of Somnáth, brought back by our armies from Gházni in 1842.

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the sons of Kúru and Pándu for the throne of Indraprastha, in which the Hindu poet, with a vehemence and variety of imagery not unworthy of him, who sang the wars of Troy, asserts, and boldly maintains, that the gods themselves took a part, and, disguised in mortal garb, directed the battle of the victors. With that strange inconsistency and garrulousness, which distinguishes the Hindu poets, Krishna himself is represented as inculcating moral doctrines of a most diffuse and exalted kind, with his armour buckled on, and all but engaged in the fight. Unknown as the circumstances of these battles may be to the European lords of the soil, insignificant as they may appear to be from their results having perished, they are well known to, and intimately blended with, the religion of the Hindus. Let him that doubts repair to Thanésar in these plains, and visit the sacred lake, that bears the name of the field, of which it is the extreme corner; let the sceptic see the crowds that resort to bathe in its holy waters; let him count the gold, that is poured into the lap of Brahmans, who swarm there beyond calculation; let him hear one of the learned of their number quote with enthusiasm the lines of the Mahábhárata, which tell of the valour of Arjana and the pride of Bhima Sena, and he might well suppose, from the fervour of the reciter, that the aged man was narrating some victory in which he himself, when a youth, had gloried to have taken a share. Such, in all ages and in all climes, is the power of legendary lore, intensely increased, when associated with religion, and such a religion as Hinduism. The neighbourhood of Kaithal, uninteresting in any other respect, notorious for the wild and savage nature of its inhabitants, unhealthy in its climate, and unfertile in its productions, has, in the eyes of the Hindus, a sanctity not surpassed by any other district in India. Here the devotee wanders from Tirtha to Tirtha in quick succession; he bathes in the waters of the Saraswati, the stream connected with the goddess of Wisdom. Intensely ignorant as he is of the object of the circuit he is taking, of the events, for the occurrence of which the scenes he visits are renowned, he still fancies that he derives some feeling of imbibed sanctity, and the satisfaction attending the performance of a pious and edifying deed, in completing the prescribed bathings and purifications at Pehóa and Thanésar in the field of the Kurukshétra.

Who will venture to fix the dates when the battles alluded to above were fought? Handed down to us in mystic tradition, we take them at the value they may seem intrinsically to possess. There may have been, there must have been, many a battle of which we have no record. Many a brave man may have lived and fought before Arjana and Alexander, but they had no bard to celebrate their victories or record their virtues; happy may those be considered, to whom this favour has by fate been accorded, and valued by us ought the legends of the early state of a people to be!

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We pass over a period of years, perhaps of centuries, and we arrive at the days of Alexander the Great. This period seems to be one, upon which tradition and history meet upon neutral ground, and contend for empire. Who can doubt that the hero of Macedon did really penetrate to the Panjáb, that his vessels did in truth ride upon the Indus? but we see all, as it were, through a hazy darkness: we can neither fix with exactness the site of the cities, which he founded, nor the tribes which he conquered; we can neither recognise the traitors, nor the patriots, who fought with or died against the enemy from the west. Antiquarians squabble and commentators differ, as to whether Multán was the capital of the Malli, or Porus of the family of the Pouravi, who, as the Mahabhárata and the drama of Sakuntalá tell us, were seated on the throne of India. Be it what it may, a great power penetrated in the third century before our era to the neighbourhood of the Satlaj, but, turning off ere they reached the plains of Sirhind, they conveyed to Europe the origin of those vague rumours of the wealth, the power, and magnificence of Hindustán, on the threshold of which they had stood, and of the inhabitants of which they had collected some varied and distorted information.

We now pass over in a breath a period of thirteen centuries: how many dynasties may have risen and fallen in that period, if Indian dynasties were then liable to the same vicissitude, to which they have since been subject! We have no landmark to direct us, no sure ray of light to attract our attention, between the days of the son of Philip and the son of Sebektegin. We may conclude, that the peninsula of India, if not free from internal broil, was at least unassailed by foreign invaders. We give up that period to the respective supporters of the Buddhist and Brahmanical theories: this must have been the time, when those vast structures were raised, which still astonish us, when the Hindu people were governed by sovereigns of their own race and religion; it must have been a time, when the temple was crowded with worshippers and the shrine heaped with rich presents; these must be the good old days, to which the pious must still look back with regret, when kine were not killed, and when Brahmans were worshipped through the land! But a bitter, an uncompromising, a fanatical enemy to Brahmans and to all, who bowed down to wood and stone, had sprung into existence in the deserts of Arabia. The fiery tenets of Mahomet had resuscitated the slumbering energy of the races, which had been once great and powerful, between the Euphrates and the Mediterranean, and sent forth hordes of warriors prepared to conquer and die in the name of the Almighty, the indivisible and the eternal. From the Straits of Gibraltar on the west to the mountains which overhang the Indus, from the Oxus to the Nile, the sons of Islam overcame all that opposed them.

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New kingdoms were established, and new dynasties grasped at sovereign power, till the eleventh century of the Christian era found Mahmúd, the son of Sebektegin, seated upon the throne of Gházni, and prepared to carry out the bold but unfinished attempts of his father to add the plains of Hindustán to his dominions. Burning with the lust of conquest, he assumed the cloak of religion, and started forth on an expedition to plunder and convert. Twelve times did he, with different degrees of success, pour his hordes into India; and on several occasions over the plains of Sarhind did he carry fire and sword, breathing vengeance against kings and idolaters, seeking and destroying cities, defacing and polluting shrines. At Thanésar, then the seat of a rich and powerful kingdom, and a place of resort to the pious Hindu from all quarters, was fought by one of his successors a great and bloody battle, and not one only, for a partial defeat of the invader was merely the forerunner of a more complete victory, which laid open to him the road to Delhi and the other kingdoms of India. Still, Mahmúd was but the rod, his descendants and successors were the destroying serpents. A Pathán monarchy was established at Delhi, and thence ramified over India. But as one dynasty succeeded or rather destroyed the other, as the Ghorians, the Slave Kings, the Lodis struggled for conquest, on each, on every, occasion the plains of Sarhind were scoured and ravaged, as the Pathán born in the mountains descended with a fresh horde of needy adventurers to demand his share of the common prey from his more effeminate brethren of Hindustán.

But the success, which had attended the irruptions of Mahmúd and his successors, the vast and incalculable wealth in specie and jewels, with which the kingdom of Gházni had been enriched, attracted the attention and excited the avarice of a needy and warlike race of warriors, with whom the countries beyond the Oxus were teeming. The first irruption of this people under Jenghis Khan swept like a mighty tempest along the borders of India, and overspread Asia from the Pacific to the Caspian; but although the mountains of Kábul fell an easy prey to the invader, the rich provinces of India were spared, and the court of the emperor of Delhi became the refuge of kings and princes, over whose dominions the tempest had burst. When, however, in the succeeding century, a fresh storm gathered from beyond the Oxus, and the invincible Timúr was commencing his career of victory, which was destined to embrace the Celestial empire on the east and the Sublime Porte on the west, India was his first and most coveted prey. Nor were there the means of resistance, either in the people of the country or their degenerate rulers, to stem the tide of this new invasion. The institutes of Timúr would represent him as possessed of every virtue: his acts stamp him as the perpetrator of every crime, human and inhuman. If the massacre of helpless prisoners, and the

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licensed plunder and slaughter of unresisting citizens, can hold up the name of any conqueror to the execration of posterity, that conqueror is Timúr, whose course from the Indus to the Ganges was literally marked by carnage and devastation. Content with having displayed his vast powers as the scourge of the Almighty, Timúr made no attempt to establish his dynasty in Delhi, but, satiated with the blood and wealth of India, he recrossed the Indus, and entered upon the grand expedition which, stupendous as it was, he executed, that of planting his standard on the farther shore of the Bosphorus. India was left to the government, or rather the misgovernment, of the remnant of the Pathán dynasties, till, in the person of Baber, his lineal descendant, arose the star of the imperial house of Delhi, miscalled the house of the Moghals. Baber's own pen has left us an interesting account of his adventures and his wanderings, and we can follow him from the time, when he was an exile from his paternal heritage, when he seemed the butt of fortune, and, though often defeated, was never known to despair. We accompany him to the battle of Sarhind and Panipat, where he accomplished the downfall of the house of Lodi, and established his own family at Delhi. Scarcely, however, had the energetic founder of the dynasty, which so long occupied the pageant throne of Delhi, breathed his last, ere the sceptre was snatched from the hands of his less-gifted son, who was driven into exile across the Indus. Thence returning with recruited strength, the plains of Sarhind again became the theatre of the struggle for empire, and the road by which the hardy but undisciplined sons of the north plundered their way to the capital of Hindustán. The field of Panipat a second time decided the fate of India, and the struggles of the Pathán and the Tartar ceased finally under the able rule of Akbar. This, however, did not bring rest to these devoted regions. Armies were incessantly pouring across them to reduce rebellious provinces, or more completely to bring into subjection half-subdued districts. Sometimes they proceeded to victory, sometimes to disaster.

With the exception of these expeditions, the countries between the Indus and the Jamná enjoyed comparative repose during the reign of Akbar and his three illustrious successors. It was then that the arts of peace were cultivated, that the stately serai sprung into existence, as it were by the wand of the enchanter, in the centre of the desert plain; it was then that the magnificent cities were erected with their mosques, their tombs, their garden houses, and all the accompaniments of luxury and grandeur, which still in their ruins excite feelings of astonishment and admiration. The plains of Sarhind then became the route, along which the court of Jahángír and Shah Jahán travelled in luxurious pomp from Delhi to the happy valley of Kashmír. The invaluable memoirs of the

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scientific Bernier give us an accurate and amusing picture of such imperial progresses, and the multitude of miseries and discomforts which attended them. Any traveller in the North-West Provinces can sympathise with him in his woful description of the waters, much troubled by the drinking of cattle and washing of followers; we can feel for him in the dire necessity of eating the filthy bread of the bazaar, and having his whole day consumed in pitching and striking tents, in knocking in pegs and abusing servants, in being suffocated with dust, and so shut in on all sides by ropes and canvas-screens as neither to be able to advance nor retreat. His picturesque descriptions speak for themselves, and show that the habits of the people of India are still unchanged. These periodical processions of the emperors must have been splendid and stately affairs, but bringing with them devastation and ruin to the villages on the line of march. Even in our own days, with all the system and arrangement of our district-jurisdictions, the passage of a governor-general or commander-in-chief is like that of a destroying spirit. The great man is himself only dimly seen in the early morning march, but the camp-followers plunder the whole day, verifying the Persian proverb, that, if one egg be required for the prince, one thousand chickens are spitted by his servants. Redress is vain, as before the morrow's dawn the camp itself, and the means of identifying the parties, are gone: if such exists even now, what must have been the state of things in the days of the Mahometan empire? The Kos-Minárs still mark the royal way from Agra to Lahore, and many of the halting-places are still distinguishable by the remains of gardens and buildings devoted to the temporary accommodation of the court in its transit. A perusal of the autobiography of Jehángír gives some more particulars of such journeys, as they appeared to royalty itself, and supply us with an amusing anecdote of truly Oriental justice, which took place by order of the emperor in the gardens of Sarhind. The death of Aurangzéb again brought war and confusion, intrigue and assassination, into the north of Hindustán. During the years immediately succeeding, we read of armies advancing to and from Lahore, of the empire being sold for money or purchased by blood. We find the petty district authorities availing themselves of the times to assist their independence, and Pathán, Moghal, and Hindu each seizing what they could lay hold of, and rendering the countries between the Satlaj and the Jamná a scene of anarchy and confusion.

But the attention of all was suddenly directed from objects of selfish aggrandisement, and the instinct of common danger united all once more upon the unexpected arrival of the terrible Nádir, king of Persia. Once more the countries beyond the snowy mountains, which bound India on the north-west, had sent forth an iron race of warriors, who under one leader swept down with irresistible

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violence upon the unprotected plains of Hindustán: all the mushroom potentates of India were struck with astonishment at this new and invincible invader. Even far in the Dakhan its influence was felt, and it urged Bají Rao, the Marátha Peishwa, to invite his bitter enemy, the Nizám, to form a general league for the defence of India against a common foe. The plunderer and destroyer swept on to Delhi, and the spot is still shown in the mosque of Rakn-úd-daulah, where he seated himself to indulge his insatiable bloodthirstiness in the slaughter of the citizens of the first city of the empire.

The stream was too violent to be lasting, and we find that it soon rolled back, and an inglorious death ere long terminated the career of Nádir Shah; but, as his invasion gave the finishing-stroke to the power of the house of Timúr, so also it brought to a perfection the confusion and anarchy prevailing in the unhappy country, whose history we are touching upon. What was its condition? Harried by successive inroads of savage and relentless plunderers, pressed by their nominal rulers, spoiled by the actual invader, the inhabitants had acquired the ferocity of the wild beast; leaving their fields to be overrun with jungle, they fortified their villages; each man was a soldier in defence of his paternal acre, each well was protected by a tower, each village rendered itself secure by a ditch and impenetrable hedges at least against the inroads of marauding horse. Up to the time of the invasion of Nádir, either from hopelessness or from indifference, they bore their evils with patience or at least in silence; but at length the cup of Mahometan tyranny was full, and the spark was applied, which set the whole country in a flame. About the year 1742 the Jat agriculturists, from sheer desperation, took up arms, and, resigning their former peaceful avocations, took to rapine and plunder as a means of existence. This ebullition might and would in all probability have been put down by the superiority of skill in arms, which the provincial ruler still possessed, but at this critical moment the revolting Hindus adopted, as a bond of union, the dormant tenets of Guru Nának, which, though crushed, had never been exterminated, and, assuming these as their watchword, they found that strength and consistency, which religious fanaticism alone can supply.

From this period we date the existence of the Sikhs, as a distinct people and professors of a distinct religion; from this date they commenced their career of arms, and eventually of conquest. They then entered upon and finally carried out the great work, effected in the south of India by the Maráthas, the rising of the oppressed Hindu races against their Mahometan conquerors and tyrants. It was a war of religion and extermination, and, but for the interference of a European power in the politics of India, every vestige of Mahometan rule would have been swept from the country.

The struggle for the empire of Hindustán would have been between the Marátha and the Sikh; and as the Marátha had so far been the first in the field by the occupation of Delhi, the theatre of the contest would have been these very plains of which we now write.

It was thus that the precepts of Nának were adopted by the warrior and the rebel. Far other was the intention of their peaceful and benevolent founder. Beholding and pitying the miseries produced by fanaticism and religious strife, his object was to blend the Hindu faith and Mahometan creed into a compound, and to lead both to lay aside their rancour, and worship the one invisible Being. His peaceful ministry was continued in the persons of his immediate successors, Angad, Amar Dás, Ram Dás, and Arjan; though the numbers of the professors of the new faith increased, still there was nought to distinguish them from the other ascetic and religious sectarians, with which India still abounds: they aimed at no political existence, and in all probability would never have obtained one, had not, in an ill-fated moment, the Mahometan ruler of the district, from pique, from prejudice, or wanton cruelty, imprisoned and put to death the last mentioned of these teachers. This was in the year 1606. Fired by this outrage, the son of the murdered priest, Har Govind, took up arms, and, exciting the passions of his followers, commenced a system of petty reprisals. But what was the power and means of a few and unorganised devotees against the consolidated power of the empire of Delhi? Fresh persecution only produced increased hate; the sect was wellnigh crushed, its professors were scattered; it would have ceased to exist had not the murder of Tegh Bahádar, the son of Har Govind, called forth the talents, the energy, and the vengeance of Guru Govind, the tenth and the last of the successors of Nának. A man of superior abilities, of enthusiastic eloquence and indomitable courage, Guru Govind entirely altered the constitution and habits of his followers. He imbued them with military ardour, and taught them to devote themselves to the pious duty of wreaking vengeance upon the Mahometans. The aspect of the times was now more favourable; the power of Aurangzéb was occupied in the disastrous wars of the Dakhan; the sect grew and multiplied; they opposed, sometimes with success, and sometimes with reverse, such force as the officers of the emperor sent out against them. They established themselves at Anandpúr-Makhowal and Chamkour, south of the Satlaj; and, though Guru Govind was at length driven from the latter place, and his wife and children barbarously murdered at Sarhind, while he himself perished in exile, the cause was not deserted: his disciple and follower Banda, the Bairági, took advantage of the confusion and tumult following the death of Aurangzéb, and planned and executed the daring deed of the capturing

and sacking of Sarhind, the principal city between the Satlaj and the Jamná. Animated with the spirit of demons, rather than of men, they wreaked their vengeance to the full upon this devoted city, and, encouraged by their success, spread their ravages beyond the Jamná into the districts of Saháranpúr. But the strength of the Delhi empire, though weakened by dissension and strife, was still strong against these irregular combatants; the field of Panipat saw them defeated, and, their leader being shortly afterwards taken and barbarously murdered, the flames of this religious warfare were to a certain extent allayed.

Driven like wild beasts before their exterminating enemy, cut down in hundreds, with a price set on their heads, some strong spirits still clung to the tenets of their Guru, refused to cut their beards and resume the peaceful life of cultivators, and concealed themselves in the hills to await a suitable time for again wreaking their vengeance. That at length arrived: the utter annihilation of the power of the Delhi emperor enabled the Hindu peasantry, exasperated by centuries of oppression, to rise up in great strength. Assuming the tenets of a faith, associated in their memories with deeds of vengeance upon the Mahometan, and successful resistance against the oppressor, they converted the country between the rivers Rávi and Jamná into a theatre for the struggle of a nation fighting for its liberty, of enthusiasts contending for the unrestrained profession of their peculiar tenets, with that zeal and energy which can only be awakened in such a cause. This was the distinction of their present outbreak from those preceding it under Har Govind, Guru Govind, and Banda; those were the struggles of religious fanatics alone, breathing vengeance for the loss of their leader, and the oppression of themselves; to this cause was now superadded the accumulated vengeance and righteous indignation of a people, who had been insulted and persecuted for centuries.

Their strength was now such, that they opposed with success the arms of the Viceroy of Lahore, and would probably have soon established for themselves some permanent position, when an enemy appeared from the west, whose force of overwhelming magnitude carried everything before it, and threw back the progress of the Hindu revolution for a quarter of a century: this was Ahmed Shah Abdáli, the founder of the dynasty of Kábul. As a youth he had accompanied Nádir Shah in his inroad into Hindustán; he had witnessed the capabilities of the country to yield plunder and its inability to defend itself, and he resolved to take advantage of its distracted state, and after plundering Central Hindustán to annex the provinces of Lahore and Sarhind permanently to his dominions. Seven times did he enter these unfortunate provinces, and overrun them like a destroying whirlwind. In his first inva-

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sion, in 1747, the neighbourhood of Sarhind was the scene of a tremendous conflict between the Moghal and the Abdáli. The following year saw the invader return, and, in 1751, an engagement took place under the walls of Lahore, after which the power of the emperor of Delhi ceased even nominally to predominate north of the Jamná. In 1755, the Abdáli proceeded without opposition and took temporary possession of Delhi, but contented himself with making the Jamná the southern boundary of his dominions. But his power, though great, was not consolidated, and one of the Mahometan District-Governors, whom the change of supreme power had deprived of his province, invited the common enemy of the faith to avenge him upon his opponent. That enemy was the Marátha, whose arms were then irresistible from Delhi to Cape Comorin. Ready for plunder, and burning to annex new provinces to the empire of the Peishwa, Ragonath Rao, son of the late Bájí Rao, readily accepted the invitation, and poured across the countries between the Jamná and Satlaj the hardy race which had fought its way to the north from the fastnesses of the Western Ghats of Southern India.

Resistance on the part of the Afghan Governor was vain: he was driven across the Indus, leaving the whole country between that stream and the Jamná to be desolated and plundered. Short, however, was the period of the new rule. Roused by the insult offered to his religion and his power, the Abdáli returned with an overwhelming force, and utterly destroyed the Maráthia army on the plains of Panipat. This was the last great religious battle in India; it was the last struggle between the Hindu and Mahometan, as on this occasion all the great Mahometan chiefs of India were ranged under the standard of the northern invader. Great however as was the victory of the Mahometans, they were unable to take advantage of it, and it proved their last and final struggle, for since that date they have ceased to be the dominant power in India.

Twice more, however, did the Abdáli descend from the mountains, but it was rather for the purpose of wreaking his vengeance upon his revolting subjects, than with any view of permanent conquest. From the date of the battle of Panipat, the whole country between the rivers Rávi and Jamná became the property of the insurgent followers of Guru Govind; they now openly collected in plundering bodies, they erected forts, and the fearful carnage and defeat which they suffered in 1762 in the neighbourhood of Sarhind, only exasperated them more deeply, and led to their collecting again in the following year, annihilating the army of the governor and utterly destroying all that remained of the city of Sarhind. Returning once again to avenge this open insult, the Abdáli saw that all efforts to retain these provinces were useless, and he retired across

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the Indus, and, for the rest of his reign and that of his son, the Sikhs remained undisputed masters of the soil.

This people originally came before us, as the unobtrusive professors of doctrines peculiar for their simplicity and their peaceful tendency. Excited by the cries of a son breathing vengeance for the slaughter of his father and their priest, we have seen these peaceful devotees take up arms and commence a religious warfare against this persecution. Crushed, crushed to the ground by an overwhelming force, they had betaken themselves to the lair and adopted the habits of wild beasts, till the oppression of centuries excited the vengeful passions of the population of a whole country, and urged them to rise against the oppressor, adopting the tenets of a faith all but forgotten as the watchword of their warfare. We have seen them defeated and scattered to the four winds, but still returning when the tempest had blown over, and at length, when anarchy had reached its crisis, when the empire of Delhi on the south had been annihilated, and on the north the empire of Kábul was paralysed by internal convulsions, occupying and portioning out among themselves, as sovereign possessors, the soil, for the peaceful possession of which they had struggled, as cultivators. Cradled as they were in oppression, fighting only for plunder and existence, led on by no one mastermind, ignorant, reckless, possessing the solitary virtues of bravery and independence of character, we cannot expect to find with them any system of government, or any of the organisation, which constitutes a state. The coast being clear, there being no ruler in the land, each band of plundering marauders under their respective chieftain lighted, like a cloud of locusts, on the soil. To each Sirdar, to each horseman, his share was allotted; and in that space of ground each individual assumed and exercised rights, to which no term can be applied but that of sovereign. The social structure of the village community remained unchanged, the conquering Sikh did not intrude himself into the number of the village shareholders, but he claimed from them, and exacted when he was able, that portion of the produce of the soil which the custom of ages in India has set aside to the maintenance of government, and which passed now into the hands of an individual, perhaps a cultivator himself in the adjoining village, but who had relinquished the ploughshare for the sword, and had enrolled himself among the followers of some successful freebooter.

This state of things was too anomalous to last: the stronger swallowed up the weaker; the peasant brethren united and refused, unless coerced, to pay the share to those who had not the power to exact it. The common enemy having retired, dissensions arose among the liberated chiefs themselves, and a field was found for the display of individual talent and enterprise. So, for the space of thirty years, from 1764 to 1794, though no foreign in-

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vader molested these countries, no destroying army plundered the ripening harvests, still feud and internal dissension reigned throughout the land: villages were prosecuting hereditary quarrels with their neighbours. Secure in his petty fort, the Sikh chieftain was sometimes besieged by the peasants, at another time collecting his share of the produce with the assistance of hired ruffians. The owners of villages with strong natural defences threw off all connection with their nominal masters, while ambitious and enterprising chieftains were daily, by successful expeditions of plunder, increasing their possessions and reputation. Distinguished among these were the ancestors of Ranjít Singh, who were paving the way for the more comprehensive designs of their successor.

Ere we allude to these events, and the influence, which the English Government was soon to exert in these countries, we must introduce the history of the last invader, who descended from the mountains of Kábul to conquer Hindustán. Between the years 1795 and 1798 the youthful Shah Zemán, who had but just succeeded to the throne of Kábul, looking upon all the provinces up to the Jamná as his lawful dominions, three times invaded the Panjáb and occupied Lahore. It was, however, the last expiring effort of the chivalry of the West. For 700 years, since the days of Sebektegin, these plains had been considered the lawful spoil of the hardy tribes who occupied the mountains, but their lease had now expired, and Shah Zemán was the last of the long line of Mahometan invaders. Let us pause for one moment, and consider the eventful history of him, whose name has just fallen from our pen. Born the heir to a throne then the most powerful in India, brought up amidst the prestige of the victories and successful invasions of his illustrious grandfather, who lorded it unrestrained over Hindustán, and had overpowered the united army of the Hindu race, himself during the lifetime of his father a successful warrior and the governor of a province, he seized the first opportunity of reasserting his claims to the provinces as far as the Jamná, and, leaguing with Tipú Sultan, the distant tyrant of Mysore, he conceived the magnificent project of re-establishing the power of the Crescent in Hindustán, of subduing the rebellious Hindu, and driving into the sea, whence they came, the intrusive Christians. Nor was the project chimerical, nor the danger slight, nor considered so by Lord Wellesley, then Governor-General of India. It was partly with reference to this projected invasion of Shah Zemán, the rumours of which alarmed the Council Board of Calcutta, that measures so decisive were adopted against Tipú, that half his dominions were rent from the sovereign of Oudh as payment of a subsidiary force, and other means of defence devised to defeat the hopes of the youthful invader. Vain hopes! a few years saw him deprived of his kingdom and his sight, an exile, and a wanderer.

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For twenty years the sport of fortune and the sharer of the evil fate of his ill-starred brother Shah Shúja, he at length found a refuge at Lúdíana, and a maintenance from the spontaneous generosity of that very people, whose expulsion from India had been one of his dearest objects. As if fate were not content with the vicissitudes of his youth and manhood, he was doomed in his old age to leave his peaceful asylum to return in a species of mock and illusory triumph to the capital of the kingdom, which forty years before had been his own. Ejected thence, he once more returned a fugitive to die in the place of his former exile. The writer of these pages, in 1845, saw and spoke to him in the last year of his eventful life, and will not soon forget the blind and aged monarch, on whose forehead time and care had written many a wrinkle, who in the midst of squalor and poverty seated himself on his old bed as upon a throne, and still spoke in the language and assumed the air of a sovereign, whose whole troubled life was a memorable example of the instability of human greatness,[1] the last of the great Duráni dynasty.

But to return to the history of these countries. Although the army of the Peishwa was entirely defeated, and with incredible slaughter, at the battle of Panipat, the power of the Maráthas was in no degree diminished: it seemed to have received new vigour from the blow, and to possess a hydra-headed vivacity. The power of the Peishwa himself was broken, but under the guidance of Holkar, the Bhúnsla, and Scindia, the Marátha arms still continued paramount in India, and the regular battalions of the latter under De Boigne, Perron, and Louis Bourquet were in possession of Delhi and the country up to the Jamná; nor did their arms cease there. Every chief of note south of the Satlaj was a tributary to the Marátha, and we find the youthful Ranjít Singh at the commencement of this century, while his power was still scarcely superior to that of a petty Sirdar, entering into a treaty with General Perron, the substance of which was the assistance of a force of regular battalions to establish his power in the country, and the payment of a share of the revenue to the Marátha of the provinces brought into subjection by such means. This was indeed never acted upon, but the empire of the Maráthas was acknowledged by Ranjít Singh, and indisputable up to the Satlaj, though the puzzled antiquary will scarcely recognise in "Louis Saheb," the name under which Louis Bourquet is familiarly known among the Sikh states, the formidable lieutenant of Scindia, and the gallant opponent of the English arms at the battle of Delhi. Still more puzzled would the antiquary be, if he heard mention made of the

[1] Fourteen years later the writer saw and spoke to the old king of Delhi, seated amidst the ruins of his palace at Delhi, the last of the great Moghul dynasty.

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victories of "Jaházi Sahib," of the chiefs whom he set up, and the heavy fines which he exacted. He would scarcely recognise George Thomas, a name much dreaded and renowned among the Sikh peasantry. This remarkable man, a sailor by profession, whence his Indian name, availed himself of the state of affairs into which he was thrown, and by dint of perseverance, military skill, and great personal valour, carved out for himself a small principality, and had he had only natives to contend with would have held it. In him was most remarkably displayed that energy of character which distinguishes the European from the Asiatic. We find him refusing to desert the cause of his friends, daring his foes to do their worst, bringing into subjection a district previously uncontrollable, building forts, casting cannon, and training levies. Appealed to by the widow of Roy Ilias, a Mahometan chief, whose territory bordered upon the Satlaj, to support her against her oppressors, he marched from Hansi, his capital, to Rai Kote, through a hostile country, being himself in open warfare with the chiefs of the intervening space, whom he defeated more than once in battle. He was the first Englishman on the Satlaj, though to Lord Lake that honour is usually ascribed. What would have been his fate, had he been enabled to maintain himself in his principality of Hansi, till, by the fall of the Marátha power, he came into contact with the army of his own countrymen, can scarcely be guessed at; his power fell before the arms of Louis Bourquet, and, though permitted to retire to our provinces with the wealth which he had amassed, he died before his arrival at Calcutta. His memoirs, however, which were published at the time, furnish an interesting example of what the energies of an uneducated man can do.

We have now arrived at the commencement of our own century, and we find the plains of Sarhind and the country adjoining occupied by independent Sikh chieftains, each man holding his village or his district by the sword, at deadly war with his neighbour, ready to take any and every advantage to improve his position, bound by no feelings of honour, no ties of blood, no sentiments of religion, when his own selfish interest interfered. Still all were nominally or really under the paramount sway of Scindia. The power of that chieftain fell before the arms of the Duke of Wellington, then Sir Arthur Wellesley, and Lord Lake, and all the country north of Jódhpúr and Jaipúr were, by the treaty, ratified in December 1803, ceded without reserve to the English. Our right, as successor to Scindia, of supremacy to the Satlaj was indisputable, and was never renounced by us; and, had the mastermind which then ruled the destinies of India been uncontrolled, that supremacy would doubtless have been exerted and maintained. But for a time prudential considerations and an exhausted

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treasury held us back from the supremacy of Hindustán, which circumstances soon forced upon us. Accordingly at the close of the year 1805, we find Lord Lake crossing the plains of Sarhind and Malwa, driving before him the discomfited Holkar, who had left the flower of his infantry and artillery on the plains of Díg, and of his cavalry under the walls of Fathgarh. Lord Lake pressed on to Lúdíana, nor did he hesitate to cross the Satlaj and traverse the district of the Jalandhar Dóab; and on the banks of the Beas he dictated his terms to Jeswant Rao Holkar, and formed a treaty of friendship with Ranjít Singh. Ten thousand men were in those days considered sufficient to oppose any force that could be found between the rivers Indus and Jamná. By the genius of one chieftain, aided by the science of French officers, a military power was allowed, since that date, to spring up since then of so formidable a character, that twenty thousand men, backed by the whole army and resources of British India, were required to hold, and without entire success, that line of frontier which Lord Lake's comparatively small force crossed with impunity, and three regiments held unsupported, nearer than Karnál, in defiance of all comers. One veteran hero[1] lived to cross the Satlaj a second time after an interval of forty years, and to show us right well how the men of Laswári and Díg could fight, where a handful of English were considered sufficient to oppose a host, and it was not deemed necessary for the attainment of victory to approximate in number our opponents.

The commencement of the year 1806 had seen our conquering army fall from the advanced line of the Satlaj, and our Government refusing to exercise those rights of supremacy, which we had fairly won, or extend our protection to those chiefs who craved it of us in person at Delhi. But there was a shrewd observer intently watching our movements, a young and successful chieftain, who had convinced himself of our superiority in arms, but was tempted, by seeing the backward position which we held, to snatch the rich prize of the territories of the numerous unprotected chiefs of Sarhind and Malwa. This was Ranjít Singh. Unwilling to offend the mighty power, which had prostrated everything from the sea and the Ganges to the Himálaya, he was astonished at finding us uninfluenced by the lust of territorial aggrandisement, which was the one mainspring of his own actions, and he was thus tempted to try how far our forbearance would extend. In the autumn of 1806 he dashed across the river Satlaj, under pretence of adjusting some differences betwixt parties who had referred to him, and after laying hands upon and distributing among his

[1] We allude to Major-General Gilbert, who crossed the Satlaj with Lord Lake at Lúdíana in 1806 as baggage master, and with Sir Hugh Gough at Ferozepore in 1846 as General of Division.

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friends the territories of the defenceless widow of Roy Ilias, he returned in triumph to Lahore. So successful and profitable, both in plunder and reputation, had been this trip, so perfectly unnoticed by the English Resident of Delhi, that Ranjít Singh was tempted on a similar excuse to cross a second time in the autumn of 1807, and to overrun the whole country with his cavalry, to levy fines from the chief of Manimájra, adjoining the valley of Pinjore, and bestow away on one of his followers the fort and district of Naráyángarh, almost on the banks of the river Jamná. This last act startled the Council Board at Calcutta, but it is doubtful, whether even this would have aroused the offended dignity of the British lion, had it not occurred at the same time that the supposed designs of the ruler of France on the north-west frontier of Hindustán urged the adoption of a line of policy, which brought the English more immediately in collision with the Napoleon of the East, as his talents, his sagacity, military skill, and the vast empire which he gained and ably governed entitle Ranjít Singh to be called. Even then, could he only but have known and played his true game, the chief of Lahore might have gained in entire sovereignty the whole country up to the Jamná, as the price of his friendship with us and jealous resistance to a common foe from the West. But a third expedition, which he daringly ventured upon in 1808, in spite of the warnings of the English Resident, decided the Government on the course they must adopt. Sir David Ochterlony crossed the Jamná at Búrea in 1809, and, followed at an interval by an army of reserve, he established without opposition the post at Lúdíana, by which our position up to the Satlaj was fully confirmed, though Ranjít Singh was allowed, by a conciliating policy, to keep the revenues of the districts, which he had appropriated in his two former expeditions, on condition of disgorging those obtained in his last.

Since those days these plains have enjoyed permanent peace and security from foreign foe and domestic broil. It was soon found out and impressed upon the English Government, that it was necessary to protect our dependants from the effects of their own evil habits, as well as from the grasp of the invader; they had to be taught to respect the rights of others, as well as to be maintained in their own. The result has proved the soundness of the policy which led us to advance to the Satlaj. By that step we effectually restrained the ambitious Sikh ruler from interference in the affairs of Hindustán; we laid our hands on and held firmly these plains, which are justly called the threshold of India, and for thirty years we had neither occasion nor desire to advance our frontier or our influence. Circumstances in 1846 changed; but we may dwell with satisfaction on the wisdom of our rulers, which led to our occupying the advanced line of the Satlaj, instead of, as was ori-

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ginally contemplated, falling back upon the Jamná. The inhabitants of the country may also well rejoice at the change of views of the English Government. Cultivation has extended, security of the roads has been restored, the solitary tower disappeared from the village or the well, of which it was once the guardian and the oppressor. In those portions held immediately under the English Government this is more remarkable, as a strong Government, such as our own, is free from those evils, which are ever inherent in native ones; but still the thriving condition of the subjects of the Maharája of Patiála may vie with those of any native potentate in India. Only a few generations himself removed from the plough, that chieftain has feelings and prejudices in union with his people: he is wealthy enough to have no necessity for petty oppression, and to enable him to secure able, if not honest, advisers; and his government may justly be called a paternal one. There may, indeed, be some inconveniences attending our rule; there may be some of our regulations beyond the comprehension of the ignorant chief; there may be some hardships, such as the arbitrary absorption of whole villages into our vast cantonments, under which we can imagine the exasperated Sikh, as he was being turned out of the homestead, valued by him far above the ample price offered for it, exclaiming with Melibœus—

"Impius hæc tam culta novalia miles habebit?
Barbarus has segetes?"

But in the long run the people are the gainers. They are secured both in property and person, the value of the productions of their soil has increased tenfold, and the country generally has enjoyed the blessing of a continuous peace, which it can scarcely be said to have ever tasted since the days of Mahmúd of Gházni.

Such events, as those to which we have alluded, write their own history on the country, where they have been enacted: all of the masters, to whom these plains have been subject, have left some trace for good or evil of their occupation. The pious Hindu will find few remnants, spared by the hand of time and man, to recall to him the former splendour of the princes of the country, who first opposed the torrent of Mahometan invasion; but to him the face of the country, the streams and plains, are sacred as the cradle of the Indian branch of the Arian family and of the Vedic literature, and possess an interest, which no time can efface, no succession of invaders destroy. To the Mahometans this whole country teems with mournful reminiscences of the empire and magnificence of their countrymen, lost to them for ever. A taste for erecting costly structures appears to have been one of their great characteristics, and at every step the eye rests with surprise upon some magnificent memorial of the emperors of Delhi or their satraps. It must, however, be allowed, that these

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buildings were all erected from motives of selfish luxury or ostentatious vaingloriousness. The wide and capacious serai was not raised for the protection of the friendless traveller, or the reception of the wares of the enterprising merchant; the garden was not planted and the well was not dug for the wayfarer; but for the use of the emperor and his nobles, when their occasional presence honoured and laid waste the unfortunate villages on the route. The stately dome and cloister, which attracts the eye, was erected for no patriotic or exalted purpose; it was neither a refuge for the destitute, nor a retreat for the learned and wise, nor a receptacle of those arts and sciences by which empires, not liable to vicissitudes of fortune, are erected, and monuments imperishable are raised. For no other purpose than a temporary and vainglorious exaltation of an individual, and an unknown and unhonoured name, provinces were plundered, and with the sums thus collected a massive pile of buildings was erected, which has lasted and will last for centuries. But the name of the builder has often perished; the purposes for which they were erected have been forgotten; some have been defiled and desecrated by becoming the residence of a race of men, whom their founders hated and detested; others have been destroyed to furnish materials for the buildings of the new lords of the soil.

No stately buildings, no royal cities, mark the era of Sikh supremacy, but desolation, ruin, and destruction have ever been the principles of his creed, both religious and political. In the plundering of cities and sacking of towns has been his chief delight, and the wide extent of ruins, that mark the site of many a former metropolis, testify how well he has fulfilled his destroying mission. A wretched village marks the spot where the cruelty of the oppressor was avenged at Sarhind after the lapse of a century, and a large and populous city was sacked and levelled to the ground by wrathful fanatics. Even to this day the pious Sikh thinks, that he is performing a religious duty in conveying to the waters of the Ganges one brick from the ruins of a city, by the hand of whose impious rulers the wife and children of their last Guru was murdered.

As described in the foregoing pages commenced our connection with the Sikhs. With a part of that nation we entered into treaties of friendship; over a part we threw the mantle of our protection, and included them within the limits of our empire. It has been often remarked, that the princes of India, with whom we have contended in arms, have none of them boasted of dynasties extending back further than the commencement of the preceding century. Many, such as Holkar, Scindia, and Hyder Ali, were merely successful military adventurers; others, such as the nizám of the Dakhan and the sovereign of Oudh, were satraps of the empire

of Delhi, who had taken advantage of the times to assert their independence. But there is a striking resemblance in the history of the Sikh people to that of our own Indian empire. Both were created under the same influences, and the crises of their fates happened at the same periods. At the time that the successors of the peaceful Nának were inculcating their conciliating doctrines among a few and unknown followers, the founders of the Anglo-Indian empire were engaged in the equally peaceful avocations of commerce. At Surat, at Patna, at Húgli, they were wholly engaged in the absorbing occupation of money-making; nor did they dream of empire. Towards the close of the seventeenth century we find Guru Govind, organising his followers into a military confederation, establishing himself in the fortresses of Anandpúr-Makhowal and Chamkour, and preparing to meet in arms the forces of Delhi; on the banks of the Húgli oppression was working out the same ends, and at the same time converting the peaceful trader into the energetic soldier. Admiral Nicholson was preparing to commence war with the Subahdar of Bangál, and Mr. Charnock was throwing up entrenchments at Hidjili to receive the property and persons of British settlers. The next fifty years were passed by both people in various fortunes, influenced by the personal character of the Government of the province, whom the decadence of the empire had now rendered absolute. But the middle of the century was marked to both people by a tremendous outrage, followed by an immediate retribution. The Sikh still remembers with a lively hatred of his former persecutors the decapitation of the early martyrs in the Shahíd Ganj at Lahore; neither has he forgotten the annihilation of the Khalsa Dal at the field of the Ghúlo Ghara near Sarhind; and the finger of execration still points in Anglo-Indian history to the Black Hole of Calcutta and the massacre at Patna.

The outrages were speedily avenged, and the year succeeding each saw, on the one hand, the oppressed and proscribed votaries of Guru Govind exulting over the dead body of their former ruler, and plundering and destroying the fair city of Sarhind; on the other, the victorious Clive on the field of Plassy disposing of the province of Bengál. These events, which happened within a few years of each other, were the turning-points of the history of each nation. Since then a career of victory has approximated the confines of the two nations, which at the commencement of last century were separated by many a hundred league; and the commencement of the present century for the first time brought the two nations into collision, and beheld a Sikh chief contending against us with an armed demonstration for the countries between the rivers Jamná and Satlaj.

A few notices may be added of the military operations, which

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have been carried on in this country since the above period. At that time the line of hills was the boundary on the north-east; but shortly after we had to take the field against the Gùrkhas, and annex the Rajpút hill-states betwixt the rivers Satlaj and Jamná. From that time till 1832 little interest has attached to these countries; but the scheme to open the navigation of the river Indus and its tributaries, and finally Russophobia, attracted and fixed the attention of all India upon the north-west frontier. The contemplated invasion of the French had urged Lord Minto, much against the policy of the age in which he lived, to push on the frontier to the Satlaj. Thirty years afterwards, his grandson, Lord Auckland, was induced by similar apprehension of the designs of the Russians to extend British influence to the confines of Persia. Since that policy was decided upon, the countries between the Satlaj and the Jamná have been traversed in every direction by large armies, and the force stationed there has been yearly increased, till, during the last twelvemonth, the flower of the army of India may be said to have been cantoned within its limits. The year 1838 saw the army of the Indus proceed across these plains to penetrate new regions, and plant the British standard on the walls of Gházní. The year 1841 saw another gallant force hurry onward to redeem our national character and avenge our slaughtered countrymen; the close of that same year beheld the magnificent pageantry, and show, with which the army of reserve welcomed their gallant companions on their triumphant return. Since then the whole country between the two rivers has been held, and, as it were, in military occupation. And the events, which crowded one upon another in 1845–46, the four bloody battles, fought actually within our frontier, the villages plundered and left desolate, the fields robbed of their green honours, ere yet ready for the sickle, the oppressions of various forms and incalculable number, which have in spite of the precaution of our rulers taken place, may indeed have caused the old greybeards, who remembered in their childhood the invasion of the Abdáli and the struggle of the Sikh people for liberty, to curse their ill-fate, that they had lived to see the evil days of plunder and confusion, of war and inroads, return to their devoted fields.

We write too near the events to judge with impartiality; but if rulers have ever engaged in a just war, then this one, into which we were hurried against our wishes, and against what are justly to be pronounced our true interests, may and must be considered such a war. Still, it cannot be said to have come upon us without many a long and loud note of preparation. For two years a feverish excitement had prevailed throughout the country, and the anticipation of war had become so general, that it was openly discussed, and private arrangements had been made confessedly in

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connection with it; it had been wished for in every military circle in the north of India. Various statements of a somewhat provocative and inflammatory tendency had also appeared from time to time in different journals, both at home and abroad. And, when it is considered, that many of these statements found their way to Lahore, and the general topics of conversation south of the Satlaj were conveyed in a garbled form to the ears of a Government, who had no other way of getting at the mainspring of our actions; when they heard the note of war trumpeted through the land, and were ignorant of the peculiar relations of society with us, and how entirely unconnected with Government are the opinions of individuals and of the press, can we wonder that a people, highly sensitive of their national independence, proud of their freedom, which they had purchased with the struggle of a century, fresh from an uninterrupted career of victory, who had seen our arms fail against the Afghans, over which they had repeatedly triumphed, though they could not appreciate the causes, which led to our failure, should boldly take the initiative, and prefer being the assailants to the assailed?

These remarks were penned, in the moment of victory, before the capital of a country, to whose rulers the terms of peace and war were being dictated, and the sincerity of our former friendship was being proved by our fallen foe. But even in the flush of victory, at the close of a just war, no one can hesitate to pronounce war the greatest of human evils, inasmuch as it is the widest spreader of misery among the human race. Let him who sighs for war, and the glories and distinctions which it brings to the survivor, think only how dearly those laurels have been bought. Let him consider the history of this unfortunate province, for the last seven centuries the theatre of unceasing war; let him reflect upon the scenes of plunder and oppression, which every village on or near the line of march presented, the peasant driven from his rifled habitation and his blighted fields, converted by desperation into a ruffian and plunderer; and, finally, in many cases, cut down as a wild beast. Let him, when the excitement of victory is gone, walk over the field which, a few hours before, had been so nobly won, and pause to reflect upon the vast carnage by which victory's ends are consummated: here fell the bold dragoon, checked in his impetuous career as he cleared the embrasured rampart; there the course of the steady column of infantry is too clearly indicated by the bodies of the slain; here lies, with the cold steel passed through his breast, the gigantic foe, with his outstretched arms and wild-flowing locks, still breathing defiance; there, dabbling in his blood, the fair-haired boy of eighteen summers, who had but a few months before left his Highland valley to rot upon a foreign soil. Let him turn from this scene to the hospital, and walk leisurely amidst the

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hideous lazarhouse of wounds and ills, not the spontaneous result of our weak nature, but the offspring of the black passions of mankind. Let him consider the blighted prospect of that limbless though still living carcase, but a few hours before exulting in the pride of manhood and strength; let him gaze on that manly countenance, from which the gift of sight has been for ever withdrawn, and consider to how many, among the two thousand sufferers, upon whom his gaze will fall in succession, life has become an encumbrance rather than a blessing, cut off for ever from their friends and profession, or doomed to return as useless logs to their country. Let him mark the long line of desolation, that follows the track of an army, listen to the sad tale of the outraged peasantry, and visit the ruined spot, from which their household goods, all their worldly gear, the savings of the past harvest and the hopes of the future, have by rude hands been sacrilegiously torn; and beyond these visible woes, let him consider the destitute case of the orphan and the widow, struck down in a few brief moments from affluence to penury;[1] let him accompany the harbingers of grief to his native land, where many an eye glistened, many a heart broke, many a fond hope was dashed to the ground; let him think of all this, and weigh it against the value of the brevet-rank and ribbon which some few gained, and, despite the solid advantages to the empire, which could scarcely come under his consideration, nor were ever present in his thoughts, will he not allow that these distinctions have been dearly bought, and that war in its mildest form is one of the greatest evils of the human race?

LAHORE, *March* 1846.

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[1] The writer, having been present throughout the campaign, was employed, after the taking of Lahore, in settling the compensation to be paid to the owners of the soil for the wholesale destruction of their villages and crops.

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CHAPTER II.

SIKHLAND, OR THE COUNTRY OF BABA-NÁNAK.

THIRTEEN years ago, when the Sikhs were our enemies and the Sepoys of Hindustán our sword and shield, the writer of these lines described the countries betwixt the rivers Satlaj and Jamná, the most easterly province of the Sikh nation. Time has wrought a wondrous change. Like the seven sleepers, he rubs his eyes, as if awakening from a dream, for he finds that friends and foes have changed places, and that we are holding the Panjáb with the assistance of Sikhs against those, who helped us to conquer it.

By a mere chance, by the fancy of a great man, by a fatality of circumstances, the writer found himself, after a lapse of seven years, again among a people, whom he loved so well, and in a position to study the character of the residents, and visit the great cities of that rich tract which lies betwixt the rivers Chenáb and Beas, the original Sikhland, the cradle of the faith, the nursery of the chivalry of the followers of the Guru, which, containing three millions of men and more than five thousand villages, from the commencement of our rule composed the great Lahore Division.

Under the Panjáb system of government the limits of a Commission, or what in France would be called a Prefecture or Department, are necessarily more narrow than in other parts of India. The Lahore Division was ever the smallest in area, but it was populous, rich, studded with villages, and inhabited by a martial population; in wealth and population it was about one-fourth of the Panjáb, and in the piping days of peace which succeeded the decadence of Ranjít Singh's dynasty, the people increased and multiplied, cultivation extended, towns expanded, all the affairs of mankind trebled and quadrupled, the burden on one man's shoulders of controlling all became intolerable, and this led to its subdivision in 1858.

But in truth it was a glorious country, sloping down from the everlasting snow-capped mountains to the frowning desert, intersected by vast rivers, rich in corn and sugar and oil, revelling in plenty, overflowing with population, proud of its royal cities and its numberless villages, proud of its stalwart and sturdy people,

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who were at the same time great in arms and agriculture, with hands, like the old Romans, good for the sword or the plough. They were no effete race with only the faint tradition of the actions of their remote ancestors; within the memory of man they had had a living faith, a vivid nationality, and an independent kingdom. Fortune was against them, for they came into collision with a race, not more brave, but more perfectly furnished with the appliances of war; but they submitted neither abjectly nor without a struggle.

The great city of Lahore had from time immemorial been the seat of the empire. It was no obscure conglomeration of huts, scattered here and there under palm-trees, with a row of thatched shops, such as suffices for a town and the headquarters of a station in the jungles of Bangál. It was a great city before Mahmúd crossed the river Indus; it had become greater under the Mahometans. It is still girt with red brick walls, gateways, and fortifications presenting, with its one hundred thousand inhabitants and lofty houses, the appearance of old Rome, or one of the mediæval free cities of the German empire. Tradition has it, that the twin sons of the great Rama, sovereign of Ayodhyá, Kusa, and Lava, founded two cities, and called them after their names, Kasúr and Lahore; in that case Alexander the Great must have stood within her walls. To the end of last century the city was vaguely known in Europe as Lahore of the Great Moghal, never visited by European, but connected with Delhi by a royal road, marked at intervals by lofty Kos-Minárs and magnificent serais.

On the side of the city, overhanging the river Rávi, is the royal fortress, built with all the stateliness of Agra and Delhi, a palace and an arsenal, with halls for public and private reception, ranges of apartments for the seraglio, bastions, and gateways, decorated in the ornate style of the Imperial period; and from the highest point is commanded a sweet prospect of the river Rávi, winding through rich and verdant lowlands, with the lofty minarets of the tomb of the Emperor Jahángír at Shahdéra. But in truth the modern city covers but a tithe of the space occupied by the houses and gardens, tombs and mosques, of the ancient city, and for five miles on the road towards the Shalimar gardens lie scattered the ruined dome and crumbling arch, which had been raised by some proud but unknown Mahometan to mark his empty state, or record a tale of idle love.

Such is Lahore, a city with a pedigree of centuries, one of the memorial cities of the world. Within thirty miles has sprung up in the last century a new city, the child of religion and commerce, exceeding Lahore in population, rivalling her in splendour, and holding a position in the commercial republic of India, which Lahore never attained; in spite of the distance of twelve hundred miles from the sea, it corresponds direct with Paris and London,

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and is the seat of a manufacture peculiar to itself and Kashmír, of which it is the entrepôt; having relations of exchange with every city of note in the whole of India. Such is Amritsar, the child of the Sikh faith, which has thriven amidst the decadence of empire, the confusion of civil war, and the assaults of foreign invasion; to whom every event appears to have brought some advantage, for the fall of the nationality and religion of the Sikhs hurt her not, the sack of Delhi brought her hundreds of fresh citizens, and the opening out of new lines of road brought her new commerce, the railway connects her with Lahore, with Delhi on the river Jamná, and Multán on the waters, which unite in the river Indus.

Let us now take a survey of the province, of which these cities are the twin-capitals and markets. From Amritsar the lofty ranges of the Himálaya are visible at a distance of eighty miles, but, if we travel northwards, the grandeur of the scenery develops itself at every stage, and at any part on the line of thirty miles from the mountains the scene is one which words cannot describe. All the grandest views of Alpine scenery in Europe dwindle into nothing, for here on a clear day after rain we have before our eyes an extent of eternal snow, reaching from Pír Panjál, the entrance of the valley of Kashmír, to the distant snowy ranges in the kingdom of Busáhir behind Simla. Range towering above range, of varying altitude and broken outline, rising up sometimes in sheer precipice to sixteen thousand feet, and cutting the horizon with a broad even ridge; at other points, where the rivers at the time of the great primeval cataclysm have forced themselves through in deep channels, we look, as it were, into the bowels of the mountain kingdom, through transverse ranges, as far as solitary snow-capped peaks, the position of which wearies the intellect to imagine. Still it is something to think, that only thirteen years ago the English Government bought and sold those vast mountains for a sum which appears paltry. As far as the river Rávi we retained some thousand square miles under our own rule, because they were there; and from the river Rávi up to Kashgár and Yárkand, regions then unknown to the surveyor and never trodden by the feet of men who make maps, we handed over to the uncontrolled rule of a successful soldier, on the condition that he paid the lordly tribute of five goats, which has since been commuted into three pairs of Kashmír shawls for Her Majesty. The majestic mountains look on contemptuously, as they are thus passed from hand to hand, for they may defy all the powers of the earth to extract one rupee from their surface, or to cross over their unapproachable heights.

Enthroned on one of the lower ranges in the mountain, betwixt the rivers Rávi and Chenáb, is the hill town and fortress of Jamú,

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which the craft and fortune of this one man have converted into the capital of a kingdom, large enough in area to swallow up the narrow limits of many a European potentate. When the rebellion of 1857 was at its worst, ere Delhi had fallen, when the wisest were pondering which side should be taken, the crafty old fox had to obey a messenger, who brooks no excuse, and who cannot be outwitted; and, as his army descended to lend doubtful assistance to the assaulters of Delhi, the old Maharája felt his kingdom depart from him: all his schemes and intrigues did not save our honourable ally, and the sceptre passed into the hand of one born in the purple, one who had never known the hard experiences of life. The writer saw him in 1858 in all the bravery of his court, his elephants with silver howdas, his troops, guns, and all the external ceremonials. He sat in his father's hall in the silver chair of state, and around him and behind him were the pillars of his state, the nobles of his clan, distinguished by the heron's plumes in their turbans. He himself, in the splendour of his appearance, the nobility of his look, the dignity of his manner, seemed not unworthy of the place, and by his side sat his only son still a child, the heir of his throne. At sunset, as the bells of the temples sounded for the evening sacrifice, he rose from his seat, and stood, till the solemn moments had passed. Some remarked that on this occasion, as on all, in his rich girdle he wore an English double-barrelled pistol of the simplest manufacture, and no doubt the most approved make; the wonder ceases, when it is known that a few days later his life was attempted, and one of the intended assassins was his own half-brother, who stood on this occasion respectfully behind his chair, and was yet in league with his first cousin, the only other male but one of the family. Such are native dynasties, whether founded on long hereditary right, or built up by the talents of one individual. The sovereignty of Kashmír may be again in the market, and a source of weakness, instead of strength, to the great English Government, which sold five millions of men for so many bags of silver to create it.

But let the spectator turn his back on the mountains, and look out on the wide territory spread before him; let him transport himself to the sacred heights of Trikótra, and, sharpening his sight by imagination, grasp in the whole of the tract, which it is our object in these lines to describe. No such kingdom met the enraptured gaze of the prophet from the top of Mount Pisgah; no such promised land fell into the possession of the followers of Moses as this, which, about one hundred years ago, was partitioned among the twelve tribes of the Khalsa, the followers of Guru Govind. From the mountains to the distant desert slopes down the rich and fertile land, teeming with villages and towns, with men and cattle, with cereals, oils, and saccharines, with dyes and

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cottons. From the mountains, supplied from the eternal fountains of snow, flow forth the rivers Vipása, Airavati, and Chandra Bhága, into which a hundred streams, not known to fame, drain their over-abundant waters. Well may the ignorant rustic strive to conciliate the favour or appease the wrath of these river gods; well may he offer up at the shrine of Noah the patriarch, to whom he blindly attributes power over inundations, for his cattle and his homestead are at the capricious mercy of the river, which one year causes him to laugh and sing, while he contemplates the fatness of his land, at another carries away his home, his oxen, his groves, and his acres, and scatters them miles along his silvery course, while the owner appeals to all his gods in vain.

Within a line of forty miles from the mountains is such richness of soil, such cultivation, both in highland, along the dorsal ridges of the tracts betwixt the rivers, and in the lowland within the affluence of their waters, as the rest of India may equal, but not surpass. A sturdy and strong race have made the most of their opportunities; have, by wells, compelled the earth to give out water from her bowels, and let it percolate along the surface. And in the country betwixt the rivers Beas and Rávi art has lent her assistance, and as by the process of ages, since the day, when the Rávi first issued from the mountains, her bed has deepened under the attrition of the current, and her waters now flow so far below the surface as to be useless for irrigation, the skill of the engineer has not been wanting to seal up her mouth, and direct her course into new channels. Flung, like a silver necklace strung with pearls, from mountains to desert, wound the beauteous Hasli Canal, strong without rage, full without overflowing, deep and rapidly rushing, overhung with foliage and trees like the Jordan, fringed with luxuriant crops and beautiful peeps of truly English scenery. Gardens sprang up along its course; groves planted on its banks looked green; their leaves did not wither, nor did their fruits in due season fail. But, like scenes that are brightest, like beauty that is fairest, it had to give way to the giant limbs, and broad, lazy, but regulated flow of the new canal. Bridged, fettered, regulated, the wild waters of the river Rávi are subdued, and made to answer like a horse to the bridle, to go whither they are told, to be stored up where they are ordered, to keep an even depth, to be doled out, like grain, by the measure, and to carry burdens like a pack-horse. A bridled stream is the greatest triumph of man, for no longer can it, with capricious course, eat away villages and overwhelm the ripening harvest, no longer waste its fertilising waters and perplex and irritate the husbandman. A canal is a greater triumph than a railway, as one of the great natural and all but living features of the country is subdued and brought under control for the benefit of man.

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In the second belt of country, ranging from forty to eighty or a hundred miles from the hills, is the struggle betwixt the sturdy soil and sturdier cultivator. In vain saltpetre crops out of the uninviting surface and renders brackish all the wells; in vain rich crops of reeds, wild grass, or stunted copse encumber the surface, as the spontaneous gifts of the earth. The husbandman wages unequal and yet not unsuccessful war with decreasing fertility. What science might do has never been tried, but the man and his stock and his miserable implements do wonders. All the weary watches of the night the oxen revolve round the well; all the weary day the surface is scratched with plough, stamped by cattle, sparsely manured, and miserably weeded; and yet, year after year, comes the glad harvest; population increases, and grain is so cheap that the complaint is of abundance, not of scarcity. With the canal new regions come under the plough, and new villages spring into existence.

Not ungrateful is life in scenes such as these amidst a manly and contented population. For eight months in the year the tent is the proper home of the English civil official, who loves his duties and his people. Thus he comes to know and be known of them; thus personal influence and local knowledge give him a power not to be won by bribes or upheld by bayonets. The notables of the neighbourhood meet their friend and ruler on his morning march; greybeards throng round his unguarded door with presents of the best fruits of the land, or a little sugar, spices, and almonds, according to the fashion of their country, and are never so happy, as when allowed to seat themselves on the carpet and talk over old times and new events, the promise of the harvest, and the last orders of the rulers. From his fort comes down, with diminished state, the representative of the old feudatories, who are now gradually being absorbed. He no doubt regrets the time, when murders and plunder were more fashionable, and feels himself out of place in the new order of things; and in a few more years his race will have passed away, like that of the wolves and the tigers. Often the morning march is varied by the crossing of some stream, or the wading of a sudden torrent, or by some adventure by flood and field. Storms occasionally beat round the canvas home at night; black care, tied up in the postman's wallet behind the horseman, finds him out daily, however obscure and distant from the hum of cities may be his retreat. Still, in spite of the hard riding at sunrise and sunset, and the hard work during the brief winter days, happy and peaceful are the hours spent in camp, too often alone, in the north of India, and sadly and fondly to be looked back upon.

But to the south extends another and stranger belt of country, the great solitary desert jungle, which occupies the vast spaces betwixt the rivers of the Panjáb. The guide leads the way to the top

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of a lofty tower, and, spreading out his hands, announces, that this sombre forest extends unbroken and unvaried above one hundred and fifty miles to Multán. We look over a sea of jungle and grass tufts, with grass enough to feed all the cattle in the world: we wonder what object the Creator had in view, when He left such vast expanses of trees which bear no fruit, and are so beautiful in outline. Far off we can trace the silvery line of the rivers, fringed with trees and cultivation. Here there is no human habitation; no animal save the fox, the deer, or the partridge shares the empire with countless herds of cattle, sheep, and camels; here the camel seems to be at home, and we catch glimpses of him enjoying himself in a way, which he certainly does not do elsewhere. Broad roads traverse the waste, and at stated intervals are the serais, the wells, the storehouses, the trough for cattle, and the police station.

Along this road in 1858 plied conveyances peculiar to the country, and the incipient civilisation, and long trains of camels, laden with military stores from England, and merchandise; relieved at stages of forty miles, the bullock train used to creep at the rate of one mile to the hour, whether laden with packages or six soldiers crushed into a cart, and rolling and jolting all the weary day and weary night, except where the halt was sounded at fixed stages for refreshment. Still more eligible, more fast, and more dangerous as a conveyance was the truck, drawn by two horses, dashing along, when once the horses started, abandoning the road, or pretence of road, and taking the easiest course among the brushwood. On the truck was fastened a litter with canvas sides, and in the litter were stowed away ladies, and children, and invalids, who, if they had good nerves and good luck, arrived safe at their destination. But for speed, for delight, and for danger in this wild track, try a seat by the driver in the mail-cart; strong, springy, high-wheeled, sufficiently weighted with official correspondence and overland letters. This vehicle was dragged by two horses, one being fastened outside the shafts, after the manner of the Grecian chariot or the outrigger in the Russian sledge. Away! away! hold hard by the iron bar, and gird your loins tight, and you will enjoy all the pleasure of being run away with, without being deprived of the danger, ten miles an hour skimming along the roads with heavenward jolts, in spite of the straw which is liberally strewed over the ruts. You heard peculiar phraseology and had strange companions, and learned for the first time, that a Hindu would not blow a Mahometan bugle. But stranger still were the horses: will they start, or will they not? that is the question. Over and over again came the same dumb show, the same proportion of deceit, the same amount of force applied to get these strange beasts into motion. The coaxing is tried first—"Mera jan," "My life;" "Mera bahádar," "My fine fellow." Gradually the seductive

line verged into the authoritative, and at last, when Jehu's patience was exhausted, a boundless flow of Panjáb stable-abuse was poured out, frightful to hear, and comprehending in one condemnation the recusant nag's ancestors in the remotest degree, and all his female relations. It was an interesting study of very indifferent horse-flesh. Their tempers were born with them; for some went off like lambs, some stood out for a few minutes, as a point of honour; some spun round with the cart; in vain the wheels were moved behind, and their forelegs pulled onwards with ropes; in vain they were patted, kicked, and stabbed; but they generally went at last, and we suppose they died at last; but though we often, along the road, met the dead body of a camel (for that is their proper burial-ground), we never remember coming on a dead mail-cart horse. With the railway all these local features have departed, and are alluded to as traditions of a past epoch.

Sometimes the ruins are passed by of an ancient city: streets and houses still to be traced, destroyed on some former invasion or period of destruction, which recurred so frequently in India. The wretched huts of the modern village have been built from the vast debris, and are huddled round the protecting tower, or have shrunk into the old serai, with the gates closed at night, for there are strange necessities and strange people in these wastes. Bitter are the waters that have to be drunk. Or, during the night, the traveller came suddenly on the line of march of a European regiment, the advance guard of camels, and suttlers, and baggage cattle, and an army of servants. At length was heard the heavy tramp, and distinguished the dark column, the occasional glistening of a bayonet in the torch-light, and the officers at the head, while the mail-cart drew aside to let pass in a cloud of dust those thirsty, footsore Britons. And nowhere down the line did the faithful milestone desert the traveller, and the still more faithful telegraph pole, which raised its head as a protest against the absence of civilisation; and the driver used to point out wonderingly two furrows turned up, the one the stamp of the iron horse, and the other the line of the canal, and in a few years both canal and rail ran side by side through this waste. A slight geological subsidence of a few feet would change all into fertility, and even now, as a branch of the river is neared, a bright oasis gleams out, and the grateful sound of the revolving wheel tells of the earth being forced by sturdy man to yield its abundance.

Such are the tracts, of which we try to offer a faint description. They should be seen in their fertility and in their barren solitude to be appreciated. And so situated are they on the threshold of India, so narrow is the space betwixt mountain and desert, that all the invaders of India must have thronged through it. The darkness of night has closed over the period, when the Arian races advanced from the great cradle of nations, but they must have

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threaded the defiles of Afghanistan, they must have lifted their eyes to the mountains, and perhaps thought with regret of their native snows; they must have crossed by raft, or skin, or by ford, one and all of the great five rivers, contending at each stage with the rude aborigines. Thus came the Brahmans, the Kathæi or Khatri, the Getæ or Jats, bringing with them their old traditions, language, and nature-worship. There were brave men no doubt before Alexander the Great, but we know nothing about them, so they may as well not have existed; but when Alexander raised the curtain, he found in these regions a highly civilised people. He came, he saw, and he conquered; but somewhere on the east of the river Hyphasis he paused, and there must have been erected the pillars with the original of the famous inscription,

"EGO ALEXANDER HUC PERVENI."

When centuries had effaced the memory of the visit of the strange Western conqueror, there came a new invader. Great events had taken place in that thousand years. Rome had risen and fallen; the religion of Christ had been superseded in the East by the creed of Mahomet; and the time had come, when India was to be introduced into the comity of nations. Far up in the interior of the Celestial empire, in those tracts where the great rivers leave the mountains, there are tablelands with cities, populations, languages, customs, and religions, of which we still know little; but from the day, that the first lances of Mahmúd gleamed in the passes of Pesháwur, we have had a flood of light thrown upon the country betwixt the rivers Chenáb and Beas, and Lahore became the capital of Northern India. Dynasty after dynasty ruled there, and new settlers appropriated the soil. We know nothing of the process, under which land changed hands; the cry of the despoiled never reaches us. We know nothing of the cause by which the new faith was propagated, how in each village younger sons, or unsuccessful litigants, were tempted to abandon the faith of their ancestors and for love of money adopt the new idea. The bitter feelings, the domestic feuds, which accompanied these events, have been forgotten; but the fact remains, and Hindu and Mahometan share together their inheritance without grudge, a standing comment on the absurdity of a Christian Government permitting even for a day the existence of the old disinheriting Brahmanical laws. Cities and towns were built, their names were changed, and, when the time came, they dwindled away, and their materials were made use of to build other towns; the Mahometans pulled down temples and built mosques, and with retributive justice at a later period the Hindus pulled down mosques wherewith to rebuild temples; the palace and fort, the

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garden and the proud tomb sprung up, hereafter to be converted to strange uses, as forts, zanánas, and English churches, but the memory of the builder was soon forgotten. Nothing is permanent in the East. Still the country flourished, poured forth its annual tributes of the kindly gifts of the earth, was ever the prey of the strongest, for the fatal gift of her beauty rendered her ever desirable, and her physical position rendered her always defenceless, ever at the mercy of her powerful neighbours at Kábul and Delhi; ever oscillating on the seesaw of alternate dominion towards the north-west and south-east, occupying the same position as Palestine betwixt Egypt and Assyria, and Lombardy betwixt Austria and France. Let politicians say what they like, let them talk of the blessings of national independence, and descant on the miseries of a foreign, and therefore a bad, Government, and the advantages of a good one: these things are not felt so keenly or appreciated so fully by the people in their villages, as the little tyrannies of the petty landowner, and the goodnatured fatherly kindness of the local Government. Lahore may have been, and has been, for centuries the centre of intrigue: heads may have fallen like poppies; houses may have been plundered, and females, decked yesterday in silks and jewels, the plunder of provinces, may have been turned out in rags; but far away—far away in the peaceful valleys, the long Indian day has worn itself out quietly and happily to the unconscious peasant, with no thought beyond his petty cares and vulgar joys. So long as his local ruler dwelling in the neighbouring castle, so long as the moneylender of the adjoining market, were not unusually disagreeable, what mattered it to him, the hewer of wood and drawer of water, who rose and who fell at Delhi or Kábul? The blast of the triumphant trumpet, the echo of the funeral wail, reached him not. The cattle came home lowing from the pasture-ground, as the shades of evening fell; without fail his meal was prepared; the revolving month brought round to him in due succession the annual festivals and the half-yearly harvests, glad season of rejoicing, for which he did not forget to trim a lamp on the steps of the old temple, and to worship with offerings of butter the Lares and Penates, as his fathers had done before him. His children grew up strong and hale; some took service, and fell in some famous victory, but the old man neither knew, why it was fought, or what good came of it to the country; his only marks of time were some wedding or some birth, the only reminders of age were the grey hairs in his beard. As his physical strength failed him, he abandoned the duties of the field and the forest to younger hands without repining; he had fed his whelps when he was strong, and they *must feed him now.* He settled down in the corner of the hut, and looked calmly forward to the time, when he would be reduced to ashes on the

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funeral-pile, without any feeling of shame for evil actions, of regret for misspent days, unconscious of ever having committed any sin, and fearless and careless of any future judgment. This life had been one of hardship to him, and the future might be so also; he could not help it, *and did not much care.* Thus, since the world began, many millions have worked out their destinies; if but little better in intellect than the beasts that perish, at least not so debased by the consciousness of crime, persisted in in spite of knowledge, unabandoned in spite of warning, as the more civilised portion of mankind.

But, as time rolled on, it appeared, that a greater destiny was prepared for this tract. It was to be the theatre of a new nationality, and the cradle of a new religion. Within these confines was born one of those gifted spirits, who are destined to teach millions a new mode of groping after God, if haply they may find Him. There was a man—we dare not say—sent from God, but on whom so large a portion of the divine afflatus had fallen, that to him the great gift of welding the hearts of men, and of developing a new idea, was conceded. He stood on the confines of a new dispensation and recognised his position; he mounted a high tower in his mind, and looked out on the spiritual state of his countrymen, and beheld one-half sunk in the sloth and degradation of a ceremonial worship, and the other half, possessed indeed by a great spiritual truth, but blinded by fanaticism and false zeal. The name of this man was Nának. Humble was his position; butter and honey were his words; he preached peace and love and mutual concession; he taught that men were the sons of one father, and he laughed to scorn the show of ceremonials; he was as meek as Moses, as full of wisdom as the author of Ecclesiastes; he sought to bring the world into subjection by the influence of his mild doctrines. But after him came another prophet, with a sword like Gideon's, who wrote his words in flame, and rivalled in the intensity of feeling and bitterness of vengeance the prophet-kings of the Maccabees. If Nának was the Moses, Govind was the Joshua, of the new people.

Both have left written legacies, known in their language as "the book," which greyheaded men still chant in the gateway of the castle, or the adytum of the temple, accompanied by the twang of rude barbitons. The elder prophet arrived at one of those eras, when the ancient religion of the people was being exposed to a severe trial in the presence of a propagandist and dominant rival. The Hindu is essentially a quietist, and the sublime conceptions, which form the substratum of the faith, which the Arians had introduced into India, had, after the expulsion of the Buddhists, degenerated into gross and sensual forms. In vain from time to time had risen up schools under great prophets with the noble

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design of *internal* reform; religious equality had been preached; it had been proposed to level caste by faith; the vulgar tongue had been licensed as a vehicle of religious thought; images had been denounced, but the founders of the new sects had not cared to make social improvement an object, or to connect propagandism with a national feeling: they had in them too much of the ascetic and too little of the practical element. At a certain stage all internal reforms are hopeless; *they go too far or not far enough:* it is necessary to return to the original fountain, and draw a new inspiration from the great source of ideas. The presence of Mahometanism was a great fact; the ignorant people could no longer be imposed upon, that Brahmanism was a necessity of existence. On the contrary, the power no longer existed to punish heretics with worldly penalties, and the feeling of the people had outstripped the stereotyped form of their ritual. They understood as little what they heard, as the peasantry of England do the dogmas of the Athanasian Creed or the anathemas of the Commination; a bull-headed conservatism prevented the priesthood from anticipating the intellectual storm; but, as the appearance of Mahomet took place at the time of the deep degradation of the Greek Church, and as Luther protested against the errors of the Roman, so stood forth at this time Nának. His influence spread irresistibly on a people not open to conviction in argument, and dull to appeals to the conscience; it maintained and will maintain its place, until a new fermenting take place of the theological Idea, and he be superseded by a new picture of the Divinity, believed in as blindly, and laid down as positively, as any of its predecessors, and the foolish multitude in their foolish heart cease to care for the doctrines and tenets of Nának.

And one hundred years later, when the second prophet appeared, there arose among the agricultural population of this country a wondrous yearning for political liberty, a wondrous desire on the part of the poor to appropriate the wealth of the rich, a wondrous feeling, that freebooter and sovereign were of the same or kindred origin. This led hundreds to abandon the plough and take to the road, which in those days led them to palaces instead of prisons. A halo then encircled the petty, as it still does the imperial, robber: the hireling page of the historian was all that was required to make them great; for their ambition was only bounded by what they could lay hold of, their valour was only limited by their tenacity of life. The foolish fellow, who robbed in the jungle, might atone his guilt on the gallows; the noble creature, who sacked a city, would create a principality, and his descendants would be honoured by the British Government and styled ancestral fief-holders.

"Ille crucem sceleris pretium tulit, hic diadema."

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The life of Nának is so intimately connected with the provinces which lie betwixt the Chenáb and Beas, that we must briefly detail it. There he was born, and there he died; there he formed his school; there dwell his descendants and followers, and the very name by which they distinguish their nationality is that of being his "Sikhs" or disciples. The proper name by which the country ought to be known is "Sikhland." Many a shrine has sprung up to mark the spots, which he visited during his mortal pilgrimage. His tenets have been gradually debased, and his own personal importance has been magnified. Hero-worship has converted the teacher into a god; the chronicles, which are faithfully read and prodigally adorned with paintings, the walls of the temples on which every act of his life is depicted, the oral legends which are handed down from father to son, the feeling of the people: all have declared him to have been an emanation of the Deity, sent down by the Creator to take the form of man, when sin was ripe in the world. He has been invested with the gift of miracles and other divine attributes, and is supposed even now to have the power of conferring blessings. To none of these did he lay claim; he asserted no divine mission, he sought to found no new polity, he admitted all foregoing teachers, he only taught his disciples the result of his own experiences, exhorted to moral virtues, and recommended practical excellence, as preferable to profitless asceticism.

We have carefully perused those chronicles, only in late times accessible to Europeans; we have listened to the treasured words, which fell from the teacher's lips; we have visited with a reverend feeling the place, where he was born, where he lived, and died; we have sought in easy conversation with the people to catch the living feeling and the popular sentiment. We wished to solve the mystery of the origin of this belief, for Nának is not, like Rama, or Krishna, or Buddha, a fabulous individual, round whom the lapse of centuries has thrown a mythical halo; he is not, like Mahomet, the denizen of a far country, whose doctrines have been translated among strange people in strange languages. He was a contemporary of our Protestant reformers, he lived and died among his own people; his descendants are still among us; the forms of life have in no way changed since he completed his mission. Painful feelings are forced upon us, as we think of such things, feelings such as arise on the perusal of the life of a modern Roman Catholic saint; for the people, who believe these fables, are of ourselves, of the nineteenth century, understanding fairly all the range of human science and appliances, but in this matter *blind:* for a lying spirit has beguiled men, otherwise sensible and shrewd, to believe that Nának raised the dead to life, healed the sick, flew through the air, walked the sea, blessed and cursed, and had power

over the elements. Not that they saw it themselves, but they had tradition handed down orally, and in Scripture collected by his immediate followers from those, who accompanied him in his travels, men poor and illiterate, with no object to lie, and no claim to power. We turn away with a sickening feeling, for these things are believed of millions; they were not done in a corner. This is a portion of that divine gift of faith, which forms the basis of all religions. These fables, though of modern date, have unhappily gained such credence, that the Sikhs believe them dogmatically, and will die for their truth; the Hindus believe them historically; the Mahometans even admit the facts; and, when we try to raise the veil, we find that the man, in whom they believe, was good, virtuous, chaste, free from passion, pride, or avarice, worthy of our admiration as one of the lovers of mankind.

To the south-west of the city of Lahore in the subdivision Sharakpúr, in the extreme corner of the district, where the jungle adjoins on the domains of agriculture and civilisation, stood, as it stands now, the little village of Talwandi. With the neighbouring villages it belonged to a wild tribe of Mahometans, who had immigrated from the countries beyond the Satlaj, the Bhattis, whose tastes were for cattle-rearing and cattle-lifting, and whose habits were nomadic, a contrast to the Hindu Jats, who were gregarious and agricultural, and not friendly to the newcomers. The village was thus on the confines of the forest, and the field and the debatable land of two races and two religions. In this village and in the house of one Kálu, the village accountant, a member of the Bedi tribe of the great Khatri caste, in the year of our Lord 1469, was born a male child. Prodigies attended him from the first: on entering the world he looked round and smiled; the nurse stated, that at the moment she heard sounds resembling the cries of salutation and welcome, with which a great man is received on his arrival. Signs of greatness, of wisdom, and of bounty displayed themselves early: his mother in a dream beheld the gods worshipping and praising him; at the age of five he distributed among beggars all the property, that he could lay hold of; the spot is still shown where he was born, and close by another favoured shrine marks the scene of the sports of his childhood. Lands are set apart for the maintenance of these, and many other similar institutions. As the child grew up he acquired learning without any effort, and argued with and convinced his teachers; but nothing would induce him to attend to the duties of life, and his father was too poor to maintain him in idleness. While in charge of cattle he allowed them to injure a neighbour's field, but when complaint was made, lo! the injury had been miraculously remedied. On another occasion he fell asleep, and as the day advanced and the rays of the sun fell upon him, a deadly cobra spread its hood over

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his head, and passers-by were awestruck at the sight of him, as he slept on

"Non sine Diis animosus infans."

On another occasion, when similarly asleep, the boughs of a tree were miraculously deflected from their natural position to screen him from the heat. The spots, where all these wonders took place are shown, and all the villagers, including Rai Bholar, the Mahometan lord of the soil, were convinced of the coming greatness of the lad, and tried to shelter him from the anger of his father, who took a more material view of his son's conduct. At length, at the age of sixteen, Kálu sent his son out on a trading expedition with a companion from the same village, and a sum of forty rupees. On their road in the jungle they met a company of mendicants, and, entering into conversation, young Nának found that these men had no occasion for houses, or clothes, or luxuries, that they were free from the cares as well as the joys of life. They refused his offers of money as being useless to them, and so worked on his excitable nature, that he invested the whole of his capital in food and fed the party; he returned to his village, and hid himself under the boughs of a large tree, which is still venerated. Discovered by his exasperated father, he urged that he had been directed to do a good business, to realise a good profit, and he maintained *that in laying up treasures in heaven he had done so.* The spot is still known by the name of the "Profitable Investment." It must be remembered, that mendicants then, as now, abounded in the land, and that there was much real worth, as well as odious deceit, in the profession. It was, as it is still, the only outlet for the irregular youth; they had no sea, no colonies, no India, to which parents could relegate their prodigal children. When, then, a young man was too truthful to swallow the conventional lies of the home circle, too catholic-minded to keep within the narrow groove of the domestic dogma, there was nothing for him but to strip off his clothes, and join a troop of mendicants, who so far differed from the religious orders of Rome, that they were really free, and were a standing protest against the tyranny of the regular clergy, the Brahmans.

It so happened that a sister of Nának's had married a corndealer at Sultánpúr in the Jalandhar Doáb, and to her Kálu consigned his son. At that city resided Nawáb Daulat Khan Lodi, a relation of the reigning family of Delhi, and himself a man of great power, though he fell a few years later before the rising power of the Emperor Baber. Nának, by the interest of his brother-in-law, was employed as controller of the stores of the Nawáb's household; so boundless were his charities, that he was accused to his master of wasting his goods, but when the accounts were taken a large surplus came out in his favour; a practical illustration, that the store

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of the charitable man is indeed blessed. At this time, on the earnest solicitations of his family, he married, and two sons were born to him.

The leaven, however, within him had now fermented, and civilised life became intolerable. He felt it his duty, his calling, to cast off all the ties of family, of kindred, all links of habit, and start on his heaven-inspired mission of preaching. In vain did his relations remonstrate; his father and father-in-law never would, or could, realise the necessity, and when he actually prepared to take the fatal step, they appealed to the Nawáb for his assistance. It appeared, that Nának had passed three whole days with the water up to his neck in the neighbouring stream of the Bein, and had thence proceeded to take up his abode in the jungles, abandoning the habitations of men. The spot is still shown, where he entered and left the stream, and the credulous chronicler narrates, how he visited, during his immersion, the god who presided over the waters. When the Nawáb summoned him, he replied, that he knew no earthly master, that he was the servant of God; he was persuaded, however, to return to the city, and finding that he was shaken as a Hindu, the Nawáb fondly hoped to make him a Mahometan, and persuaded him to accompany him to the mosque.

Here occurred a memorable scene, and a lesson was read by the young devotee, which applies to all nations and all religions. When the long line of Mahometans knelt down and prayed, Nának stood up in silence; when the Nawáb remonstrated with him, he said, "O Nawáb, you were not praying, your thoughts were wandering, and you were at Kandahár buying a horse." The Mahometan noble, struck with awe, confessed that it was so; not so the wily Kázi, who challenged Nának to convict him. Nának composedly replied, "You, O Kázi, were thinking of your daughter, who has just been brought to bed, and fearing lest your colt should fall down the open well.' The conscience-stricken Kázi could not hold up his head, and Nának was allowed to retire, amidst the applause both of Hindus and Mahometans.

His companions in his forest life were Bala, a Hindu Jat of his own village, who was with him from his childhood to his death, and assisted to compose the marvellous chronicles of his life, and Mardhána, a Mahometan musician, who played on that fantastically-shaped instrument which is called a "rabáb." Strange stories are told of this instrument, which was brought down from celestial regions, and which refused to give utterance to any other cadence but the praise of God, the Almighty, the Creator *alone*. When the strings of the instrument were sounded, forth burst the sounds

"Tu hi Naráyan kar kirtár: Nának banda tera."
"Thou art God the Creator: Nának is thy slave."

Hearing this, Nának used to fall into a trance, regardless of all

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human things, and remain whole days wrapt in meditation of God, while the unfortunate musician, who was exceedingly weak in the matter of fleshly wants, was exposed to fatigue and exhausted by hunger. When he spoke, he is represented, as always enclosing his meaning in brief and sententious rhymes, which were treasured up by his disciples and incorporated in the sacred volume.

He now commenced his wanderings. That they extended all over India is probable; that he visited Mecca in Arabia is certain; but the vast mass of rubbish, which his chroniclers have heaped together on the subject of these travels, the wonders of the countries which he visited, and the wonders which he himself performed, pass all belief. In the Panjáb and adjoining countries we find the teacher getting over the ground by the use of those vulgar and familiar modes of conveyance, the legs; but when he visited the lofty mountains, the pole star, and other constellations, he took to his wings; and, when he visited Arabia, he wished himself there, and saved himself the trouble of moving by directing Mecca to come to him. We may divide his travels into three classes. I. Those in the Panjáb, where we can follow him clearly. II. Those in Hindustán and Central Asia, where we can trace his course generally. III. Those in Space, where it is hopeless, but still not unprofitable, to follow him, as we can thence acquire a measure of the geographical knowledge and reasoning powers of the people, who believe the facts recorded as gospel.

He is described as visiting his home at Talwandi several times, as attending at the great festival of Achal near Batála, as lodging under a tree and near a tank at Sialkót, where his memory is still cherished. On one occasion he went to Pák Patan on the river Satlaj to the south, and on another to Hasanabdal, not far from Attak on the river Indus, at which place he has left the impression of his hand in a piece of marble. He repeatedly returned to Sultánpúr to visit his sister Nánaki, to whom he was tenderly attached, and, when old age came upon him, he built a retreat for himself on the right bank of the river Rávi, and named the place Kirtarpúr; there he died, and the place has been swept away by the stream, but over against it has sprung up the town called after him "Déra Baba Nának," where the great mass of his descendants still reside.

He more than once visited the large and famous city of Eminabád, half-way betwixt Lahore and Vazírabád, and a shrine to this day, called Rori Sahib, marks the spot, where he slept on a bed of gravel. He lodged with the poor always, and when food was sent to him by the governor, he declined to taste it, as being purchased by deeds of tyranny and oppression. While lodging there, the Emperor Baber attacked and sacked the town in his famous invasion of India. He was seized with others, and forced

to carry burdens and grind grain. Popular report has it, that the burdens stood suspended a foot in the air above his head, and that the millstones went round of themselves; at any rate his appearance and language attracted the attention of the emperor, who had a friendly interview with him, and was gratified by a prediction, that his empire would last seven generations, which in effect it did. While conversing with the emperor, servants brought him a plate of bhang, an intoxicating drug, in which the invaders indulged. The Guru declined the offer, stating that his bhang was to take the name of God, with the drinking of which he was always in a state of intoxication.

As regards the second portion of his travels, we have every well-known city and country in India known by report or alluded to in the sacred books of the Hindus brought into use. Every Mahometan country, the names of which were familiar from the description of travellers, is introduced, such as Sindh, Kábul, Rúm, and Arabia; but the mention of all is so vague, that no profit is derived from the enumeration. That he visited Mecca and Madína was both possible and probable, considering the numbers who used in those days to flock in pilgrimage and in fact do so now. What happened at Mecca is characteristic; that he defeated the Múllas in argument would be expected, considering that his disciples were the narrators, but he exposed the fact, that the sacred Kába was only a black stone, and had once been a Lingam of the Hindu god Siva, and that the Mahometans worshipped idols. There is no doubt, that it is a remnant of the pre-Mahometan worship of Arabia, and utterly unconnected with the unitarian and iconoclast doctrines of the Prophet. The Guru slept with his feet turned towards the temple, and, on being reproved for it as a disrespect to God to turn his feet towards Him, he asked in which direction he could turn his feet without finding God. This is the spiritual version of the story, but the vulgar legend is, that, whichever way his feet were dragged by the Mahometans the temple followed him, and at last the minarets got loose from their foundation, and so the Múllas let him alone. They asked him whether he respected God and the Prophet; he replied that God had sent many prophets to instruct men in the right way, those who obeyed the orders went to heaven, and the others to hell; that Hindus and Mahometans all came from the same five elements, did not differ in their actions or words, and that people who fought about mere words had lost their way. At Madína the tomb of Mahomet bowed to him.

He visited Mathurá, Banáras, Jagarnáth, Lanka, and Hardwár. The wildest stories are told about the inhabitants, but everything that happened conduced to the honour of the Guru. Those who believed in him received blessings, and those who opposed him were brought to their senses. The doctrine of metempsychosis is

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introduced to give variety to the tale, and we find that Nának was one of the actors of the heroic period, and a great many monsters and giants found an end to their penance on his arrival, and went off to Swarga. This is an obvious adaptation of the machinery of the Ramáyana. Bala and Mardhána accompanied him in all these wanderings, but the latter was always getting into trouble. He is the low-comedy actor of the drama, always hungry, getting into the power of magicians and monsters, and rendering the interference of the Guru necessary to save him from being swallowed up, or release him from the form of a goat.

They walked on the sea without difficulty. This was convenient for the purpose of visiting the islands within the limited knowledge of the compiler's geography. Yet they had ships at that time, for on one occasion when Nának was at home, his mother sent a female servant to call him to his meal, for he was asleep; the maid touched his foot, and her eyes were opened, and she became aware that the Guru, though present in person, was far away in the act of saving the ship of one of his devotees, which was in a storm in the Indian Ocean. This is a grand conception; and one day the writer of these pages, when conversing with a descendant of the Guru on this subject, was informed *that he had the power himself*, only the devotee must have faith, and the relief would be granted; to those who *had not that faith* there can be no visible illustration of the power.

They came to a city of gold, where no prices were required for any articles, and workmen asked for no pay! Mardhána was stuffed gratuitously with sweetmeats; there was no crime, and no merchants; all the people, including the king, were virtuous, their only fault being that they were rather conceited. They came to another city, where people acted just in the contrary way to the rest of mankind, wept at births, and laughed at funerals. Nának took the opportunity of attacking the Brahmans on all occasions; at the Kurukshétra he cooked animal food just at the critical moment of an eclipse, with a view of scandalising them; at Hardwár he openly called on the people to beware of these scribes and Pharisees. He nobly filled the part of a prophet of truth and common sense against the untruth and folly of the age. He accused a Pandit of having improper thoughts in his mind, while repeating his prayers; he told the Brahmans, that all ritual observances were vain so long as the *heart was not pure;* when they stood up and looked towards the East, and poured out water to their ancestors, he mockingly stood up and poured out water, looking to the West; when they asked him his reason, he remarked, that he was watering his field in the Panjáb; when they urged that the water would not reach so far, he asked how they then expected, *that their water would reach to the other world.*

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A thief met him, and the Guru remonstrated with him on his way of living. He pleaded the necessity of supporting his family. "Will they," said the Guru, "agree to share the penalty of your misdeeds in a future state?" They all declined, and assured the thief that he alone would be responsible, upon which he abandoned his dishonest profession, and became a disciple of the Guru.

On another occasion he stopped by the ashes of a funeral-pile, and sent a follower to get a light. The eyes of this man were opened, and, as he approached the pile, he beheld the angels of death dragging off the person, who had been burnt, to hell, and beating and tormenting him. As he returned from the pile he found these same angels of death changed into palanquin-bearers, and carrying off this same man to Heaven in all the pomp and comfort of Indian wealth. He inquired the reason, and he found that the deceased was an atrocious sinner, had well deserved hell and torments, but Nának's gaze had fallen on his pile; God had forgiven him his sins, and he was now going off in a palanquin to Heaven. It is difficult to say, whether this story is more quaint or solemn; there is a vast amount of spiritual truth enveloped in fanciful Oriental dress. In many instances also strangers, convinced by his words, asked, "What shall we do to be saved?" The answer was, "Worship Naráyan."

The third portion of the travels of Nának is a strange mixture of Hindu cosmology as drawn from the Puránas, combined with a knowledge of the Himálaya mountains, which are always before the eyes of the natives of these regions, and a touch of the sectarian views of the Sikh denomination of the Brahmanical religion. The snowy ranges in their unapproachable height and beauty, tinted with roseate hues under the glow of an evening sunset, present a region worthy to be considered the dwelling-place of the Immortals. When once this idea had been formed, each peak would have its own deity, and the chronicler, plunging into ethereal space, could very much have his own way as regards gods and mountain-tops, concerning which very little was known with certainty by the vulgar. At an earlier date the changes would have been rung upon the earlier deities of old Hinduism, but even in this mass of rubbish we find signs of progress of the human intellect; for when Nának and his two companions flew up to these heights, where there was nothing but snow, and where the birds could not reach, they found seated there amidst his disciples the great sectarian teacher Górakhnáth, who had immediately preceded Nának in the work of freeing the Hindu intellect. This downward step of theogony can only be illustrated to European notions by supposing a Protestant Heaven ruled over by Luther and Cranmer, or a Non-Conformist Mount Hermon occupied by Wesley and Robert Hall. Of course, in this truth-loving narrative every other Guru was neces-

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sarily placed in a position of inferiority; their arguments are made futile, their miracles ridiculous; all tried to make Nának their disciple; as Pharaoh's magicians all strove in vain to rival the miracles of Moses. Here, however, again the dogma of theological schools peeps out, showing that the intellect had gained a step, for the superiority of Nának was not conceded even by the chronicler on account of some *innate* divinity, as Krishna, or from *brute* power, as Siva, but from the gift of *a more excellent understanding and a deeper knowledge of things unknown.* Górakhnáth and his followers in vain submitted the Guru to a rigid examination, formularised into questions. Nának passed the highest standard, resisted all their blandishments, out-argued all their arguments, proved himself to be perfect, and compelled them to give way.

Mardhána remarked that he could see no sun. Nának informed him, that that luminary was far below them; he then explained to him in detail the position of the celestial bodies. They passed on from peak to peak, and found eremites living on fruits and worshipping God; they saw wonderful animals, and especially tigers, who were suffering from hunger on account of crime; the Guru received honour from all, for in this strange narrative animals are invested with caste, customs, and modes of thinking, nor were they considered unfit objects of divine illumination or of becoming disciples.

At length in their upward flight they reached Dhru, or the pole star. The Bhagat, or saint, who was seated alone in that solitary height, told them, that only one person had been there before Nának: that was Kabír, the greatest of the modern teachers, who had in fact shown the way to the reformation of Nának. At that point Nának left his two followers, and proceeded alone to the residence of the Almighty, which was in sight from this place, and they beheld Nának enter the palace gates, and stand before the throne of Naráyan, over whose head Kabír, the only other person present, was waving a fan. The Lord of the universe asked him, whether the work, for which he was sent into the world, was done, viz., the reformation of mankind. Nának replied, that he had instructed many sinners in Jambudwípa or India, but that he had all the rest of the world to go to. Naráyan smiled, and was pleased, and the teacher returned to the scene of his duties.

Think not that ought of impiety was meant in this narrative; it is a type of the school to which Nának belonged. The old Hindu ascetic of the heroic age was a moral Titan, who attempted to scale heaven by *heaping* works upon works, and making the titular gods tremble for their *sensual* supremacy. These sages ate, like Prometheus, so fully of the forbidden Tree of Knowledge, that the gods feared, lest they should become one of *them*, and so they were expelled from Paradise; or they tried to erect a tower, which would

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reach to heaven, and so dissension was sown in their camp, and they were scattered; they piled Pelion on Ossa, and they were subdued by lightning. But the Hindu sectarian of a later date taught, that heaven was to be won by purity, by knowledge, and faith, and on the path that leads thither he stationed the different teachers and their schools, in the degree in which they possessed those attributes, while a passionless, but refined, Deity superintended the work, incapable of jealousy, as he was unapproachable in dignity.

At length, when old age had dimmed his eye and whitened his hair, Nának settled down in the midst of his disciples at Kirtarpúr on the banks of the river Rávi, as poor, as simple, as benevolent, as when, fifty years before, he had abandoned his home and the ordinary ways of men. His primary object had been to reconcile Mahometans to Hindus, and form a united religion. Here he had failed, but he had formed in the bosom of Hinduism a sect, which was destined to take root, though the oppressions of the Mahometans gave it a development far different from the intentions of the founder. He was determined to avoid the snare of an hereditary priesthood, and specially excluded his two sons from the succession to his office, laying hands on one of his disciples, of a meek disposition like his own, and giving him the name of Angad, or his own flesh. The anecdotes connected with this event are worth recording. When the mother remonstrated against the supersession of her sons, the Guru made no reply: at that moment a cat flung a dead mouse at his feet; the Guru directed his sons to remove it; they drew back in all the pride of ceremonial purity, but Angad, who was of the same caste, at once obeyed the orders of his spiritual teacher, who turned to his wife, and gravely asked, which was his real son. On another occasion he found himself with his disciples in a jungle, and they stumbled on a corpse. "Whoever is my disciple," said the Guru, "let him eat of that body." All drew back in horror but Angad, who, lifting up the sheet to obey the order, found only sweet provisions. Nának blessed him, and told him, that he would be above all, and gave him all power and wisdom, and enjoined his disciples to obey him; and they did so, and Angad was the second of the teachers, or kings, of the Sikhs.

Soon after one of his disciples met in the jungle a heavenly messenger, who sent word by him to Nának, that he must come away. He prepared his own funeral pile, spread the sacred Rúsa grass, and sat down. Round him were assembled all his disciples, and crowds of the minor deities; the spirits of just men made perfect, eremites, saints, and holy men of promiscuous repute, assembled to witness the solemn ceremony of the teacher putting off the mortal coil, and being absorbed into the great essence of Divinity. He gave advice to all, told them that death was inevitable, but that they should take care that their end might be, like his, happy.

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All wept, but his sons were still absent. As the sun rose, the Guru placed his sheet over his face, and, while the Pandits chanted hymns on the uncertainty and shortness of life, and the deities sung out "Victory," he appeared to expire. At that moment his sons came in, and, thinking that he was really dead, fell at his feet in an agony of penitence, craved pardon and one hour's delay. The Guru had sufficient strength to look up and bless them, and then his spirit passed away. This took place in the year 1539 A.D.

Many Mahometans were present, and declared, that they would bury him as their co-religionist; the Hindus however prepared to burn him, and a great disturbance was apprehended, when, happening to look under the sheet, they found the body gone, having been mysteriously removed. The two factions divided the sheet, and one-half was buried and the other burnt. The river Rávi in its summer floods has swept away all trace of both the tomb and the cenotaph, but the most profound veneration still attaches itself to every record, however trifling, of the great teacher. Scattered over the country are shrines where his shoes, or his staff, or his couch, are religiously preserved; his words have been collected into a volume, and three hundred years, which have elapsed since his death, have only sanctified the memory of his mild virtues, though the object of his mission entirely failed, and a more intense hatred sprung up in this part of India betwixt Hindu and Mahometan than elsewhere. Of his two sons one founded the monastic institution of the Údásis, whose converts are rich and of high estimation throughout the Panjáb, and are not without their religious and secular advantages. The other son is the ancestor of that presumptuous and worthless tribe, the Bédis, who, trading on the great name of their ancestor, put all the disciples under contribution with the object of supporting their own useless selves, while their hands have been dyed for centuries with the blood of their female children, to such an extent that the sweet names of daughter, sister, and aunt were unknown among them, before the commencement of English rule. It is hard to say the descendants of which son have most entirely set at nought the precepts of their ancestor, for, while the Údásis seek virtue by shunning the duties and pains of life, the Bédis cloke their abominable sin under the garb of hereditary sanctity, and try to draw to themselves from the simple people that homage which is due only to God.

We have stated that Nának was contemporary with Baber, the founder of the great Moghal dynasty. Angad succeeded him in his spiritual rule, and died in 1552, transmitting his staff to his disciple Amar Dás, who reigned till 1574, and to him succeeded in peace Ram Dás, who founded the great city of Amritsar, or Ram-

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dáspúr, his predecessors having dwelt in political obscurity at Govindwal on the river Beas. To Ram Dás in 1581 succeeded the fifth king, Arjan, who was imprisoned at Lahore by the local governor, and died in 1606. These were the great days of the Moghal dynasty; to Baber had succeeded Humáyún, and to him Akbar and Shah Jahán. Lahore had become the residence of Jahángír, who, occupied in his splendour and cares of state, thought little of the disciples of the Nának, as he made his annual progress along the Imperial Road to the passes of Pir, Panjál, and the happy valley of Kashmír. On his road thither Jahángír died, and his body is buried at Shahdéra over against Lahore on the banks of the river Rávi. Under Aurangzéb began the reign of religious persecution, and, as the vigour of the Mahometan empire relaxed, the Maráthas in the south and the Sikhs in the north began to raise the standard of revolt, and the sacred tank at Amritsar became the centre of a religious and national movement, at the head of which was Hurgovind, the sixth king or Guru. His son Tégh Bahádar, the ninth king, was beheaded at Delhi in 1675, an act never forgiven or forgotten by the Sikhs, and never thoroughly expiated till 1857, when the Sikhs plundered Delhi under English guidance, and put an end to the Moghal dynasty. Prophecies were current on this subject, and the general belief was that, under a sovereign named Dulip, the Khalsa was to take Delhi. Somehow or other the thread of prophecy became hopelessly entangled, for when the emperor of Delhi asked the dying Guru what he was looking at so steadfastly: "I see," said he, "the Lal Kurtis, or men wearing red coats, who are on their road to destroy your palace."

To Aurangzéb succeeded Bahádar Shah, and he met Govind the son and successor of Tégh Bahádar face to face, spared his life, and let him return to his country to be the tenth, the last, and the greatest prophet and king. Sad was now the state of these provinces amidst invasion, anarchy, and misrule. Sovereigns too weak to rule, a people too strong to submit; religious intolerance; national revenge, hounded on by a deep sense of wrong, and the unnatural energy of a new religious organisation. From the river Chenáb to the Satlaj, and beyond that river to the Jamná, the great heart of the people vibrated under a temporary madness; they saw their last prophet abandon his country in despair, his wife and his four sons being murdered, and lay down his weary life on the banks of the river Godáveri in 1708. No one succeeded to him; the great office of teacher, or spiritual king, of which Nának was the first, ended in Govind; he came to restore peace to the world, but his descendants had become a sword. As if the fall of an empire and the intestine struggles of races, religions, and provinces were not enough, foreign invasion was now added. The

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countries beyond the river Indus poured forth their centennial swarm of locusts, and these unhappy provinces became the theatre of war betwixt the Afghan, the Persian, and the satraps of India, and the distant Marátha mingled in the strife, crossed the river Beas, and occupied Lahore.

No historian has recorded the miseries of those periods. Rich countries situated on the highway of nations are particularly liable to be thus victimised. Such was Judea in the struggles of ancient days; such are Belgium, the Danubian provinces, and Lombardy, in modern times. The battle of Panipat had the effect of clearing the atmosphere by exhausting both parties, and the grandeur and extent of the contest then carried on on these plains may be imagined, when it is recorded that the survivors of that great battle of the world retired to Kandahár and Púna, respectively; and it so happened, that in the year 1759, the inhabitants of the countries betwixt the river Chenáb and the Jamná found, when the dust of the storm cleared away, that the combatants had retired on both sides, and that they were free. That year was a wonderful year; they would have liked to have renewed the events of that year on its centenary; they had the wish, the daring, and the hope, if we had given them the opportunity. It was then that they assembled their solemn council at the tank of Amritsar, and proceeded to partition the vacant country among the twelve camps and tribes, into which they were divided. They had been the cultivators and owners of the soil; they had taken to arms, and they now settled down as lords and petty chiefs, but not generally in their own immediate neighbourhood, and it often happened, that a petty shareholder in one village was the feudal chieftain at the same time of a large tract of country, but he still fondly cherished his ancestral property and village title. So exposed to their mercy was the country, when the Mahometans fell back on either side to Delhi and Peshawur, that single horsemen spread far and wide to take nominal possession of as many villages as possible by flinging a belt or a turban into each, and then passing on to annex more.

There is no doubt, however, that rude as was the Government, and uncertain the tenure of power, the country recovered itself. Villages were again restored, population increased; the curse of the foreign conqueror and the tramp of large armies were removed; the chiefs were too weak to be very tyrannical, and their general sympathies were with their subjects, from whom they were but little removed in education or feeling. They had no foreign support to back them up; on the contrary, they had jealous and unscrupulous neighbours who were ready to absorb them. Nearly half a century passed away in this way, when the great absorber came in the person of Ranjít Singh, who, like the

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ogre in the story-book, deliberately ate all his petty neighbours one by one. If the chief had no children, he declared himself the heir; if he had a daughter, he made himself son-in-law; if he had intestine quarrels with his children, his brethren, or his wives, Ranjít Singh appeared as mediator; if his neighbours were strong, or of the Mahometan religion, he deliberately attacked them, till they gave in; if they were weak and helpless, he ousted and pensioned them. Different causes however gave one and the same result, and by A.D. 1820 they became his subjects, and their territories became his. Still it was all in the name of the great Sikh nation, and the people felt themselves exalted in his aggrandisement. But with his death the great unwelded mass fell to pieces. As it happened to Judea, which was so many years the prey of her neighbours, the Assyrian and the Egyptian, a great and stern people, of whom they had known nothing, dwelling like the Romans in countries far beyond the seas, came suddenly on the stage, and worked out the mighty programme, which had two thousand years before been sketched by Alexander the Great.

The rule of the stranger has been gentle in this country; the writer once heard a citizen remark, that they scarcely felt, that they were ruled, for they missed the scorpion rod and the arbitrary impost. They do indeed regret, that oxen are slaughtered and child-murder punished. Memory does gild with a romantic halo the good old time of raids and plunder, but as yet they have borne these calamities without rebellion, and, if we continue to be strong, they may continue to bear. The country fell into the hands of a particular school of public officials who, if they erred, always erred in favour of the people, a school greater in politics than in finance, for with one hand they alienated broadcast the sources of revenue to keep up a bastard aristocracy and a degraded priesthood, and with the other drew on the revenues of British India with a lavish hand. For a period of transition this may have been a wise policy, and helped to weather the storm of the mutinies; but for a permanency, which but for the stern interference of the head of the Government of India it would have been, it meant bankruptcy. This was foreseen by Lord Lawrence, and he protested in time. Not that he cared not for the people; not that his heart was not tender to the wants and woes of the millions. There was something in the brawny shoulders, and rough manners, and independent bearing of the Sikh peasantry, that was congenial to him. If the doctrine of transmigration were still believed, we might fancy, that he had been in some former state, or would be in some future, a Jat yeoman. But he felt that after all money was the sinew of the State, and, if one quarter of the land-tax be alienated in perpetuity, and another quarter granted away in pensions, insolvency must follow. How that wonderful feeling

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of sympathy for the Assignee of the State Revenue, and the pensioner, ever came into existence is a marvel. It would not be popular in England to pay taxes to support others in idleness; nor, if an assignment had been made for the support of the family of one, who had done good service (as, for instance, the Duke of Marlborough, who receives a pension from the Post-Office), would the people of England tolerate that, on the extinction of his line, he should adopt others, or will away the State Revenue. Yet this is the real truth of that great grievance, which so vexes Western and Southern India, which by early gathering in our harvest of resumptions in the North we have practically solved.

The extent of land alienated for life, or lives, in the tract under description is still enormous. Death has been busy, and proved our best ally. The rapacious manager, who fattened on the land, has gone to his account; he never rendered a true one in this world. The wily scribe, who aped the name and appearance of poverty while he rolled in wealth, is now poor indeed. The plunderers of provinces, the haughty dissipated noble, the blood-stained soldier of fortune, the perjured Raja, the slayers of their sovereigns and their own flesh and blood for their ambitious purposes, have all passed away. Their likenesses still hang round the walls of the museum at Lahore, decked with earrings and the insignia of barbaric pomp, but their place knows them no more. One old man of the court of Ranjít Singh remained long after the rest, an adventurer from the British provinces, who by ways fair and foul raised himself to greatness, and sold the Sikh army to the English at Firozshahr, for which achievement he is handed down as a traitor in the legendary ballads of the people. So entirely has the scene changed in thirteen years, that those, who have known the country for that period, start when they think of it. It seems like the turning of a kaleidoscope since that brilliant court, glittering in jewels and silks, stained with every crime, human and inhuman, devoid of public or private virtue and decency, held here its butterfly pomp, ere the strong wind from the East swept them away.

Since then these provinces have been marked by most unsuccessful mutiny, and most prodigious massacre. Mutiny appears to be indigenous in the soil, from the days that Alexander the Great's soldiers mutinied, because they wished to return to Macedon and Thessaly, to the hour, when Englishmen, forgetting their duty, jeopardised an empire. At Mián Mir, Multán, and Sialkot, in 1857 mutinies took place, which were met so promptly and punished so terribly, that future historians will draw their breath for a while, ere they accept as facts what is known to be true. From Sialkót the mutineers were hurrying across the rivers Rávi and Beas, intending to compel other

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regiments to join them, when they were met at Trimu Ferry on the former river by a force, which must have appeared to them to have sprung from the ground. They had forded the stream in the morning, but after the battle the river fought against them, for it had swollen since morning, and hundreds were carried away. No quarter was given, and for several days after shooting-parties were told off each evening to dispose of the fugitives captured during the day. A darker tragedy followed next month, when a regiment mutinied and broke away from Mián Mir. They were met on the river Rávi, captured and destroyed; their destruction saved hundreds of lives, and was a stern, sad necessity, the occurrence of which must ever be regretted; but, when the precise position of British affairs in the Panjáb is considered, there were but two alternatives, to exterminate them or to submit to be exterminated ourselves. Let those who from a distance judge harshly, consider the position. Those who, long after passions have calmed, have stood upon the mound, which marks the grave of the mutineers, have arrived at the deep conviction that it was a merciful disposition of Providence *that their career should end there.*

Of the century of Sikh rule, there are three memorials, which will enable us to form a judgment as to the manner of men, who preceded us in the empire of those provinces. All are falling into decay, and we trust, that in a few years they will have passed away. A few lines on each may not be an inappropriate conclusion. They are the pension list, the Assignee of the State Revenue, and the temple at Amritsar.

It has always been a wonder to contemplate the liberality, the lavish, with which the Anglo-Indian Government provided for the refuse and degraded members and followers of former dynasties, and the niggardliness shown towards their own servants and Public Works. Millions have been spent on the most worthless of men: the adoptive father of Nána Sahib drew more than two millions, and his cousin in the Banda district drew two millions beside. It may be urged, that these pensions were hastily granted for great public objects at a time, when we were not so strong, and that the grants, though upheld, were disapproved of. But when the Panjáb was annexed after fair fight, and when already financial difficulties were looming in the distance, the same prodigality marked our policy. We succeeded to a system of the most degraded and dissolute kind, and there was no necessity to provide for the attendants of such a Court. But the following are the kind of persons, whose precious existence was provided for without fail by the paternal Government, while it was borrowing millions and retrenching the salaries of its own servants: palanquin-bearers, chouri-wavers, faráshes, umbrella-carriers, families of deceased umbrella-carriers, keepers of chairs, families of deceased

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waterpot-carriers, barbers, cooks, wives and daughters of deceased cooks, commandants of cooks, falconers, beaters of bells, family of the late Maharája's nurse, tomfools, fiddlers, painters, dog-keepers; sweepers, archers, double and triple wives of deceased chiefs, slave girls, aged courtezans described as favourite concubines of Maharája Ranjít Singh, the daughter of another and the sister of a third equally disreputable, and unblushingly described as such; relations of the mistress of General Allard; every kind of priest, friar, saint, Guru, Brahman, fortune-teller, of many of whom the pedigrees have to be preserved, some according to the flesh, as a farásh or waterpot carrier or cook may be supposed to perpetuate his race in the flesh; others by the spirit, as the saintly folk in the end of the list continue their race by the imposition of hands.

But the particular pension list of the family of the late Maharája was something appalling. He appears to have had above twenty Ranis; some of them were good enough to ascend the funeral pile in his company; some were comforted in his absence. They belong to all castes and districts, and, at Lahore, they dwelt in little pigeon-holes round the famous tower called the Saman Barj. Attached to each were slave girls without number, poor wretched females, who were sold from their homes in their youth, and had no relations or social position. Twice has the cruel fate of the female slaves of India been forced on our notice; once in the Panjáb, when an attempt was made to distribute the slaves in their respective villages, if their friends would take them back. Eight wretched old women were thus consigned to us, not in any way realising the ideal of the "slave of the harem," but on inquiry in their villages they had been forgotten, there was no one to receive them, and the paternal Government had to cherish them from its own resources. On another occasion in Central India a mother and daughter had escaped from the walls of the palace of a Nawáb, and sought protection of the English magistrate. Their names were demanded and their parentage; the elder female had had a father, but as to her daughter she stated calmly that she was a slave, and uncertain as to the precise parentage of her child; it was born in the Nawáb's house. Still sympathy is felt by some for these royal and noble families, as they topple over and their impure interiors are exposed; and in maintaining such establishments as these, more than forty thousand pounds sterling per annum was expended yearly at Lahore. Now that the salaries of the officers of the State are being clipped, is it too much to suggest to the financiers of India, that the assignments and allowances of the families of cooks might bear reconsideration? At any rate let the lavish hand for the future be stayed; let us be just before we are generous.

The Assignee of State Revenue is a remnant of a former age, a specimen caught alive of a former geological period. He may have

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been useful and a source of strength to former Governments; he is not so to the British Government, for his very existence is an anachronism; he feels that he is an absorbing element, and that the grave is gaping for him. We have known them during the time of their empire, when fine feathers made them fine birds; we have known them during the period of their absorbing process, and in prosperity and adversity to our minds they are the lowest type of that genus, which has usurped to itself in most countries the privilege of preying on the labours of others. Utterly devoid of public feeling, of care for anybody but themselves, rude, unlettered, low in mind, in acts, and habits, the drones of society, their extinction will be hailed by the people and by the Government. About them cluster the priest, the fortune-teller, the dancer, the musician, the general panderer to the passions; these worthies gather round their sensuous lord to extract money from his fears, his passions, and his gross delights. Ever hostile in heart to the great Government under whose shadow he exists, his ears prick up and his eyes brighten when he hears of disaster, true or invented. But visit him in his rural home, in his rude plenty, amidst his retainers, his cattle, and the garnered stores of his past harvests, listen to his hearty welcome in the gateway, his professions of devotion, and his patriarchal manner, but that we knew his antecedents we might carry away the impression, that he was the most charming of old men, and wonder at the rude assault made by narrow-minded politicians at the last of the barons. It is strange that the middle classes of England should supply the most determined champions of the pseudo-aristocracy of the East.

But the great Temple will ever stand forth as the most remarkable monument of the Sikh people. In the heart of the city of Amritsar is the famous tank from which the name is derived, and here centre all the national pride and religious fervour of the people. In the early struggles with the Mahometans this sacred spot was more than once defiled by the slaughter of oxen in the hopes of putting down the nascent faith, but to no purpose; for no sooner had the storm blown over than the waters were again consecrated, and again the faithful assembled. Thither the tribes went up, year after year, on their solemn feast days in the spring and the autumn; there they took counsel in the hour of affliction, and there they gathered and divided their spoils when triumphant. A vast city has sprung up round about, and commerce, here as elsewhere, has waited as the handmaid of religion. The Sikh dwelling in villages, on the occasion of his annual pilgrimage, purchased those rude luxuries at the fair, and the excitement of pleasure and sightseeing, the freedom from restraint, and the novelty of the journey, soon added that powerful zest to what was originally a duty as a pilgrimage. When Ranjít Singh had converted the

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great commonwealth into an empire, and centred in himself all the wealth and power of the nation, he affected the deepest religious feelings, and the greatest enthusiasm for the holy place. In the centre of the tank rose a gorgeous temple of marble, the roof and minarets being encased in gilded metal; marble pavements, fresco paintings, added to the splendour of the scene, and round the outer circle sprung up a succession of stately buildings for the accommodation of the sovereign and his court. The establishment of no noble was complete, who had not his bhúnga at Amritsar.

The sight from the roof of the royal bhúnga is one of the most imposing in the world. The worship of the heathen lies before us in all its glory. We have stood on the tower of Fort Antonia at Jerusalem, and tried to conjure up the appearance of the courts of the Lord's house in the days of the splendour of the Jewish hierarchy. From the roof of the ruined Parthenon we have looked over the inclosure of the Acropolis. But for neither of these, nor for the great fane of Diana at Ephesus, can we imagine a more venerable, a more brilliant appearance, either the time when the Passover, or the great Panathenaic festival, gathered the thousands of worshippers within their portals. It is a strange and solemn scene; lofty minarets stand as sentinels on one side; the umbrageous foliage of trees sets off the white radiance of the marble and the masonry; the rich gilding of the domes is reflected in the waters; pigeons without number fly over the open space; and from below comes up a hum of men and women, bathing and praying, or reverently making the threefold circle of the sanctuary, from the interior of which comes forth the murmur of priests, chanting the sacred volume to the accompaniment of stringed instruments.

No European shoe is allowed to violate the sacred threshold; the visitor must either do so barefooted, or encase his feet in slippers prepared for the purpose. Up to so late a date as 1860, the Viceroy of India reverently laid bags of silver as an offering of the British Government on the holy of holies. When the country was occupied, the profoundest respect was shown to the Temple and all connected with it; and even to this day its affairs are superintended by a council of Sikh notables, who take heed that the revenues set apart for the repairs of the building are properly expended, and that the offerings of cakes and cash are fairly distributed among the tribes of hungry attendants, who have gathered round like vultures. These people appear to have acquired an hereditary right, but their conduct and bearing is that of the sons of Eli, and, ceasing to care for their religious character or for popular influence, they vex the local courts with their petty squabbles for a fractional share of the offerings; and into these

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nauseous details, into their distribution of unhallowed things, to which the double meaning of "anathema" applies, the servants of a Christian Government are constrained to enter. Strange names and strange offices thus became familiar. There is a body of Granthis, or readers of the sacred volume, corresponding with the prebends of a Cathedral, except that the principle of hereditary succession has rendered much knowledge of the contents of the volume unnecessary. Beneath them come a most disreputable body of acolytes, or minor canons, who ought to perform the service of the Temple as the ministering Levites, but who have adopted secular habits, become moneylenders, extortioners, and give to the title of Púját anything but the odour of sanctity. Beneath them come the choir, or singing men, known as Rágis, who sing hymns and chant the text of the sacred volumes in a manner unintelligible to the understanding, and unpleasing to the hearing. These are all Sikhs, and may at least have the credit of believing what they practise; but there is a fourth body, who are composed entirely of Mahometans, and who still are not ashamed to lend their vocal powers to the service of the heathen. These compose the orchestra, and extract inharmonious sounds by sweeping the strings of fat-bellied barbitons, called Rabábs, whence they are called Rabábis. These men claim to themselves the honour of being descended from that Mardhána, who accompanied Nának in his travels. Like their ancestor, they are a hungry lot.

Such is the great temple of the Sikhs, protected and endowed by the paternal Government, the centre of the hopes and aspirations of a great people, and which may some day prove the rallying point of our enemies. Leave it to itself and withdraw from it the patronage of the State, resume the lands set aside for the support of the brotherhood of Granthis, Pújáris, Rágis, and Rabábis, and the splendour of the institution will pass away. The gilded dome will lose its lustre, the marble walls will fall out of repair, the great Temple, with its assigned revenues and its stately establishments, will no longer be a snare for the vulgar, who are ever deceived by outward show. To act thus would be to act impartially, and in accordance with the true principles of non-interference. No necessities of State policy appear to justify the contrary policy, nor do those necessities exist.

AMRITSAR, 1859.

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CHAPTER III.

THE RAMÁYANA: A SANSKRIT EPIC.

GORRESIO has done a service of no ordinary nature to all admirers of Sanskrit literature, and his labours deserve honourable mention in India. There is very little taste nowadays for the Sanskrit language, yet it would be a shame indeed to pass over noble volumes, published by an Italian at the national press of France, without some notice. This is no dull volume of exploded and abortive philosophy, no vast commentary, which it makes the head ache only to open and glance at, but a noble epic poem, fresh and original, second only to the great epic of the Greek nation; and the editor has done his duty well. He has published volumes of text, which in beauty and elegance of execution cannot be surpassed, and volumes of translation, into the Italian language. The critical notes are brief, but the prefaces contain much interesting information and a succinct but complete sketch of the history of the poem.

It is singular that we should have had to wait so long for a complete edition of the text, and translation into a European language, of this great masterpiece; still more strange, that we should be indebted at last to an Italian, a country in no way, either in times past or present, connected with India. In the years 1806 and 1810, Carey and Marshman published the text and English translation of two books and a half out of the seven, which complete the story; and not only are these volumes very scarce, but they are very inferior as productions of literary art, though no blame attaches to the excellent men, who, in the very dawn of Oriental studies, published in part what none of their successors have found ability or spirit to complete. Schlegel, twenty years afterwards, gave to the world the text of two books, with a Latin translation of the first, both unexceptionable in merit and excellent as far as they go; but his labours were interrupted and never resumed; and another twenty years passed away ere Gorresio presented to the public, at the expense of Charles Albert, King of Sardinia, the text, the printing of which cannot be surpassed in any country, and the translation, in Italian, which may be equalled, but not surpassed, in any other of the languages of Europe. In

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MAP
of
ANTIENT INDIA
shewing route
of
RAMA

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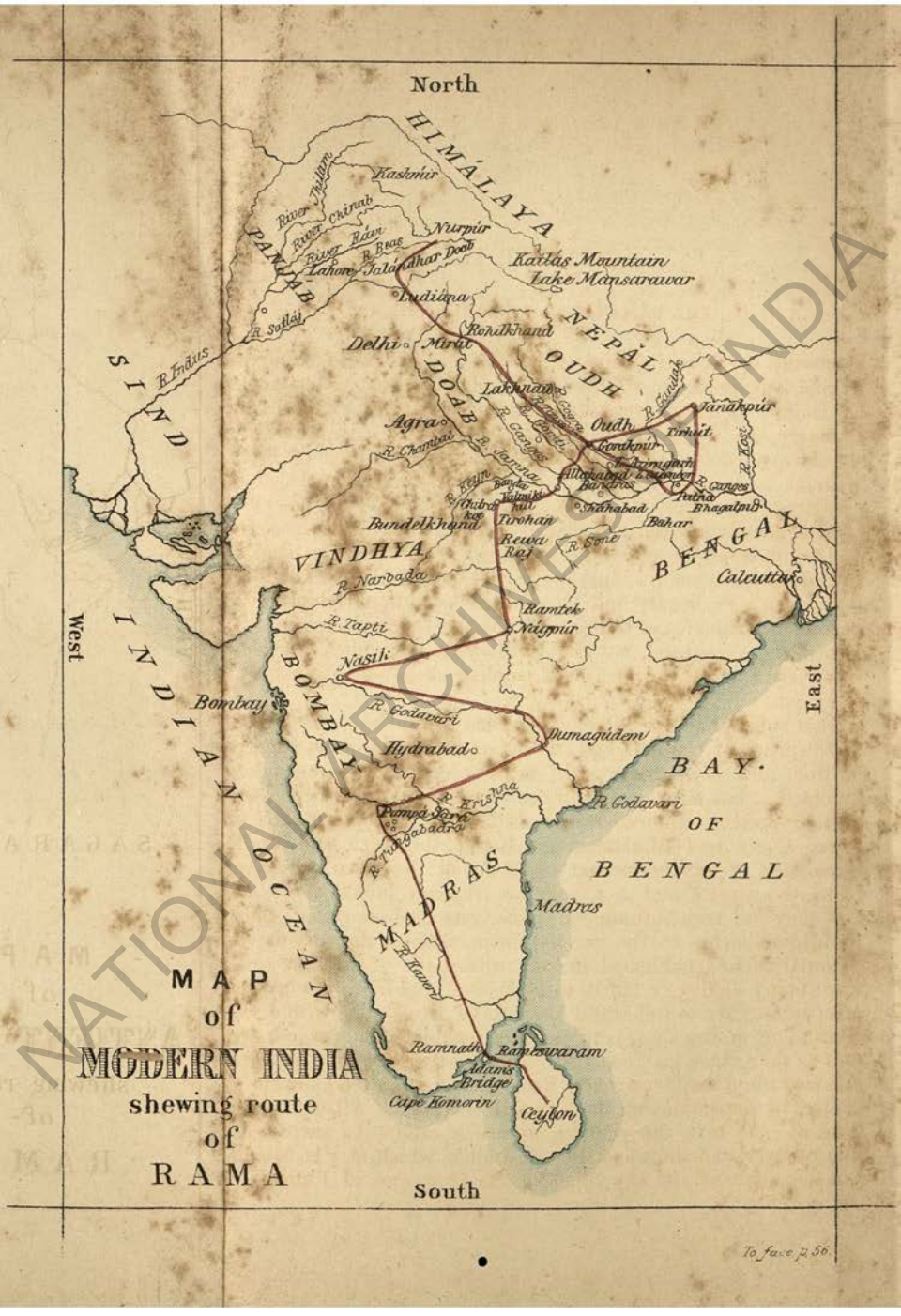

MAP of MODERN INDIA shewing route of RAMA

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his translation he has carefully preserved a Dantesque idiom and form of expression, free from all local patois; his rendering is most faithful, and his language elegant and spirited; and so closely does classical Italian approach to the Latin language, that, though not written in the learned language of Europe, it will not be lost to the general public; and no Oriental library will have any pretension to completeness without a copy of this magnificent work.

The Ramáyana is essentially the great historic poem of India, the earliest in date, the most complete in design, and the most popular. In it are described the great acts and achievements of Rama, king of Ayodhyá, the modern Oudh, of the solar race of Rájpúts, from whom the numerous families who style themselves Rághuvansi, still trace their lineage. The other great heroic poem of India is the Mahábhárata, which describes the deeds of the lunar race of Rájpúts, who ruled at Indraprastha, now Delhi, on the river Jamná. This poem is confessedly of a much later date, and, though inordinate in length, it is deficient in completeness and unity of action, and clearly a large number of episodes have been inserted in it, by which the original plan of the poem is injured. Both these poems have a religious scope, and are as such the objects of the greatest veneration. The Ramáyána narrates the acts of Vishnu, the great Creator, in his seventh incarnation, that of Rama; the latter is the chronicle of the acts of Krishna, the eighth incarnation of the same deity. The geography of India is divided between them. In the Ramáyana the poet conducts us from Ayodhyá, the base of operations, beyond the river Satlaj, into the Panjáb, and thence returning, we are invited to cross the Vindhya range into the Dakhan, across the rivers Narbadá and Godáveri to the most southern point of India, and across the arm of the sea into the island of Ceylon. In the Mahábhárata, Hastinapúra is the basis of operations, but the scene of the battles is betwixt the rivers Satlaj and Jamná, near Thanésar. In some of the episodes, such as that of Nala, we are conducted into the country of Vidharba, or Birar, where Damayántí resided; and the whole western portion of India is crossed to Dwarka, on the shores of the Indian Ocean, in the neighbourhood of Kach, at which place Krishna finally fixed his kingdom. The glimpses of geographical knowledge possessed by the poet are highly interesting to trace out; and the insight gained into the habits and manners of the people at the time the poem was written is invaluable.

By what combination of syllables was the poet known during the few days that he trod the earth, and left this deathless monument of his power over the feelings of mankind! Is it but a myth or a shadow, or are we permitted, after this lapse of ages and the neglect of successive generations, to pronounce the name? On this subject there is no doubt; the poet's name was Valmíki, he was contem-

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poraneous with the heroes whom he describes, and he resided on the banks of the river Jamná, near its confluence with the Ganges at Allahabád. Of this fact his accuracy of geographical description of the countries betwixt Oudh on one side and the Vindhya range on the other, leaves no doubt. Faithful tradition has marked the spot. In the district of Banda, in British Bundélkhand, about twenty miles from the right bank of the river Jamná, where these lines are written, stands the hill of Valmíki, near the village of Bágréhi; on the height is a fort, said to have been his residence. It has been the fortunate lot of the writer to visit more than one of the seven cities which claim the honour of the birth of the blind Mæonian. He has looked on Troy and at the heights of Ida, with feelings of reverence; and some such feelings have been engendered when he stood on the solitary hill of Valmíki, and drank in with eager gaze the wide view, which the poet must have contemplated, when he was dictating these sounding lines; a view which comprehends a portion of the country mentioned in the poem.

It is sad to say that the poet began his life as a notorious highway robber; but, repenting of his misdeeds, he betook himself to austerities on the hill, and eventually, when the spirit moved him, to versifying. This is his only work, that has come down to us, and an additional interest is attached to it from the fact that the poet received in his hermitage Sita, the faithful wife of the hero, when banished by her over-sensitive and jealous lord. There were born her two sons, Kúsa and Lava, who were taught, as children, to repeat and chant the lines descriptive of the great actions of their unknown father, by which they were eventually made known, received, and acknowledged; and from them the proudest Rájpúts trace their lineage. We have thus the poet blended with the hero of the piece, and the best proof that Valmíki was well acquainted with the history of Rama.

Some critics place the date of these events long subsequent to the Christian era. The Hindus, on the contrary, erect a chronological edifice of their own, of which thousands of years form a unit, and place the date of these transactions in the second age, consequently many hundred thousand years before the Christian era. The more moderate take a middle course, and by a careful comparison of the probable with the improbable, and a collation of facts, give to the Ramáyana a date, which must be anterior to the well-established date of Buddha, to whose existence no allusion is made. No doubt many passages, including all that attribute divinity to Rama, are the interpolations of a much later date, long subsequent to Buddha. Whether the poem was, for many ages, handed down by oral tradition by a race of bards, as Valmíki first communicated it to the sons of Rama, whose united names

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have passed into a term for rhapsodists, or whether these stately lines were pricked by the author on the leaves of the palm in that early form of Indian character of which we have specimens dating back to the time of Asóka; such questions as these we abandon to the curious. It is sufficient for us that the epic has descended to our times perfect, inasmuch as no portion of it has been lost. The only difficulty is to get rid of the redundancies which have been added to it. The poem consists of seven cantos, and the number of slokes or double verses amounts to twenty-four thousand, which is faithfully recorded. But the last canto is generally rejected as spurious, and it is clearly beyond the scope of the epic, for it describes events which happened after the return of Rama to his country, his exile being completed and his labours done. This canto may well be compared with the poems called νοστοι, which were tacked on to the great epic of the Greeks. Another difficulty has puzzled editors and critics, that of this huge poem there are two distinct recensions, in both of which the same story is told with precisely the same details, nearly the same number of couplets and chapters, often corresponding word for word and line for line, but as often differing, the same sentiment being clothed in different expressions; and so rich is the Sanskrit language, that it could produce a third version to tell the same story without repeating a single word, if required. These two recensions are known as the Bangáli and North-country versions; and by a singular accident both the distinguished German scholars, Schlegel and Lassen, have adopted the latter, while the Italian editor has in these volumes presented us with the former, each party speaking highly in favour of his own choice. If the disciples of Schlegel, as promised by him in his preface, finish the work commenced by their late master, we shall have the singular literary phenomenon of two editions of the text, differing so very much as to be clearly distinct works, while the translations still closely resemble each other.

As may be supposed, Indian commentators have found both the editions an ample field for their voluminous discussions; but their remarks apply chiefly to the meaning of the expressions, and, until European editors approached the subject, no criticism had been applied to the text. How much more fortunate have been the Homeric poems! Soon after their composition, they were collected under the orders of Pisistratus; how highly they were valued, long before our era, is shown by the fact of Alexander of Macedon always carrying a copy of the Iliad with him in his campaigns: and from the days of the Alexandrian schools until now the text, has been submitted to the most rigid criticism, and placed beyond doubt. Not so the great epic of the Hindus. Both editors allow that they have used much discretion in omitting what appeared to be repetitions, and, though each adhering to the recension that appeared to him

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the most genuine, they have not hesitated to adopt passages and corrections from the other.

However, let us leave the critics and their rival editions, let us leave the poet and his rhapsodists, and pass to the poems and the hero. In Homer's poems we see too clearly, that the heroes are new men, and not sprung of ancient stock, as the parentage of many of the actors is imputed to the gods, a very convincing proof, that their mortal parents were either unknown or so obscure, as not to deserve being chronicled; but the hero of the Indian poem is the descendant of a long line of ancestors, whose actions are chronicled, and he himself is the last of the line, who has any very great renown. The Ramáyana, as may be supposed, is not the only work devoted to the great heroic ballad; in later days other poets drew their inspiration from the pages of Valmíki, foremost among whom are Kálidása, one of the ornaments of the court of Vikramaditya, who composed the poem of the Raghúvansa, justly allowed to be the most polished specimen of the later Sanskrit style. The subject is one so naturally suited for scenic representation, that Bhavabhúti, the great dramatist of the Augustan age of Sanskrit literature, adopted the subject, and has left us a drama full of beauty, thus occupying the same position to Valmíki that Euripides does to Homer. Nor are these the only instances, for, as may be supposed, the story of Rama is one of the stock pieces of the literature of the country, and Schlegel truly remarks, that the Mahábhárata and the Ramáyana are to India what the Iliad and Thebaid proved to Greece.

And when, a thousand years ago, the great vernaculars of India settled themselves into form, the earliest efforts of the wielders of the new power of conveying ideas to readers and listeners was to make use of the same grand old story; thus one of the most famous records in the great Hindî and Bangáli languages is the Ramáyana of Talsi Dás. When in course of time Arian culture and religion were by a process, of which we have no record, extended to the great Dravidian races, non-Arian bards were found to refashion the legendary tale, clothing it in new language, not as a servile translation, but as new and original poems. And again, when the same culture was conveyed across the sea to the Maláyan population of Java and Bali, the people of these distant islands caught up the echo of the Indian melody, and we hear of poems in the Káwi language, or old Javanese, in honour of the great Rájpút heroes.

That Valmíki was, or fancied himself to be, one of the earliest of Indian poets, is shown by his taking to himself the credit of having invented the peculiar stately metre, in which the poem is written, which metre is the one most generally used by all subsequent authors. According to his own account, Valmíki was passing

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along the banks of the river Tanse, a stream in Bundélkhand, when he spied a pair of herons sporting together, unconscious of the neighbourhood of a hunter, who wantonly shot one of them; the survivor, when it saw its mate thus cruelly killed, filled the air with its lamentations, and pierced the heart of the sage, who uttered two lines of grief spontaneously in this metre, which he subsequently adopted for the poem, and called it slóka, from a resemblance to the Sanskrit word for grief. This is the asserted origin of a metre which has been multiplied far beyond the numbers of the iambic, the hexameter, or other modern verse; for this poem alone contains more couplets than both the Iliad and Odyssey together have lines, and this poem is but a portion of the voluminous mass of Sanskrit literature.

The Ramáyana has three distinct parts: 1. The description of the kingdom of Rama's father, the youthful days of the hero, his happy marriage, and his consecration as Crown Prince. 2. The unhappy circumstances that led to the exile of the hero, and the account of the exile. 3. The war with the giants, which closed the exile, and preceded his return to the throne of his ancestors. In the first portion the poet describes the state of Indian society, as he knew it, and scenes and places with which he was himself more or less perfectly acquainted; in the second he conducts his hero to the immemorial forest, which once covered the whole country; of that the poet could know but a small space, but he attempts to describe a state of things, which, to his notions, was probable; his geography becomes more vague, as he crosses the Vindhya range, but he is still in the kingdom of reality and deals with mortals. In the third part the poet gives loose rein to his imagination; amidst hundreds and thousands of persons brought on the stage, three only are mortals, the hero, his brother, and his wife. All the rest are monkeys and giants; the most astounding performances are narrated, a machinery introduced transcending that of the fabled Titans. No tale of Jack the Giantkiller is more monstrous, no fairy legend to amuse children more absurd, than the achievements that are calmly narrated in these solemn and even-flowing lines. Here we have tales of Anthropophagi and monsters far exceeding in power and activity any creatures of Western fancy; we read of arms and weapons, compared to which the arms of the Olympic gods are but as tiny reeds; slaughter takes place of thousands, leaps are taken of hundreds of leagues, and a resident of Europe, on perusal, would wonder what kind of people could ever have believed such follies, how a poet of such great ability and powers, as proved by the two first parts of his poem, could risk his reputation by the impossibilities and absurdities of the last.

But the strangest tale has now to be told. Not only did the

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poet himself believe the legends, which he reduced to verse, not only did the audiences, before whom he chanted them, give them full credit in those far-off centuries, but three thousand years have passed away in vain as regards them; in vain has the march of intellect introduced all over the world new schools of philosophy, new religions, new arts and new customs: the gods of Olympus are now only known to schoolboys: old Homer is admired, quoted, and loved as a glorious myth: Delphi has long ago lost its tripod and kept silence; but these fables, or call them what you will, these gross absurdities are still believed as Gospel by many millions, old and young, rich and poor. With them it is an article of faith. Although for half a century the island of Ceylon has been ruled by the same people as the peninsula of India, though the communication is rapid and certain, yet still it is firmly believed by millions of the people of India, that that island is peopled by Rákshas, or giants, and paved with gold.

For tradition has been woven with religion, the magic power of verse has preserved the one and strengthened and perpetuated the other; for a deeper mind and meaning is contained in the history of Rama, to understand which we must follow up the vagaries to their earliest source. Man, poor weak man, from the earliest date, has felt the conviction of the existence of a higher power, and has vainly groped about for God, but, without the light of inspiration, has sought in vain. The Hindus early arrived at the idea of the All-powerful Divinity, whom they divided into three; but of them, the first, Brahma, like old Saturn, soon became obsolete, and of the two remaining, one-half the Hindu world place their faith in Vishnu, and the other in Siva, each party ascribing to their deity the full powers of the ruler of the universe. Having arrived, painfully and uncertainly, at the idea of a God All-powerful and All-wise, the necessity of his interfering in mortal affairs has appeared of daily increasing urgency, and the necessity of periodical incarnations of the deity to redeem the world, and restore it from some impending danger, has been written on the faith of a people, who, at an early date, discovered, that faith without works was vain. Thence has it happened, that the followers of Vishnu maintain, that on nine separate occasions that deity has descended to the earth, and performed the stated duty, and then returned; that he is to descend once more and restore all things, is still their fervent belief. The earlier incarnations are vague and uncertain, and the offspring of an age, which had not yet attained to the dignity of hero-worship. The incarnations are as follows: the fish, the tortoise, the boar, the man-lion, the dwarf, and Parasu-Rama; then followed the celebrated incarnations of Rama and Krishna, who have superseded entirely the worship of the original deity; and last of actual incarnations is the mysterious appearance of Buddha,

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himself the founder of a heresy, which developed into a separate religion. Still to come is Kalkí, but the time is uncertain.

In addition to the great deities are a vast number of deified mortals, personified elements and attributes, and other fanciful creations of poor human intellect, when once it takes to idol-worship, so prolific of absurdities. They all occupy the heavens, but appear to have been exposed to frightful dangers or inconvenience from evil spirits or overpowerful mortal ascetics; the boundaries of the earth and the heavens appear to have been particularly undefined, for we hear of mortal sovereigns assisting the gods in their fight with demons, and we find these poor gods reduced to most pitiful straits before powerful mortals, compelling them to implore the assistance of the Great Ruler of the Universe, though sometimes this awful Power appears to have been obliged to descend to low tricks to effect his purposes. Thus it happens, that the two worlds at one conjuncture, viz., the continent of India, Jambudwípa, and the corresponding portion of the heavens or celestial regions, were oppressed to such an extent by certain giants, whose headquarters were at Ceylon, that they were driven to seek relief from Vishnu, and beg an incarnation of his power to rid the world of the evil. There is something grand and soul-stirring in this bold flight of unassisted human genius; here is the confession of the dependence of poor weak man on a sole Creator, who is begged to send a portion of himself to the help of his creatures. In the poem before us this is narrated briefly, but in the later work of Kálidása, the Raghúvansa, is the following noble description of the Deity, which the writer of these pages has translated to give an idea of the notions formed by a Hindu of the Godhead:

He sat, that awful Deity, in state;
His throne encircling heavenly armies wait:
Around His head celestial rays were shed,
Beneath His feet His conquered foes were spread:
To Him the trembling gods their homage brought,
Incomprehensible in word or thought:
"O thou, whom threefold might and splendour veil,
Maker, Preserver, and Destroyer, hail!
Thy gaze surveys this world from clime to clime,
Thyself immeasurable in space or time:
To no corrupt desires, no passions prone:
Unconquered Conqueror, Infinite, unknown:
Though in one form Thou veil'st Thy might divine,
Still at Thy pleasure every form is Thine:
Pure crystals thus prismatic hues assume,
As varying lights and varying tints illume:
Men think Thee absent; Thou art ever near,
Pitying those sorrows which Thou ne'er canst fear:
Unsordid penance Thou alone canst pay:
Unchanged, unchanging, old without decay:

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Thou knowest all things: who Thy praise can state?
Createdst all things, Thyself uncreate:
The world obeys Thy uncontrolled behest,
In whatsoever form Thou stand'st confest:
Though human wisdom many roads foresee,
That lead to happiness, all verge in Thee:
So Gunga's waves from many a wandering tide
Unite, and to one mighty ocean glide.
Though of Thy might before man's wondering eyes,
The earth, the universe, in witness rise,
Still by no human skill, no mortal mind,
Can Thy infinity be e'er defined.
And, if to bid Thy awful grandeur hail,
Our feeble voices in mid tribute fail,
'Tis not the number of Thy praises cease,
But that our power, alas! knows no increase."

Surely there is something grand in these sentiments, something elevating in this description of the Deity, far different from the idol-worship of modern days, and the degrading adoration of the Lingam. The story goes on to say, that the Supreme Deity listened to the request, and allowed himself to be born as Rama, the son of Dasaratha, the king of Ayodhyá, with the view of extirpating the race of giants, and restoring free worship; for this appears to have been the crying evil that, owing to the incursion of these monsters, devout men were unable to complete their sacrifices.

What is the truth hidden under this myth we can only guess at. Whether it is merely the Hindu embodiment of the idea of the struggle betwixt good and evil, the Ormazd and Ahriman of the fire-worshippers, or whether the first conquest of the non-Arian races of Southern India by the more civilised Arians of the North, is darkly hinted at. That the dwellers of a country little known should be described as ogres and giants, is no new feature of history. Others, again, imagine, that they trace in this legend the great struggle betwixt the Brahmanical and Buddhist religions. That the latter once flourished over a great part of India, and by a reunited effort of the Brahmans was entirely extirpated, but still flourishes in Ceylon, as well as other parts of Eastern Asia, is a fact no longer disputed. These giants are described as particularly the enemies of the ascetics, but from the account given of them we find, that their mode of life differed but little from that of the Hindus; it may be, however, that the poverty of the poet's experience admitted of no other possible mode of domestic life than what he saw around him.

Some events must have happened, the memory of which has impressed itself indelibly on the fancies of the Hindu nation over the whole peninsula; and, as the legends are entwined with the earliest history of the people, and are connected with rivers and

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mountains, giving them a sanctity and making them objects of pilgrimage, there is no possibility of this story ever dying, until some geological alteration of the natural features of the landscape come to pass. The conversion of thousands to the Mahometan religion has done nothing; if the whole nation became Christians, they would not forget Rama, but would sing of him as a hero, whom they now worship as a god; or under a plastic form of Christianity, which admits of the worship of the old local deities under the disguise of saints, as has happened in Italy and the Levant, it might come about, that altars would be raised to him in Christian churches. It may indeed be said of Rama—

> "Dum stabunt montes, campis dum flumina current,
> Usque tuum nomen toto celebrabitur orbe."

The part played by the monkeys in the poem has to be considered. They were uniformly friendly to the hero and hostile to the ogres. They occupied the mountainous regions of Central India. Ethnology and linguistic research tell us, that the Kolarian races of Central India are perfectly distinct from, and anterior to, the Dravidian races of the south. These Kolarians represent the earliest settlers in India, and their territories have been encroached upon by the Dravidian races. This represents the antagonism. Any one, who has seen these dark naked races, small in stature, ugly in feature, degraded in habit, living in forest, some of them clothed in leaves, shunning the haunts of men, and remembers, that these forests are inhabited by numberless herds of monkeys and apes, cannot be surprised, that the cultivated residents of villages, out of derision or intentionally, blended the savage and the monkey together. The monkey and ape are sacred to the Hindu, and strange fables, even so late as the time of the Emperor Shah Jahán, have connected themselves with Tulsi Dás, mentioned above as the author of the Hindí Ramáyana. When imprisoned at Delhi, he was released by myriads of monkeys, who demolished his prison. Professor Wilson truly remarks, that the vernacular versions exercise more influence on the great body of the population than the whole series of Sanskrit compositions; they are found everywhere; families with the most moderate means go to the expense of having a copy made, though it is large and bulky. Many copies are illustrated by pictures, and are an unfailing source of delight to crowds of listeners in the evening. The art of limning is not far advanced in India, and the representations of subjects so serious are so grotesque, that they cannot fail to excite the laughter of a European; but they are gazed upon by the simple people with feelings of awe, and, indeed, their execution is quite as good as the prints of saints and hermits, that rouse the devotion of the Romanist peasants.

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But it is not from books, nor from the garrulity of story-tellers, that the lower classes acquaint themselves with the history of Rama. Year after year the whole scene is enacted before their eyes; in large cities, such as Banáras, the spectacle is a magnificent one and the cost very considerable, but in all the larger villages over the country the Dasahrá festival is celebrated with a zeal and earnestness scarcely to be described. Enormous figures of the rakshasa are raised, with the most hideous countenances, and of most startling proportions, scaring the passer-by at other times of the year, who, if ignorant of the customs of the country, would wonder with what object such gigantic idols were kept in permanent repair. At the time of the festival hither resort all the neighbourhood, both young and old, to celebrate, with due honour, the *Lilá* of their hero; day by day, according to certain fixed stages, the pageant is enacted, and on the last day the giant Rávana is massacred in effigy in every village, and blown up with gunpowder on every Sepoy parade-ground in India, amidst the shouts of the delighted crowd. It is from these annual representations, that the story continues so fresh and so popular to all.

And it is satisfactory to find that the story itself, to the narration of which we now approach, is singularly pure and heart-stirring; the triumph of virtue is certain and complete; vice and impurity receive on all sides an utter discomfiture; many are the traits of character drawn with the power of a skilled artist; the noblest sentiments of unselfishness, devotion, gentleness, and mercy portrayed; but, above all, we love to dwell on the pure and noble character of the faultless hero. From an Indian pen we might have expected a sensual monster, a selfish autocrat, a merciless tyrant, a narrow-minded bigot, such as now disgrace the puppet courts of India; but from his earliest year Rama was a gracious youth; as he grew his virtues expanded, rendering him the delight of his parents, his relations, and his future subjects. Elaborate and oft-repeated are the praises, which are bestowed on him by the poet; they are drawn from a faultless model. Not Solomon in all his glory was arrayed in so shining a vesture. When we remember his age, we wonder at his firmness and wisdom; when we consider, that he was brought up the heir to an Asiatic throne, we are astonished at his self-control and pure-mindedness. That such a person existed may be doubted, and therefore these praises may be declared as extravagant; but that such a poem exists is a fact, and that a poet, with all the varieties of the human race before him to select, should choose such a character, and that it should be the object of the veneration and deification of millions, is a trophy, of which India may be proud; for Rama was gentle, forgiving, and merciful, incapable of envy or malice; even when harshly addressed, he replied softly; he ever delighted in the society of those, who

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were advanced in learning, virtue, and age; he was wise and generous; valorous, but making no boast of his own valour; open-hearted, prudent, full of compassion, with his angry passions and senses in complete subjection; not the least covetous of the kingdom, though he knew, that it was his rightful heritage, for he considered the acquisition of wisdom as more desirable than that of earthly power; he was a respecter of the truth, a keeper of his promises, one who could appreciate the merits of others, and who was firm in his purpose, preferring truth to life and happiness. To render the picture complete in Hindu notion, though but of small merit in the eyes of a faithless generation like the present, he was a regular reader of the Vedas, and a respecter of cows and Brahmans; a miserable climax to such a description. But there stands the picture; such are the traits considered worthy of an incarnate deity, and the greatest of warriors and princes, who not only conquered India and the race of giants, but effected a greater victory over himself.

However, to our story. On the south bank of the river Sarju, now known as the Gogra, stood the celebrated city of Ayodhyá, represented to this day by the ruined mounds of Oudh, close to the town of Faizabal; it was the capital of the kingdom of Maha Kosala, which included the whole line of country betwixt the Himálaya and the river Ganges, from Pilibhit in the West to the river Gandak in the East, the modern kingdom of Oudh, and the district of Gorakpúr. The Gogra is still known by its ancient name in the hills of Kumaon; and according to the legend duly chronicled in this poem, it takes its origin from the sacred lake of Mansaráwar, in the Snowy Mountains; and, in truth, the Gogra, though in no way connected with the lake, does arise in its neighbourhood.

On the throne of Ayodhyá was seated the representative of the ancient Solar line of Rajpúts, who had for many generations ruled the land; his name was Dasaratha; he had three wives, one apparently of his own race and country, and thence called Kausalyá; one from the distant Panjáb, called Kaikéyi, from her place of birth; and the third, who is always called by her personal name, Sumitrá, was from the country of Magadha, the modern Behár; in addition to these ladies of family and distinction, he appears to have had an extensive zanána, but had not been blessed with a son; and to obtain this boon he was commencing a religious exercise of great difficulty, by which he hoped to conciliate the gods, the givers of favours. The sacrifice was that of a horse, known as the Asvamédha, and was liable to frightful interruptions, and it appeared that a completion of the king's wishes depended on the assistance of a celebrated ascetic of the name of Rishyaringa.

It so happened that in the neighbouring kingdom of the Angi,

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now known as the district of Bhagalpúr, in the province of Bangál, there had been a great dearth, and the king, Lomapada, had been assured, that the only chance of getting rain was to entice this same ascetic from his retirement, and get him to marry the king's daughter, or rather the adopted child of Lomapada and real daughter of Dasaratha. This ascetic was the son of Kásyapa, a sainted mortal of frightful power, and he had begotten this son apparently without a mother, and had brought him up alone in the wilderness, where he had never seen, nor even heard, of the existence or fascinations of that interesting portion of the human race called woman. The plan was to send a party of young females, disguised as ascetics, and coax the great saint from his retreat by those wiles, which are all powerful. The episode describing all this is most fantastic. The surprise and unsettlement of the mind, the entire interruption of devotions, and the heart's unrest, that befell the unhappy saint, when he received his new visitants, is most graphically described, and we might laugh at the conceit of such being possible, had not a modern traveller in the Levant assured us of the existence of a similar case in one of the convents of Mount Athos in the nineteenth century. He there found a monk in middle life, who had never set eyes on a woman, nor had any notion of them beyond what could be formed from a black and hideous altar-picture of the Virgin Mary. The cruel traveller, by an accurate description of the many charms of the fair sisterhood, entirely destroyed the poor solitary monk's peace of mind for the future. In the Hindu story they went further, for they enticed the ascetic away from his woods, got him on board a vessel on the Ganges, married him to the king's daughter, and brought him on to Ayodhyá to conduct the sacrifice, which terminated favourably, for in a very short period afterwards Kausalyá gave birth to Rama, called so as being the delight of the human species. Kaikéyi produced Bharata, and Sumitrá had two sons, Lakshmana and Satrúgna. They were all incarnations of the deity, specially sent to earth for the destruction of the godless giants; they were endowed with every virtue; but conspicuous among all was Rama, in whom was centred a double portion of the divine essence, who was destined to be the hero of the tale, and round whom all other characters are grouped as satellites.

We hear nothing further, until Rama reached his sixteenth year, when a saint of extraordinary power and esteem arrived at the court of Ayodhyá. His name was Visvamitra; he had been originally a Rajpút king of the country on the banks of the river Sona, the country now included in the district of Patna, then known as Magadha. The sage had one sister, who, from their ancestor Kusa, was called Kousiki, and was turned into a stream, flowing from the Himálaya, known now as the river Kosi, which flows into the

Ganges through the district of Parnea. On one occasion Visvamitra was hospitably entertained by an ascetic of great repute named Vasishta, who was possessed of a wonderful cow, which enabled him to entertain a vast army. The king and the saint quarrelled about this cow; the warrior was obliged to yield, as the Brahman produced armies of Sakas, Yavanas, and Barbaras, and discomfited him. Under this legend lies some hidden meaning. Visvamitra took this matter to heart, and by the most unheard-of asceticism and long penance, determined to be exalted to the rank of a Brahman. The unfortunate gods in those days had a hard time to hold their own, and they did everything they could to interrupt the integrity of these devotions by sending fair damsels to call back his thoughts to the world, or by rousing him to fits of anger; it was of no use, the tough ascetic was too much for them; he obtained the complete control of all his passions, and when the gods refused to accede to his wishes he began creating a new universe, new heavens, and new gods, and had already brought some stars into existence, when the heavenly host gave in and made him a Brahman. The object of this legend, to exalt the priestly caste, is clear.

Such was the wonderful individual, who one day arrived at Ayodhyá, and demanded the loan of the service of Rama to protect him and other ascetics in the performance of a sacrifice, which was constantly interrupted by the attacks of the giants. Not that the sage himself was not all-sufficient to control these wretches; a word, a look of his, could reduce them to ashes, but the slightest explosion to anger would utterly nullify the advantage of the sacrifice. It was necessary, therefore, that one of the Warrior caste should guard the Brahmans. The old king dared not refuse, but it was a great struggle to send his young son on a service of such danger; the saint, accordingly, accompanied by Rama and Lakshmana, started on their journey, following the course of the river Gogra, through the Azimgarh and Ghazipúr district of the Allahabad Province to the point of junction of that river with the Ganges, on the confines of the district of Chapra, in the province of Bangál. They passed the night on the bank of the stream, and Visvamitra, who proved a most garrulous and instructive companion, explained to Rama the cause of the noise, which they heard, where the two great streams meet together. They lodged in a sacred grove, where, at a period still more remote, the Great Lord of the Universe was performing a penance, when the thoughtless deity, Cupid, winged an arrow at him, and was reduced to ashes by a frown, whence he was ever after called the "bodiless;" and the spot even to this day is holy in popular tradition.

Gorresio in his translation falls into an error by supposing, that they crossed the river Gogra; this was not the case, they crossed

the river Ganges, and landed near the fortress of Buxar in the district of Shahabád or Arrah. This was then known as the country of Magadha, and a legend is given to explain the name. Here Rama encountered and slew a hideous giantess, who ravaged the country; but it was only after long arguments, that he could be induced to injure and slay a female. No sooner was she killed, than the heavens opened and a loud applause was given by the gods, who rained flowers upon the hero, and caused strains of celestial music to be heard, and gave poor erring mortals a momentary glance of the celestial dancing girls. This is the conventional mode of description, and nothing is more remarkable than the constant communication with the gods, which appears to exist. They are represented as living only on the sacrifices offered to them by mortals; the idea which Aristophanes in his "Birds" threw out only as a wicked joke, with the Hindus is an article of faith; subject to mortal passions and frailties, without the hecatombs offered by pious men, the unhappy denizens of heaven would starve; and hence the lively interest, which they felt in the destruction of the wicked race, which interrupted the just completion of the sacrifice. There is something of this feeling to be traced in the Latin poets, where we find a goat or a hog promised in return for favours solicited. The idea of an expiatory sacrifice had not been conceived.

After the slaughter of the giantess, the sage invests Rama with the gift of the heavenly and mysterious arms. No words can fully describe them; they are not like the arms in the Iliad or Æneid, accoutrements or weapons such as mortals wear, but of divine excellence; but these weapons are spiritual, to be exercised by meditation, a most fanciful creation of the poet. Proceeding onwards, they arrive at the spot, where the sacrifice was to be performed, "the grove of perfection," in the district of Shahabád. It was here that Vishnu under a previous Incarnation, as the Dwarf, had dwelt, when he came down to earth to save the world from the tyrant Bali; it was now occupied by numberless ascetics, who were awaiting the arrival of the hero to complete their sacrifice. No sooner were the holy rites commenced, the sacred flames were burning, than an unholy troop of giants rushed upon the inclosure; but they were soon routed and destroyed by Rama, and their chief Maríchi, who was destined to take another part in this history, was hurled by an arrow into the ocean. When we consider the nearest point of the sea-coast to the district of Shahabád, we can form an idea of the power of the hero's weapons.

The sacrifice was completed, when the news reached them that the king of Mithila was about to have a grand assemblage of holy men, on the occasion of the choice of a husband for his daughter Sitá, who was to be the prize of the lucky man, who could string

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an enormous bow, which had long been an heirloom of the family. Visvamitra proposed to go thither, as, indeed, it was on his road home, since he resided in the hilly country on the banks of the river Kosi, in the territory of Nepál. The royal youths assenting, they crossed the river Sona, from the district of Shahabád into that of Patna, which, as mentioned above, had once been the kingdom of Visvamitra. Never at a loss for something to say, he tells them the origin of the name of the celebrated city of Kanyá-kubja or Kanouj, and the next day, when they advance to the banks of the Ganges and encamp there, a magnificent but lengthy episode is introduced as to the origin of this sacred river. There may, perhaps, be some deep geological truth in the myth of the sea having once washed the base of the Himálaya, whence, by deposits and elevation of the land, it has been pushed back many a hundred leagues into the Bay of Bangál. There must have been a time when this noble river first began to flow, when the range of the Himálaya was upheaved and became the resting-place of ice and snow, which, in turn, supplied the waters. There must have been a time when, betwixt the Himálaya and the Vindhya ranges, flowed an arm of the sea, and the fertile Gangetic valley, the rich plain of the North-Western Provinces, lay deep beneath the bed of the ocean. Geology tells us clearly, that this may have happened not only once, but repeatedly, and points to marine fossils scattered over the lofty ranges. Bearing this in mind, the Hindu tradition loses much of its strangeness, and the tale is nobly told, and has been forcibly translated by an English poet, Dean Milman, in the same metre as the original. We are tempted to give an extract:

"High, on the top of Himaván, the mighty Maheswára stood;
And 'Descend!'—he gave the word to the heaven-meandering water.
Full of wrath, the mandate heard Himaván's majestic daughter.
To a giant's stature soaring, and intolerable speed,
From heaven's height down rushed she, pouring upon Siva's sacred head:
Down on Sankara's holy head, down the holy fell; and there,
Amid the entangling meshes spread of his loose and flowing hair,
Vast and boundless as the woods upon Himálaya's brow;
Nor ever may the struggling floods rush headlong to the earth below."

Thus far the Ganges had descended, but had been caught in Siva's hair, a paraphrase for the woody defiles of the Himálaya. At length the barrier was burst:—

"Up the Raja at the sign upon his glittering chariot leaps;
Instant Ganga the divine follows his majestic steps;
From high heaven burst she forth upon Siva's lofty crown,
Headlong then, and prone to earth, thundering rushed the cataract down.
The world in solemn jubilee beheld these heavenly waves draw near,
From sin and dark pollution free, bathed in the blameless waters clear;
Swift King Bhagíratha drave upon his lofty glittering car,
And swift with her obeisant wave bright Ganga followed him afar."

Such was the descent of the river Ganges at the earnest request of King Bhagíratha, an ancestor of Rama, whence she is called Bhágirathi. From the circumstance of her descent to earth, she was called Ganga, and, assuming as many thousands of years as we choose, since first she burst the barrier of the Siválik range and ploughed her deep and annually deeper furrow to the sea, building up new islands and peninsulas in the Bay of Bangál with the soil of Northern India, carried away by her majestic flood, through her hundred mouths, she has still followed the same track, and enjoyed a character for sanctity. Tradition has it, that her time will expire some day, that her waters will no longer have their heavenly attributes. But a heavier blow has been inflicted, for in these last days she has been fettered and confined, compelled to desert her ancient channel, compelled to forego her licentious meanderings, and to administer to the wants of man; and we have yet to see, whether any power will arise, that will release her from the meshes and locks of the great Ganges Canal.

Such and such were the tales, the old national legends, with which the garrulous sage entertained the royal youths during the long nights. At the close of each the poet describes them as charmed and surprised; for ourselves we confess that, after a perusal of this poem, we have ceased to be surprised at anything; the tales are so marvellous, so comprehensive; the narrative is so self-satisfied and circumstantial, that if we did not know assuredly, that the whole were the wildest dreams and the grossest fabrication, we should be inclined to say, that they ought to be true. Visvamitra was one, who knew everybody and everything, who could talk by the hour *de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis*, and who had a grand way of stunning his audience; and we sometimes have thought, that some of his race, heirs of his mendaciousness and his assurance, are still to be met in India and elsewhere.

Next morning they crossed the Ganges in a boat, leaving the kingdom of Magadha and district of Patna, and entering into the district of Tirhút. The name of this province is derived from the Sanskrit word "Tirabhakti," as the three rivers, the Gandak, the Ganges, and the Kosi, are the boundaries; but a still more ancient name is that of Vidéha, the capital of which was Mithila, whither our pilgrims were now proceeding. They arrived the first night at Visálá, the locality of which is unknown, and were hospitably entertained by King Pramati. The ancient history of this district is given by Visvamitra in full detail. On the next day they proceeded to the hermitage of Ahalyá, concerning whom a most indelicate story, in which Indra appears most unfavourably, is told, and Rama releases her by his presence from a curse, which had lasted some indescribable period. Thence they arrived at Mithila, and were cordially received by King Janaka. This city is known

by the name of Janakpúr, and is in the kingdom of Nepál, just beyond the limit of the Tirhút district.

At the request of his guests the king orders the wonderful bow to be brought forward, and eight hundred men stagger forward with it, so vast is its size; and it seems ridiculous, that the slender lad of sixteen summers should attempt the feat. The Eastern poets always fall into the error of overdoing their miracles, and thus diminish the effect. How much more chaste and striking is the conception of Homer with regard to the bow of Ulysses! It was a great bow, and one, which no other could string, but not so monstrously out of proportion. With how much greater sympathy we read the issue of the trial of strength (Odyssey, xxi. v. 409):—

"Ως ἀρά τερ σπουδῆς τάνυσε μέγα τόξον Οδυσσεύς.
Δεξιτερῇ δ'ἄρα χειρὶ λαβὼν πειρήσατο νευρῆς,
Ἡ δ'ὑπὸ καλὸν ἄεισε χελιδόνι εἰκέλη αὐδήν,
Μνηστῆρσιν δ'ἄρ ἄχος γένετο μέγα, πᾶσ δ'ἄρα χρὼς
Ετράπετο. Ζεὺς δε μεγάλ'ἔκτυπε, σήματα φοίνων."

We seem to hear the singing of the string under its unusual tension; we see the dismay of the spectators; we almost hear the thunder. Such is the more refined painting of the Western poet. Valmíki describes the scene forcibly, but extravagantly. Rama, with scarcely an effort, and with a single arm, raises the ponderous bow, and in stringing it snaps it asunder. Awful was the crash; the whole assembly, with the exception of the king, the sage, and the royal youths, lost their perpendicular, and all were astounded. The hand of Sitá was the reward of such a display of superhuman strength. Royal messengers are sent by the direct road to bid old Dasaratha to his son's wedding, who hurries over the intervening space, three hundred miles at the least, in four days and nights, which is fast travelling, considering the immense escort of elephants and chariots, which he took with him, and the bad roads of Gorakpúr and Chapra, which he had to traverse. He comes, accompanied by his other two sons, and the liberal host not only produces a sister of Sitá as a bride for Lakshmana, but arranges to marry two nieces, the daughters of his brother Kusadwaja, the king of Sankasya, to Bharata and Satrúgna. The wedding is described most particularly; the pedigrees of both families are tediously recounted by the family bards. The family of Dasaratha has certainly the advantage, for their names and their achievements still, by the aid of the sacred bard, ring through India; while the ancestors of Janaka, less fortunate, though, perhaps, not less worthy, must be entered in the category of those brave ones, who lived before Agamemnon. The wedding presents are enumerated and are most costly; the Brahmans come in for a lion's share of the spoil. Each sovereign had with him a father-confessor, whose mouth had to be filled with good things; but, as the offer-

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ings consisted of thousands of cows, the munificence must have been inconvenient. The four young ladies, like flames of fire, are stationed at the altar; the hands of each are placed in those of their respective bridegrooms; blessings are invoked on them. "All of you," says the old father, "who are now united to consorts worthy of you, with unbroken fidelity perform the duties of matrimony, and may it be propitious." They then passed in solemn procession round the altar, and thence were conducted to their chariots amidst rejoicing crowds, not only of mortals, but of the whole heavenly host, who had come down to enjoy the spectacle, and who, by raining flowers and other conventional signs, expressed their satisfaction, which is shared by ourselves at finding, at so early a date, religion, morality, and respect for the gentler sex so conspicuous.

King Dasaratha and his sons and daughters-in-law return to Ayodhyá. Visvamitra takes his leave to the Nepál hills, where we hear no more of him; for all we know to the contrary, considering he had lived several thousand years before we made his acquaintance, he may be there still. As the royal cortege were proceeding homewards through the districts of Tirhút, Chapra, and Gorakpúr, and had crossed the Gandak river, a new trial of strength was forced upon Rama, illustrating still more strangely the fanciful theogony of the Hindus. Rama was the seventh Avatar of Vishnu, who had appeared in his sixth incarnation as Parasu Rama, the son of Jamadagni, a Brahman, and had nearly entirely destroyed the Warrior caste. His work was done, and we must suppose, that the divine essence had left him, or we can scarcely understand his challenging the youthful Rama, another incarnation of the same deity, to single combat. In the neighbourhood of Sulimpúr, in the Gorakpúr district, is the traditional residence of Parasu Rama, and the tribe of Bisens claim descent from him. This neighbourhood was traversed by the bridal procession on their way from Mithila to Ayodhyá, and here the ex-incarnation challenged his namesake, the incarnation for the time being, to draw his bow or fight him in single combat. The youthful heir seizes the bow, and points an arrow at the heart of his antagonist; but remembering, that he was a Brahman, he spared his life, but destroyed the fruit of his asceticism, and closed the gate of the highest heaven upon him, as a punishment for his former cruelty to the warrior race, and his present pride. The arrow was hurled, the crestfallen Parasu Rama returned to his hermitage, and we hear no more of him; the gods, who as usual had come down, went off to heaven, chanting the praises of Rama, for they also were time-servers; and the old king strained his hero son to his breast, and kissed his forehead, and proceeded on to his city, whither they arrived in safety, to the intense delight of the citizens, who had adorned the royal way with flags and flowers. The reception of the four daughters-in-law by

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their mothers-in-law, with good wishes and embraces, is feelingly told; they are conducted, the first thing of all, to the altar of the family gods and the presence of the family priest. Every praise is heaped upon them, but Sitá, the bride of Rama, is always conspicuous, the fairest of women, the sweetest of consorts, making her husband so happy, that he seemed an immortal, for he had *only her;* throughout his long life he never thought or cared for any other but her, and the more stress is to be laid on this, as all the misfortunes, which fell on the head of his father, arose from the plurality of his wives.

Thus closes the first book. Rama once more at home, Bharata had been despatchad to the Panjáb to visit his maternal grandfather, and the old king, feeling the infirmities of age growing upon him, determined to consecrate his son Rama, as the partner of his throne, corresponding to the appointment of Cæsar in the dynasty of the Roman emperors. The delight of all at this news was unbounded; all but the modest prince were beside themselves with joy; on his favoured head the honours fell thick, but were borne with a meekness, an unworldliness, that surpass description. The day was fixed for the coronation, and the poet gives us a beautiful picture of the city of Ayodhyá on the eve of the ceremony, such a picture as may be still realised in large Indian cities, when with the falling leaf comes round the anniversary of the great National Festival. All was joy and exultation, Rama and his wife were in prayers and in solemn fast, according to the precepts of their religion, when a dire calamity fell on the head of the king, and the people, and the faultless hero.

It was the curse of that hated polygamy, that licensed concubinage, that chartered libertinism, which, to our shame, is still tolerated in our Indian empire, that brought on the catastrophe. When shall we cease to talk of the ladies of the zanána, the *wives* of the Raja, in allusion to the poor victims of sensual lust, who are still immured in palaces? When shall we learn to call things by their right names, and at least not countenance the abuse? It was the curse, which has toppled dynasties and ruined families from the day, that Abraham banished Ishmael to clear the prospects of Isaac, from the day, that the feasting of Adonijah at En-rogel, beneath Mount Moriah, was interrupted by the cries of "God save King Solomon" from the valley of Gihon, under the heights of Mount Zion. As mentioned above, the old king had three consorts: to the eldest was born Rama; to the second, a young and beautiful woman, was born Bharata. A humpbacked female slave of the latter queen was walking on the roof of the palace, and beheld in the evening the stir in the streets and the embellishment of the highways, and on inquiry was informed of the cause of the preparations, the coronation of the son of the rival of her mistress.

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Fired with rage, she rushed down with the news as a fiend incarnate. It would appear almost, that she was the same Alecto, that excited the mind of Turnus against the Trojans, disguised in the shapeless form of a hideous hag. At first her arguments were vain; the virtues of Rama had disarmed the stepmother; she was delighted at the elevation of her son, for to her Rama was as Bharata, and she rewarded her slave with jewels for the news; she knew no sense of jealousy, or fear, or ambition, till, goaded and poisoned by the words of her wretched attendant, the feelings of a mother, or rather of a lioness, were roused in her. She was told, that the elevation of Rama implied the death of Bharata, the exclusion of her children from the throne, her own disgrace, the elevation of her rival to power. The art of the poet is here shown: to have painted Kaikéyi as an ambitious and wicked woman would have been a vulgar error; but to describe a good and virtuous woman lashed wild with rage, and hurried away into crime by the feeling of self-preservation, shows a deeper knowledge of human nature. A scheme was at once devised for compelling the king to alter his plans; and it appears that on a former occasion he had promised Kaikéyi to grant her two boons. These were now to be demanded: the coronation of Bharata instead of Rama, and the banishment of the latter for fourteen years. Blind with anger, she tore off her jewels and her costly apparel, and threw herself prostrate on the bare ground, in the "Chamber of Anger," an apartment, which, if we can believe those, who have described Indian customs, is still maintained in Hindu families for naughty wives, when they are in a pet with their lord and master, to take refuge in.

The good old king had made all his arrangements, and, full of joy, full of hope, full of pleasing visions of seeing his dear son elevated, returned at nightfall to his chamber, as the poet absurdly describes it, like a lion into his rocky den. He was anxious to tell his favourite queen, and make her a sharer of his joy, when he found her in this dreadful state; he raised her up and coaxed her, but she with tears refused to rise, until he ratified the grant of his two former boons, which he in an evil hour, invoking all that he held sacred, did. No sooner had he done so, than she made known the purport of her wishes, and crushed the old man to the earth. The scene that follows is most harrowing, and the description is highly dramatic, and the contrast drawn between so much joy and such sorrow acting upon the father, the mother, the devoted brother Lakshmana, the faithful wife, is most wonderful. Unmoved alone stands the hero. His father tried, by silence and evidence of constraint, to induce his son to rebel; his friends counselled open war; he had but to speak, and all were on his side; but the deep sense of duty, the awful feeling of obedience to his parent, and absolving him from his rash vow, alone occupied the breast of Rama; never

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for a moment, in the first surprise, in the later grief, did he hesitate; he stood like Coriolanus or greater Regulus; he knew the calamity, which had overwhelmed him, but calmly, with unchanged countenance, he bowed to his stepmother's order, he removed the crowd of relations obstructing his departure and the people, who would not have him go; and long as the heart has passion, long as this life has woes, we can sympathise with that noble devotion and that hard conquest of himself. In all his future gigantic triumphs, in all his feats of superhuman valour, he never shone so truly great, so far above the crowd, as when, with the power of revenge and resistance, he submitted to his deep sense of duty.

Calmly he had resigned his birthright, his power, the ease of royal life, to spend fourteen years in the wild forest; but to abandon those, whom he loved, and by whom he was adored, was a severer trial. The poet gives us the parting in the fullest detail. First came his mother. Poor Kausalyá had been the previous day praying in her private chapel and meditating on the supreme Spirit, when she was interrupted by a party of eager friends, who had rushed in with the good news of his approaching consecration; the grateful queen had distributed presents of cows and gold, blessing her son with tears of joy, for not in vain, according to the material view of worship and rewards, had she paid adoration to the gods, when she was thus rewarded. Then came the bitter contrast. Rama gently reasoned with her, dissuaded her from her proposal to accompany him, begged her to stay and take care of his old father; he made her promise never to say anything unkind or to reproach him, for it was fate, that had worked out this evil. At length he had soothed her passionate grief, the grief of a mother who was losing her only son, and he turned to his brother Lakshmana. Here he found a new line of argument; the fiery youth was urgent for resistance, indignant beyond control, ready to dare the world in arms in defence of his idolised brother; on his troubled spirit fell the gentle words of Rama; he made excuses for Kaikéyi, praised Bharata as being worthy of his fortune; he softened and melted that hot spirit even to tears; he forgot his anger, but not his love; he forgave all, but he would not be left behind; the same sentence that had banished Rama banished Lakshmana; he would be his follower, his slave in the wild forest; he would accompany him, and to this, after much remonstrance, Rama consented.

But there is a love, which exceeds that of a mother, there is a devotion stronger than that, which warms the breasts of devoted brothers, and the next trial wrung the breast of the hero: the arrow entered into his soul, when he thought of parting from Sitá, the bride of his youth, the sole object of his affection. We follow him to his home, and we hear him announce, for the first time, with trembling accents, the news. He reminds her of her duty to

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comfort her mother-in-law, to be kind to her brother-in-law, and now her sovereign, Bharata, and to await his return. But Sitá's character now, for the first time, develops itself. In the days of Solomon, at least, whatever it may be now, the Hindu people could appreciate female excellence. The poet has in a former part of the poem exhausted the subject of personal beauty; he has described the faultless outline, the long lashes, the dark eyes, the swelling bosom, the sweet smile; but here we see her little figure standing trembling before her lord, her eyes on the ground, and her husband in her has found a kingdom greater than the one, which he has lost. Her speech is a noble instance of female devotion; after stating that to every woman the husband is all in all in any case, she speaks out for herself; without him she cares not for life; without him she would not care for heaven. She expresses her determination to accompany him, to cherish him, and be protected by him; she talks of her delight in seeing the sylvan uplands and the strange forests, where howl the wild beasts: she talks of her pride of being protected by him, of bathing with him in the flood, of dwelling with him under the green tree, where Indra himself would not touch her. "Entreat me not, I will go with you; your home shall be my home, and your lot shall be my lot! all my thoughts are on thee; thou art my light and my soul and my life."

He stood entranced; though the incarnation of a god, he had learned what the heaven of Indra would not have taught him: the true, the strong love of woman. He tried to dissuade her; he told her, that his body only would leave her, that his heart was with her always; he painted the horrors and danger of the jungle, the sharp necessities of forest life to one nurtured so delicately, the intense heat of the sun, the severity of the cold nights, and the aspersions and evil words of men. But in vain: woman's love triumphs. He stood gazing at her; he had not the heart to leave her, nor, when he thought of the rough way before him, the heart to take her with him. No poet, no writer, has told the story so truly and lovingly; the worldwide passages of the Iliad do not surpass this part of the Indian epic in pathos, nor will the range of European literature show a deeper and more refined devotion. She tells him, that the rough grass and the wild reeds will feel to her like silk; she upbraids him for thinking of leaving her: the bed of leaves will be like a couch of down; the dust will be like sandalwood, the wild fruits will taste like ambrosia; finally she threatens, in the event of being deserted, that she will put an end to her existence; and then only is permission granted.

There is nothing new under the sun, and certainly nothing new in female devotion, and the Hindu harp, swept by the mighty bard, has but been the first to touch a strain, which has echoed through

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all ages, and has found sympathy in the bosom of people of every nation, and ever will. The voice of the heart has spoken clearly in all times and in many languages; the sting of separation, and the noble abandonment of home, of wealth, of comfort, for the privilege of sharing sorrow and affliction, has found many chroniclers since the days of Ruth. But still it is singular to find in one of the most beautiful of our old ballads the exact counterpart of the story of Rama and Sitá. We quote the following stanzas from the "Nut-brown Maid:"

"Yet take good heed, for ever I dread,
That ye could not sustain
The thorny ways, the deep valleys,
The snow, the frost, the rain,
The cold, the heat: for dry or wet
We must lodge on the plain;
And us above, none other roof
But a brake bush or twain,
Which soon should grieve you, I believe,
And ye would gladly, then,
That I had to the green wood gone,
Alone, a banished man."

Thus spake the knight. The lady's reply, among other stanzas, ending all, as do his also, with the same couplet, has the following:

"Since I have here been partynere
With you of joy and bliss,
I must also the parte of your wo
Endure, as reason is:
Yet I am sure of this pleasure,
And shortly: it is this:
That where ye be, me seemes perdè
I could not fare amiss;
Without more speech I you beseech,
That we were soon agone,
For in my mynde of all mankynde
I love but you alone."

Rama's consent was at length given. They took off their royal dresses and jewels, and distributed all that they had to the poor; they clothed themselves in the garments made of bark of trees, which is the conventional dress of hermits, and tied their hair so as to project like a horn over their foreheads, the well-known "jata," as a token that the world has been abandoned, the characteristic of the Hindu fakír. The two brothers grasped their bows, and slung upon their backs the basket to hold alms and wild fruits, and thus accoutred, followed by Sitá, they set out on foot to the palace, to take leave of the king. The grief of the citizens here bursts out beyond all control. Loud were the lamentations, when they saw the noble youths on foot; when they saw Sitá, (on whom

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the eye of man had never fallen; whom the sun, out of respect, scarcely ventured to gaze on unveiled) treading the royal way, the whole city was pierced with the most poignant anguish. In this passage, and throughout the poem, we find, that seclusion was even then the fate of highborn women in India, and not a custom introduced by the Mahometans. At length the devoted three reached the palace; the last farewell of the obedient son and fate-stricken father bars all description. "O my son, my son," was all the old man could say; and the only request made by the son to his parent was, that he would be kind to, and not neglect, his poor old mother. He hastily took leave of all; not a harsh word escaped from his lips as he bade farewell to his cruel stepmother; he could not bear the sight of the agony of his father and the tears of the people; with his brother and wife he mounted the chariot; his poor old father rushed out and bade the charioteer return, while Rama whispered to him to drive quickly; but the news, that the great, the good, the just man was going, had spread abroad, and, as he drove through the gates of Ayodhyá, he found, that the whole town was accompanying him: they would no longer inhabit a city deserted by virtue, which was personified in him.

Thus ended the events of the day, for it had all taken place betwixt sunrise and sunset, events which happened three thousand years ago, but which have not been forgotten; the noble sacrifice has been repaid by the applause of centuries and of millions. We must consider what it was. It is true, that Hindus looked forward in their old age, when they had exhausted every pleasure, and had had their fill of good things, to withdraw to the forest and die; but our hero, in the glory of his youth, in the plenitude of his power, was cast down from the highest pitch of grandeur to roam in the jungle, while his heritage was given to another. Thirty centuries have passed since he began this memorable journey. Every step of it is known, and is annually traversed by thousands: hero-worship is not extinct. What can Faith do! How strong are the ties of religion when entwined with the legends of a country! How many a cart creeps creaking and weary along the road from Ayodhyá to Chitrakót! The writer of these lines has met them and talked with the pilgrims; some few of whom stand like heroes among their countrymen, as having followed the path of Rama from the Gogra to Ceylon. It is this that gives the Ramáyana a strange interest; the story still lives. Who cares for the rape of Helen now? Some few students, smit with classic lore, may wander to Troy, and try to trace the course of the river Skamander, or stand with Ulysses at Corfu and Ithaka. But their legend is a dead one; no one now puts faith in it, and its vitality is gone.

On the first night they encamped on the bank of the river Tanse, the stream on which Azimgarh is situated. Hopeless of

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inducing the citizens to return, Rama roused his charioteer in the middle of the night, quietly, while they were sleeping, crossed the river Tanse, and pressed onwards to the Gomti, and thence to the banks of the river Ganges, at Sangrúr, in Pargana Nawabgange, in the district of Allahabad, then called Sringavéra. Here was the limit of his father's kingdom; beyond extended the pathless jungles: here he ordered the charioteer to return with his chariot, and sent a submissive and dutiful message to his father, urging him to send at once for the absent Bharata, and seat him on the throne; he sent a message to Bharata also, begging of him, as a favour, to protect and be kind to his mother. So faultless was he to the last, that the faithful servant burst into grief, exclaiming, that hereafter it would not be believed, that so good a man should fall into such misfortune; while the fiery Lakshmana burst forth into passionate rage, and sent messengers of defiance and reproach, and poor Sitá, scared by the novelty of the scene, and stunned by the weariness of the misfortune, sent to Ayodhyá all that remained to her, her love and her tears.

There dwelt at Sringavéra Guha, king of the Nishádi, a wild race, who lived on the banks of the river, and were to a certain degree dependants of the king of Mahakosala. By him Rama was received affectionately, and he watched over the exiles, as they slumbered on the ground, at the foot of the spreading tree. In the morning Guha supplied a boat and ferried them across the stream. Arrived at the midst of the sacred river, Sitá invoked the aid and the blessing of the divine nymph who presided over the Ganges, and prayed that she might live to return to her home after completing the term of her exile. Having reached the right bank, they entered the dense forest, and proceeded onwards, and spent the night under a pipal tree, on the banks within the limits of the district of Allahabad; on the morrow they resumed their journey.

In that sacred spot, where the sister-streams which spring from the snowy peaks of Gangótri and Jamnótri, after a long parallel course, at length mix their waters, stands in these days one of the most noble cities of India. It is an article of faith with the Hindu people, that there is a third stream also, the Saraswati, which, flowing underground, here also joins the Ganges; but, as it is not visible to the naked eye, it is one of those miracles which is as hard to believe as to disprove, and modern geography tells us, that the Saraswati flows on the right bank of the Jamná, and after passing through Thanésar, loses itself in the sands of Hariána. This spot is known in Hindu circles as Prayag, or the place of the junction. Annual crowds visit the sacred spot, and till within a few years the British Government partook of a large share of the unhallowed

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offerings of the bathers. Flanked by the two streams, at the exact point, stands the royal fortress of Allahabad, which is only, by an extensive system of embankment, prevented from being insulated in the midst of the waters; and tradition has it, that the fortress was originally erected on the left bank of the Ganges, and transferred to the right by a royal caprice, which thought nothing of altering the course of the river. Here the steam-ship is constantly puffing up, laden with goods from Europe; here the steam iron horse tramps over the flood, which is annually whitened with the sails of boats, carrying down the wealth of India to ungrateful England. The country, that surrounds the city, stands thick with sugarcane and corn, and is one of the most populous and wealthy districts of the North-Western Provinces; but, three thousand years ago, when the exiled princess trod this memorable path of duty, it was a vast interminable jungle, howling with wild beasts, and dense in foliage. On the edge of the forest, at the most sacred point of junction, dwelt the venerable sage Bharadwája, apart from the world and its cares; and to his hospitality our pilgrims had now recourse. The old man met them and blessed them. By divine intuition he knew their story; he made them share his lowly mat, and gladly pressed them to partake of his hermit's fare. He at first wished them to dwell with him, but the prudent Rama declined, for he remembered, that they were too near Ayodhyá, and there was a fear lest his relatives and friends should throng to him. Upon this the mountain of Chitrakót, about two days' march, and beyond the river Jamná, was proposed and agreed upon as fitting to be their residence, and early on the following morning they followed the left bank of the Jamná, until they came opposite to an ancient fig-tree, and there, on a raft which they constructed from fear of the alligators, they crossed the river Jamná into the district of Banda, in the province of Búndélkhand. The spot is still shown in the Pargana of Mow. There, by orders of the sage, Sitá worshipped the ancient tree, which had the power of granting requests, and, forgetful of all the injuries inflicted on herself and her husband, invoked a blessing upon her old father-in-law and upon her rival Bharata. Proceeding onwards, they entered the pathless forest: temples and shrines now mark their steps. They passed under the hill of Valmíki, who was destined, years after, to be the great historian of their actions. They saluted, and were hospitably entertained by, the old man; thence they arrived at the sacred stream of the Mandákini, the heavenly Ganges, at the foot of the detached hill of Chitrakót, which is adjacent to the town of Tirohan, in the district of Banda. Here they erected a rude hermitage, and calmly resigned themselves to their new line of life. Their bows furnished them with inexhaustible supplies of game; the unpicked fruit hung from the trees; a pure stream

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flowed at their feet; they were united and happy. Exile had lost half its terrors.

The writer of these lines has often looked on that green hill. It is the holiest spot of that sect of the Hindu faith who devote themselves to this incarnation of Vishnu. The whole neighbourhood is Rama's country; every headland has some legend; every cavern is connected with his name; some of the wild fruits are still called *sitaphal*, being the reputed food of the exiles. Thousands and thousands annually visit the spot, and round the hill is a paved footpath, on which the devotee, with naked feet, treads full of pious awe. The heights are clustered with monkeys and apes, who, as the remainder of the story will show us, are inseparably connected with Rama. Some poor devotees traverse the whole distance from Ayodhyá to Chitrakót, creeping like snakes on their bellies, or alternately rising up and lying down, so that the whole journey is one continued prostration.

The ancient forests of India have shrunk into themselves, and have retreated before the advancing footsteps of man. The axe and the plough, the destroyer and the restorer, have been busy since the days of Rama. Stiff regiments of maize and golden crops of wheat, acres of cotton and of herb and seed for the use of man, have now taken the place of pathless and profitless jungle. Where the hermitage once stood, is the temple that marks the footprint of the royal exile; round it are the homesteads of men, the garners of husbandmen; cattle come home lowing from the pasture ground; the busy merchant traverses the highway; civilisation has triumphed.

Still in many parts of India, though not here, the forest primeval stands in all its glory; the heavy-fruited tree droops, where there is none to pick; the blossoms perfume a thankless air. The descriptions of the poet Heber coincide with those of Valmíki: the ancient pipal has defied the hand of man; the giant creeper flings itself from tree to tree; the asóka tints the forest with scarlet, and the tamarind and the bamboo close the landscape with their luxuriant verdure. The solitary wanderer may see the tiger crawl down to the stream; the deer with their speaking eyes are scarcely scared, as they have never known intrusion; the hare darts like a shadow from the path; the solemn stillness is broken only by the plaintive cry of the kokila; and, looking down from above, the traveller can spy the herons standing in pairs by the water, and can realise the vivid descriptions of the poet, and fancy the state of the country, as it appeared when traversed by the hero of the story.

But even there Rama and his companions were not the only inhabitants of these wilds. According to the ancient laws of the Hindu faith, the life of man was divided into four stages, the third of which is that of a wanderer in the forest, and such abandonment of life and its cares and duties, and so-called devotion and

abstraction, have always been favourite resources for the broken-down, the unfortunate, and perhaps the criminal: it is a form of pseudo-religion, that has developed itself in all countries. In the Christian religion it is confined in these days to monachism, but in the earlier centuries eremitism in its wildest form found followers in the Thebaid of Egypt, in Palestine, and generally in the East. Unlike the Mahometan, who so many times a day looks his Creator coldly and proudly in the face, and bandies words with Him, with a self-satisfied conviction of his own excellence, the Hindu early learned and admitted the necessity of faith and of works. Hence sacrifice to avert evil and conciliate blessings; hence the feeling, that the surest way to obtain happiness in heaven hereafter was to make the present life as disagreeable as possible. Men deserted the haunts of their fellow-creatures, where their virtues could be tested and their crimes corrected, and, wrapping their talents in napkins, retired to eke out their unprofitable existence in the odour of supposed sanctity. They could not see that a true constraint of the passions might be maintained in a city as well as in a jungle, and they too often found that even in the wilderness their passions got the better of them; they were tempted to suicide, or fell into self-delusions, conjuring up in their imaginations images of the evil spirit, with whom they had imaginary conflicts. The generality, however, led a peaceful and quiet, though an entirely useless, existence, sinking from animal to almost vegetable life. Occasionally they fell a prey to wild beasts, or to wilder savages in the shape of men; or they were interrupted in their sacrifices and rites by incursions of evil genii and giants, who delighted in molesting them. Such were the denizens of the forest, into which Rama now retired, as he was ordained by a special Providence to be the protector of anchorets, and the circumstances of his being disinherited and exiled was but the machinery, by which his high vocation was to be worked out.

We must now leave the hero in his retreat, and return to the poor father at Ayodhyá. That very evening he breathed his last; the trial had been too much for his over-strained affections. When the charioteer returned with the empty chariot from the Ganges, his spirit sank within him, and in his last moments he narrated an event, which had happened to him in his youth, how, that by an accident, when following the chase, he had shot at and killed a Brahman, who had come down to the stream to fetch water for his aged and sightless parents; how the agonised father had cursed him, and warned him, that he also would, before he died, know the misery of losing a son; how, in the plenitude of his power he had forgotten the curse, but now it came back to him, and he submitted to his destiny. His only wish was to see the face of his son returning from his exile; but that was denied to him. His last

thoughts were turned towards Rama, and his name was the last word, that he uttered before he passed away.

The cries of the women soon published the event in the city. The elders and the priests assembled, and sat round the body, revolving what they should do, for Rama was banished and Bharata was absent. Not only was the throne empty, but the funeral rites could not be properly performed in the absence of the sons of the deceased. After much reflection, they determined to embalm the old man, and sent hasty messengers for Bharata, who were charged to bring the prince back with all speed, but not to break to him the news. "Send for Bharata!" was the cry. He was absent in the house of his maternal grandfather, in the city of Girivraja, in the kingdom of Kekaya; but to fix this locality is one of the greatest difficulties. Both the route of the messengers and of Bharata himself is given with a great parade of names, but they cannot be recognised in their modern disguises; and, by a singular perversity, there are fatal discrepancies between the two great versions of the poem, and though we are certain of the direction we cannot fix on the locality. Modern authors differ most strangely, and it is no great wonder, as, until the last few years, the countries beyond the river Satlaj were imperfectly known. The messengers started for Hastinapúr, where they crossed the river Ganges, and entered the district of Mirat, the ancient country of Panchála. They passed on next into the Karnál district, and crossed, though it is not mentioned, the river Jamná, and thence to Thanésur, where they crossed the river Saraswati, somewhere in the Kurukshétra. Pushing on northward, they crossed the river Satlaj, into the Jalandhar Doab, and thence the river Beas, into the Bári Doab, where, amidst a confusion of very irreconcilable names, we lose sight of the actual road, till we arrive at Girivraja, almost immediately afterwards. The messengers are said to have accomplished this trip from Oudh to somewhere beyond the river Beas in seven days, and their horses are described as being tired; and considering they came the whole way, this might well be so.

His return homewards is also given in full detail, but different names of places mentioned. However, he crossed the river Satlaj, and this is mentioned as one of the first things done, and in one version the name of the town at which he crossed the river is given, and is no other than Ailádhani, or Lúdíana. But the mention of this town throws a doubt on the whole passage, as there is much reason to believe that Lúdíana was named from Ibrahim Lodi centuries after the time of Rama; indeed, the mention of Kurukshétra on the messenger's route proves, that these lines were not written by a contemporary poet, as there was a long interval betwixt Rama and Krishna, and it was in the time of the latter that that memorable field attained its celebrity. However, to

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return to the disputed locality of the country of the Kaikéyi, we think, that it may be placed in the lower range of the hills in the Bári Doab, near Nurpúr; the general impression is, that it is in the hills, from the name and the present of dogs made to Bharata by his grandfather. The writer knows the country betwixt the rivers Jamná and Beas well, and would gladly have picked up any floating tradition, had there been any, but from the mouths of Pandits has been extracted nothing but the most intense absurdities. Lassen, who had no local knowledge whatever, connects the Kaikéyi with the Kathæi, who are mentioned by Arrian in his account of Alexander the Great, and also are clearly identical with the Khatri caste, who abound in the Panjáb. In a description of the countries beyond the river Indus, it is mentioned, that in the south-west corner of the valley of Banu are the towns of Kakki and Bharat, near a remarkable cluster of high mounds, the only points of eminence in the plains betwixt the Indus and the Sulimáni range; and the Hindus maintain that the town was founded by Bharata, the brother of Rama, and they may be right; but this would not therefore be his mother's country which we are now looking for. It is mentioned in the Raghuvansa that late in life Bharata founded a city on the Indus, and left his sons there. The country of Kekaya was beyond the river Beas, but not beyond the Chandrabhága, or Chináb, as that river is mentioned by Valmíki in concert with the rivers Ganges, Jamná, Beas, Satlaj, and Gogra, as one of the pure streams of India, on the occasion of the sacrifice of Dasaratha, but it is not mentioned in this journey, and therefore clearly was not passed; it is therefore within a narrow limit, that we are reduced to mere speculation.

To return to our story. Bharata had spent his time pleasantly and profitably with his maternal grandfather; he had gone through a regular course of study, both in the Vedas and in archery, or science of arms, as then known; he had sent several messengers to ask after the health of his father and brother Rama, and on the night preceding the arrival of the party sent to recall him he was troubled by melancholy dreams; he had fancied, that he saw the moon fall into the sea, the sun eclipsed; he had also seen the likeness of his father in such a position and under such circumstances, as filled him with the most mournful prognostics. He was narrating this to his friends, when behold! the men stood at the gate asking for him. They were introduced, and, according to their instructions, they told him no more than that his presence was required. To his earnest inquiries after the health of all they made a brief reply, and urged his immediate departure, which, with the permission of his grandfather, he at once set about.

Speed, Bharata, speed! with your horses and chariots and your royal retinue. We can fancy you traversing those wide plains in

after days celebrated for so many battles, studded with such royal cities, the pride and glory of India; those plains which, though never reached by Alexander of Macedon, have been so often traversed by legions more conquering than his, ever going forth to victory, never returning from defeat; plains to which belong the rural reign, and the plenty that springs from unrestricted commerce, watered by noble yet obedient rivers, ploughed in deep furrows by the iron road, and spanned by the lightning line! Speed, Bharata, speed! but you will see the kind fond old man no more. You were the unwitting cause of his end; you and yours brought his grey hairs in sorrow to the grave. Him you cannot recall, his ear is deaf to your voice; but justice can be done, and the trumpet of fame is prepared to record your true nobility, or to publish your shame.

The young prince was seven days on his journey, and passing the river Gomti he first caught sight of the city of his race. It struck him, that some change had taken place, all seemed so silent as he entered the gates. He questioned his charioteers in vain, and in the palace he sought in vain for his father; it was his mother, who broke to him the news of his death, and heavy it fell on his ears. The dutiful son mourned the death of his father, but, when he heard of the banishment of Rama the grief of the noble youth was changed into indignation; and, when he gathered that it had been effected by his mother for his sake, he was overpowered with horror, and burst forth into the most violent imprecations against her, as the cause of all his misfortunes, as one who had condemned him to perpetual dishonour. This passage is very fine indeed, and the dramatic effect admirable: his mother had expected praises and congratulations. She had never calculated that virtue was so deeply planted in her son. Perhaps he was too hard upon her, and should have remembered, that it was for him and him alone, that she had done the evil deed, and, though all the world were against her, she was still his mother. While Bharata was prostrate on the ground overpowered with his feelings, Satrúgna, his brother, had seized Manthara, the humpbacked servant, and was preparing to kill her, but Bharata reminded him, that it was forbidden to hurt a woman, that he had spared his mother solely on the grounds, that Rama would disapprove of the act, and that therefore no violence must be allowed. The two brothers then went to Kausalyá, the mother of Rama; they threw themselves at her feet and assured her of their devotion to Rama. Bharata invoked heavy curses on himself, and on everybody who could wish him harm, and it was determined, that the whole party should start at once to the forest and bring back the rightful lord of Ayodhyá.

But the funeral rites of the old king were still to be performed. The family priest, by way of cheering Bharata, reminded him, that

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death was the natural consequence of life and the beginning of a new birth. He used much the same ingenious arguments, that Krishna used centuries afterwards to Arjana on the field of battle, and much the same as those, with which in all ages Job's comforters, good, worthy creatures, harass and stir up the soul of the mourner in the first bitter moments of his anguish. The body was placed on the funeral pile; no rite was omitted, but we hear nothing of the immolation of widows; that atrocity had not yet come into vogue. The mourners purified themselves with the usual lustrations; presents were given to Brahmans, who came in for something on all occasions, and, when the ten days prescribed by custom had passed, they set out with the whole family and an army towards the river Ganges. Sappers were sent forward to prepare the road and cut the jungle; the number of the cavalcade is described with a liberality, justified more by the copiousness of the Sanskrit language than the possibility of its being true; and to make the punishment more severe Kaikéyi herself was to be of the party, and to undergo the penance of bringing back the noble youth, whom she had so grievously injured.

The march began in all the pomp and state of war, and the sight of the dust as it approached the river Ganges aroused the indignation and ire of Guha, the king of the Nishádi, who imagined that they were proceeding with purposes hostile to Rama. When, however, he met Bharata and heard the truth, he burst forth into praises, and was the first to tell him, that his name would live for ever for the good deed, that he was doing. During the night Bharata was unable to sleep from grief, and Guha pointed out to him the spot under the trees, where Rama and Sitá had rested; he narrated all that Rama had said, and when Bharata and the queens saw the spot, they burst into tears and were quite overcome by their feelings. On the morrow they crossed the Ganges, and following Rama's steps arrived at the hermitage of Bharadwája at Allahabad, having halted the army at some distance in the deep jungle to prevent injury to the precincts of the sage.

By the power of his asceticism, which had revealed to him everything, Bharadwája knew that the king was dead, and the object of the advent of Bharata; yet he asked him, why he had brought so large a force into these wilds, and warned him against any meditated injury to Rama. With tears in his eyes, Bharata assured the sage, that he was innocent of such an act or such a thought, and he made known the object of his journey, which drew down upon him the greatest praises. He was entreated to stay one night at his hermitage and partake of his hospitality. In vain the prince excused himself, and by the power of his devotions and long mortifications Bharadwája compelled the gods to supply at once a magnificent repast in the dense forest for the whole army. Obedient to

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his behests, a stately palace sprung into existence, furnished with every luxury, suitable to the sight and the palate:

> "In ample space, under the broadest shade,
> A table richly spread, in regal mode,
> With dishes piled, and meats of noblest sort
> And savour, beasts of chase, or fowl of game,
> In pastry built, or from the spit, or boiled,
> Gris-amber steamed; all fish from sea or shore,
> Freshlet, or purling brook, of shell or fin."

The poet revels in the description, which gives such ample room to the imagination; he exhausts the produce of the earth; he represents the beauteous form of the attendants. We think of the garden of Armida:

> "Era qui ciò, ch' ogni stagione dispensa:
> Ciò, che dona la terra, o manda il mare,
> Ciò, che l' arte condisce, e cento belle
> Servivano al convito accorte ancelle."

All the garlands, all the dancing girls of Indra's paradise, were in requisition. Say what the Hindus will, wine and flesh were in abundance. To each of the soldiers and attendants five beautiful damsels attached themselves; they assisted them to bathe in the stream; they supplied them with good things to such an extent, that these gentry, unused to such kindness, shouted, like the lotus-eaters of Tennyson, "We will return no more; farewell, Ayodhyá!" they thought no more of their horses or duties, for they imagined themselves in heaven. This lasted the whole night, but in the morning they found that it was a dream; the baseless fabric had melted away, and all they had to do was to start on their journey forwards. Bharata went to take leave of the sage, and introduced his three mothers; but when he spoke harshly of Kaikéyi, and pointed her out as the cause of all their woe, the old man reproved him, and bade him be reconciled to and forgive his mother, for that which she had done was ordained of old to be so done, and was for the glory and exaltation of Rama.

They crossed the river Jamná, and entering the district of Banda approached the mountain of Chitrakót, and the noise of their followers soon roused and alarmed the exiles in their retreat. The fiery Lakshmana burst forth, under the idea that the purposes of Bharata were hostile; but Rama calmed him, and in a few moments, leaving his army and his followers, on foot, in the attitude of suppliants, Bharata and Satrúgna stood before them.

It was a moment of deep dramatic interest: on one side Rama, Lakshmana, and Sitá, in their humble cabin, clad in the dress of hermits; on the other, their two younger brothers, in all the

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splendour of princes. Their eyes met. If for one moment a suspicion had occupied the pure heart of Rama; if for one moment the eye of Lakshmana had flashed with rage, it was for no longer, for, overpowered with grief and shame at the sight of the degradation of his brother and master, Bharata fell at his feet; but he was raised and clasped with an embrace of warm affection, such as has been the meeting of good brothers since the world began, and, while loving hearts beat, will continue to be so.

The first inquiry made by Rama, when they regained the power of speaking, was about his father. "Is my father, is the old man, well? Is he still alive?" And heavy on his ears fell the news, that he was dead, and had died from the loss of him. But when Bharata begged him to return to Ayodhyá and rule over them, and save him and his mother from the reproach, he assured him, that it was impossible, that the promise of his father must be fulfilled, that the term of his exile must not be departed from. Then followed a noble contest between the two brothers, a rivalry in generosity. Every argument was brought forward to induce Rama to return, but in vain. It was a trying scene, for his own mother, the repentant Kaikéyi, the family priest, his brothers, the ancient servants of his house, all joined in the entreaty. Much they discoursed on the right of primogeniture, of the iniquity of the promise granted to Kaikéyi; there was a great deal of sophistry and a great deal of affection, but it was of no avail. The just man felt, that his father must be absolved from the vow, which he had made; the decree of fate must be worked out, and he could not, and would not, return. After having threatened to desert his home and come and share the exile of Rama, Bharata was at last induced to take charge of the kingdom, as a sacred deposit, during the term of exile, whither he returned, bearing on his head a pair of shoes, made of kusa grass, which had been worn by Rama as a token of his entire subjection; and that he might not be tempted to change his mind, he refused to enter the city of Ayodhyá, but took up his abode in the neighbouring village of Nandigrama, awaiting the return of the lawful sovereign.

Here ends the story of the poem, as regards probabilities and possibilities. In describing the passions of men the poet has shown the genius of a master. We find thoughts which breathe and words that burn; we are melted to compassion and warmed with admiration. With the scenery and the people the poet is at home: he describes things such as he saw them; but now he takes us across the Vindhya range of mountains, which was clearly the limit of his personal knowledge, and draws liberally on his imagination and the credulity of his hearers. We leave the empires of reality and enter fairyland, and but that there are certain landmarks, which can be recognised, but that the legend is universally received in

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every part of India, amidst races differing in language and country, we might have put down all that we are now going hastily to touch upon, to fiction. We regret it, as such follies take away from the vivid truth of the picture. Could but the author have known that to possess such virtues, as those with which he has invested his hero, is better than to have all the arms that were ever fabricated in Olympus, and to subdue that passion, as these brothers did, was better than wearing the crown of Ayodhyá.

The Vindhya range is the boundary of the North-West Provinces and of the great Gangetic valley, which was known as Madyadesa by its central position betwixt the two ranges of mountains, and was the scene of all the heroic stories of the Brahman and Warrior races. Beyond all was doubt; and this prevails even to the present day, and the natives point uncertainly to the Dakhan or Southern Country, separated by these inhospitable mountains, inhabited by strange tribes of the Kolarian and Dravidian races, entirely distinct from the Arians. When Rama saw that his hiding-place was discovered, he determined to move to the south, to the great forest of Dandaka, which embraced the whole centre of India from the river Ganges to the river Godávari. The first day took the exiles to the hermitage of Ansuya, a female ascetic of wonderful power, who received them with kindness, and presented Sitá with some beautifying ointment. Her cell is still shown on the bank of the river Paisuni, in the independent Búndélkhand states, on the edge of the district of Banda. Proceeding southward, they ascended the lower range of hills, and came into collision with a powerful giant of the name of Viradha, who was forthwith killed by Lakshmana, and buried, at the request of the deceased, to ensure him happiness hereafter. Throughout the poem the doctrine of a future state is exemplified; we have various instances of beatified appearances of parties deceased, and the doctrine of rewards and punishments for good and evil deeds is religiously inculcated. No more striking instances can be found of this than in their next adventure. They were proceeding onwards to the hermitage of a celebrated ascetic, Sarabhanga, when they beheld a celestial light hovering over the grove, and no less a person than Indra himself, who, with all the attributes of the deity, with the umbrella over his head, and the waving fans, had descended to be present at the last moments of the old ascetic, who was preparing to mount the funeral pile and anticipate the arrival of death. Indra no sooner saw Rama and his companions approaching, than he retired back to heaven, and they found the old man taking leave of his disciples, and preparing, like the gymnosophist who accompanied Alexander the Great to Babylon, to depart; but Fate had written, that he was to receive Rama ere his felicity could be achieved, which he had long sought by the most severe austerities. He hailed Rama as one long expected,

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gave him a gem, and talked of the never-fading bliss, which was now opening upon him, and then calmly mounted the pyre. But no sooner was his earthly tabernacle consumed, than he re-appeared out of the flames in a new and divine shape, having put on eternal youth and immortality; and thus he passed away into the regions of space, and was conducted to the kingdom of Brahma, who bade him welcome.

The spot where this marvel took place is still known as the hermitage of Sarbhang, on the confines of the Banda district and Independent Búndélkhand. Crowds of holy eremites, the residents of the Dandaka forest, now crowded round Rama and solicited his protection; they described the havoc committed in their body by the inroads of the giants, as far as the lake of Pampa, on the banks of the river Tungabhadra, in the south of India. The scene is now shifting: hitherto we have traversed the Province of Bangál, the North-West Provinces, and paid a hasty visit to the Panjáb; but now we are led across the river Godávari, into the Province of Bombay, and across the river Krishna into the Province of Madras. So truly national is the great epic of India. Having promised security to the holy men, Rama crossed the river Tanse just above the famous falls of Rewa, where a trace of him is faithfully preserved, and journeyed onwards to the hermitage of Sutikshna, which is now known as Ramtek, in the neighbourhood of the city of Nágpúr. This spot is also known as the Hill of Rama, and it is doubly interesting to the admirer of Sanskrit literature as being the place of exile of the unfortunate Yaksha, who employed the cloud as the messenger of his tuneful woe to the ears of his lady-love, in mount Kailasa, to the north of the district of Kumaon, in the Himaláya mountains, so sweetly sung by Kalidása,

> "Where Ramagiri's cool dark woods extend,
> And those pure streams, where Sita bathed, descend."

Here, and in this neighbourhood, wandering backwards and forwards, from one hermitage to another, through all the forest of Dandaka, living on the fruits of the trees, in friendly intercourse with the holy men, who had retired thither from the world, ten quiet and happy years glided away of the exile of Rama. Only one place is mentioned by name, of which we have been able to make no identification, and this was a lake named "Panchápsara," and they heard this origin of the name, which, being interpreted, means "the five nymphs." An ascetic of more than usual hardihood and sanctity had fixed himself here in ages bygone, and by living upon air had achieved the most astounding feats, so much that the gods, trembling for their power, despatched five heavenly dancers, tricked out with jewels, to seduce the sage from his devotions. They succeeded, and he erected for their residence a secret

chamber beneath the lake; and as Rama passed by in the still of the evening, reflecting thoughtfully on the melancholy result of the holy man's attempt to win heaven with too high a hand, he heard the tinkling of the ornaments, and the singing of the damsels beneath the waters, which filled him with astonishment,—a sentiment which, after the extraordinary sights he had seen, might have been spared. The easy quiet life of the exiles is lightly described, but we find that, that their morning and evening devotions were never omitted; we find that, even in this humble state, Sitá never ate with her husband and brother-in-law, but dutifully waited upon them, and then made the most of the remnants—a custom which, among Hindus, exists, time-honoured and unalterable to this day.

At length they determined to move towards the west and visit the hermitage of the great Agastya, an ascetic of great repute in connection with the Vindhya mountains. By him they were graciously received, and Rama was presented with a bow, and they were advised to select a spot named Panchávati, in the country of Janasthana, on the river Godávari, as their retreat for the remaining time of their exile. There they built a cabin and dwelt in enjoyment of the beautiful scenery, in the description of which, during the spring-tide, the poet revels. This spot is now known as Násik, a district in the Province of Bombay, and on the high-road betwixt Agra and Bombay. A long period had elapsed since they left their homes; time had dried their tears; they had forgiven their enemies, and forgotten their sorrows, but not their country and their friends; and one day, as the brothers were bathing in the river Godávari, a thought of home and all its joys came over them; they talked wonderingly, what their good brother Bharata was now doing; perhaps he was, like themselves at this hour, bathing in the river Sarjú. This led them to reflect on the purity of his character, who had refused to accept a kingdom forced upon him, and in a city had accomplished a greater feat of asceticism than others had done in the forest. A gentle remark from Lakshmana then followed, of wonder how Kaikéyi, the mother of so good a son and the wife of so good a husband, could have acted so differently; but Rama checked the rising indignation, and rebuked him for saying only so much against their mother, so truly chastened was his character, so incapable of thinking ill of others.

This part of the country was inhabited by a number of Rákshasa, detached by Rávana, king of Lanka, to guard his frontiers, under the orders of his brothers Khara and Dushana. Their sister was named Súrpanakhá, and she one day spied Rama, and was smitten with his beauty, and, forgetful of the privilege of her sex to be wooed and won, with unmaidenly boldness solicited the hero to be her husband. He tried by words to repel her, pointing to Sitá as his wife. This merely awoke the feeling of jealousy, and led her

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to abuse Sitá, and, as she would not leave them, in a moment of thoughtlessness the brothers cut off her nose and otherwise disfigured her, and from this circumstance the modern name of Panchávati is Násik. Fired with rage and smarting with pain, the disappointed rákshasa fled to her brothers and told them that there were arrived two youths more beautiful than Gandharva; whether they were gods or men she was uncertain, but they had thus mutilated her and she demanded vengeance. Khara first sent a small party, but they were utterly destroyed, and the same fate awaited himself and his brother and all his host, amounting to twenty thousand, who were slain by the wondrous arrows with which the hero had been furnished. The gods, as usual, came down to see. All nature was convulsed; the struggle was desperate; the numbers make it absurd; and Rama dwindles down to an ordinary Jack the Giantkiller. At the end he remained alone, and Súrpanakhá fled away to announce the sad news and call still louder for vengeance on her elder brother Rávana. The plot now begins to thicken; the object of this banishment of Rama is beginning to be worked out.

While she hurried down the peninsula of India, from the banks of the Godávari to Ceylon, the royal exiles lived as usual, but they made the acquaintance of Jatáyu, the king of the Vultures, who appears to have been an old friend of their father's, and who took a warm interest in their welfare. No sooner had Súrpanakhá reached Ceylon, than she announced the news of the destruction of his armies, and, to rouse his lust as well as his wrath, she painted the beauty of Sitá, as surpassing that of gods or mortals, and worthy only of being his bride. Her arts succeeded, and the rape of Sitá was determined upon, who, like another Helen, was the cause of the destruction of the city of Lanka. Supposing that the date affixed to the poem is correct, and that the poet was contemporary with his hero, the rape of Helen and Sitá took place within a short interval of each other, and the two great epics flowed from the same source at the same period.

Previous to starting on his enterprise Rávana consulted Maríchi, a relative and dependant, who had a high reputation. This was the same individual, who had been hurled by an arrow of Rama from the banks of the river Sona to somewhere in the Southern Ocean, and, still aching from the blows then received, he warned his chief against entering into a contest with such a rival, and tried earnestly to dissuade him, but in vain. Blinded by lust and rage, Rávana would take no excuse, and they hit on the scheme that Maríchi was to assume the form of a deer, with whose beauty Sitá was to be so charmed that nothing would content her but that Rama should catch it for her; by these means the fair one was to be separated from her protector, when Rávana would step in and

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bear her off. Their plan was followed; the golden deer attracted the notice of Sitá, and Rama started to catch or kill it, but the chase was long and tedious. At length, struck by one of the unerring arrows, in the moment of death the rakshasa uttered piercing cries, feigning the voice of Rama, which induced Lakshmana to start at once to the help of his brother, and Sitá was left alone. Rávana, simulating the form of an old man, entered the hermitage, and asked for hospitality, and then, seizing the moment, he summoned his chariot, and, like Proserpine, the daughter of Ceres, or more highly favoured Europa,

> "Nuper in pratis studiosa florum, et
> Deditæ Nymphis opifex coronæ,"

he bore her off in the air, notwithstanding her cries and her prayers and her threats of vengeance.

This part of the poem is most beautiful. Sitá bids farewell to the flowers, to the streams, to the mountains; she charges the genii of the place to tell Rama, that Rávana is carrying her off, and that she goes unwillingly. She invokes heaven and earth in the most touching and piteous language. She was heard, though not succoured. All the gods had hurried to the spot, but they stood in awe of the ravisher, and they knew, that this was part of the deep-laid plan for the destruction of their enemy. All nature stood aghast; the celestial denizens shed scalding tears; the great evil was being wrought. A darkness overspread the heavens and the earth; it was the short-lived triumph of evil over good. Even Brahma the Great Creator roused himself from his sleep on his lotus throne, where, regardless of human affairs, he was drowned in epicurean slumber, and exclaimed solemnly, "Fate is now working." It must needs be that the offence should come, that the salvation of man should be wrought; but the universe trembled at the outrage, though they admitted the necessity of the sacrifice.

Old Játayu, king of the Vultures, was sleeping on a rock, when the cries of Sitá reached him, and, looking upwards, he saw her borne through the air in a chariot. Without loss of time he soared after her and pounced down on Rávana, and so violent was his blow, that he shivered the chariot, and hurled the driver, still bearing his prey, to the ground. There the fight was renewed, but the old vulture at length received a deadly blow, and was left to die. This spot is known as Dumagúdem in the Province of Madras. Rávana, again seizing Sitá, mounted in the air, and carried her by the straight road to Lanka, and lodged her in his palace. Her woman's wit did not desert her, for as she crossed the river Tungabadra, she spied some monkeys on the trees, and dropped her anklets and armlets to them, as some trace to her lord, who, she knew well, would seek her to the ends of the earth.

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Who shall paint the agony and despair of Rama and Lakshmana when they returned and found their beloved gone? In the moment of death the deer had assumed the natural form of a rákshasa, and Rama apprehended evil, and blamed Lakshmana for having left Sitá alone. They scarcely dared to call, for fear of not hearing an answer and being confirmed in the certainty of their loss; and when they did at length call that fated name, the echoes of the mountain of Janasthana and the river Godáveri returned it mournfully back. At length good fortune led them to the spot where poor old Jatáyu was breathing his last; from him they learned the name of the ravisher, but all he could tell them was, that Lanka was his residence, that it lay to the South, and that in that direction Sitá had been carried away. They consoled the dying hours of the Vulture-king, blessed him for the good work which he had done or tried to do; and as soon as he expired, they reverently performed the funeral obsequies of the old and faithful friend of their father, who had died in their cause.

They proceeded towards the South, but had not gone far, when they were themselves seized in the enormous arms of a headless fiend, one of those monstrous anthropophagi, whose heads are beneath their shoulders, who haunted the forest. They quickly cut off the arms of this creature, and were proceeding to kill him, when he told them, that he was named Kabandha, that he was originally a denizen of heaven, but in a moment of rage he had cursed his master Indra, and had been condemned, many ages, to this horrid form, until released by the advent of Rama. He recognised his liberator, and in return for their kindness he told them to proceed onwards to the hermitage of Savari, and to form a league with the king of the Monkeys, by whom their purpose would be assisted. Having said this, Kabandha assumed a celestial form, and departed.

They went on their way wondering, and at length reached the lake of Pampa, near the banks of the river Tungabhadra, a confluent of the river Krishna, near the modern city of Anagundi, at the extreme southern point of the territory of the Nizam, not far from Bellary in the Province of Madras. Here a new prodigy awaited them, and it is beautifully described. On the banks of the lake they found the hermitage. Though its owners had long since departed, the flowers had not faded, the altars were ready; everything was intact; the sacred vessels were uncorrupted by rust, all was ready for his arrival, and one aged woman had been detained in life to greet and entertain him. She had long wished to put off her mortal coil, and join the rest of the ascetic body who had preceded her; but she was left solely to meet Rama. She showed him the beautiful hermitage, she administered to his wants, she painted the happiness stored up for her, and her anxiety to depart, and

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then, having asked permission, Savari threw off her earthly mansion and ascended to heaven.

Throughout the poem we find that Rama was the one expected and awaited for from the beginning of things; he was the "fatal man," on whose coming the interests of thousands depended; he was expected everywhere; the penalties of some were to expire on his advent, and the happiness of others was to date from his coming. Old eremites had lived just long enough to see his day, and then mounted the pyre rejoicing; every act that he performed had been predicted, for he was the completion of prophecy. He bore his fate meekly; it was to be always suffering, and yet always honoured; his kingdom, his country, his wife, and eventually his children, he resigned all. He bowed to that fate, which he could not resist, but never abandoned his virtue.

Leaving the hermitage, he proceeded onwards to the mountain of Rishyamúka hard by, and there he made acquaintance with Sugríva, the king of the Monkeys, and the celebrated Hanumán, one of his followers. Here he found traces of his wife in the ornaments which had fallen from her. On inquiring into the politics of the monkey nation, he found that there was a dire feud between the two brothers, Balín and Sugríva, for the kingdom, and the latter was in exile. It was settled that Rama should assist him to the throne, and destroy his rival, and that then the whole of the power of the nation should be directed against Lanka. Rama gave some proofs of his divine strength, and an alliance was formed, which ended in the death of Balín, and the establishment of Sugríva, king of the Monkeys, at Kishkindhya, on the banks of the river Tungabhadra, in that strip of British territory that separates the kingdom of Mysore from the territories of the Nizám.

The people of India still firmly believe, that the creatures described as monkeys in the poem are those blackfaced apes, with white hair and whiskers and extensive tails, that are so common in all parts of the country. Sociable and amiable creatures they are, and as they have never suffered injury from man, on the hill of Chitrakót, or in other places of sanctity, they crowd round the pilgrim, eating from the hand, and prodigal of familiarities. If inquiries are made, how a race of diminutive, though active animals were able to accomplish the feats of agility and strength described by the poet, we are reminded, that they were at that time incarnations of all the minor deities, who took these forms to assist Rama in the struggle against the common enemy. Hanumán himself was son of the Wind. All reasoning is useless to convince minds incapable of weighing probabilities, and ready to give credence to any absurdity; but, as the fact of an expedition having taken place, conducted by a Rajpút prince of the North of India, against some hostile power of the South, seems clear not only by

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the mention of places, which can still be recognised, but by the constant voice of tradition, we must look for the prototypes of these monkey allies in the Kolarian races, who inhabited the mountains in the centre of India, whose appearance, religion, and language differed from that of the more polished Arians, who possessed themselves of the Gangetic valley; it was some tribe that assisted Rama, in return for services rendered them in an intestine quarrel.

For the few months of the rains nothing could be done, and Rama dwelt sorrowing in the society of the monkeys at Kishkindhya; at the close of the season Sugríva sent out parties to explore every part of the known world, East, West, North, and South. The extent of the geographical knowledge of the poet beyond the continent of India is whimsically displayed. The three first parties traversed the whole of the world in their respective directions, and visited every mountain and river known to the poet. We doubt if three thousand years have added much to the knowledge of the Hindu nation on this subject, who have still the same notion of the round world, as was entertained by Valmíki, and Homer, when he sang of the shield of Achilles.

But the fourth party had not yet returned; they were headed by Angada, and among their number was the celebrated Hanumán; they knew that the ravisher had gone off towards the south, but they failed in finding any trace, and were ashamed and afraid to return with their mission unfulfilled. They sat down in despair to take counsel, and it so happened that they were overheard by Sampáti, a near relation of Jatáyu, the king of the Vultures, who happened to catch the name of his relative in their conversation, introduced himself, and was informed of the melancholy end of the sovereign of the Vultures, at the hand of the very party for whom they were making vain search. Sampáti most fortunately had seen Rávana pass over his head on the fatal day, and he was able, moreover, to furnish correct information as to the position of Lanka. Taking fresh heart at this unlooked-for information, the monkeys started again, but their course was suddenly arrested by the waves of the sounding ocean.

They had passed through the territory of Mysore into the Southern portions of the Province of Madras, had crossed the river Kaveri, and passed by Madura, and found themselves at the town of Ramnád. All this country would have been described by our poet, but unluckily he was utterly ignorant of it. At Ramnád the monkeys beheld before them the broad arm of the sea, which separates India from Ceylon; they gazed with astonishment on the ebbing tide, listened with awe to the mysterious words which the wild waves kept continually saying; beyond they could see, or fancy that they saw, the peaks of Lanka. How were they to

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cross? That was the rub. When called to try their skill at leaping, all held back from the fearful enterprise. One boasted that he could leap fifty miles; another eighty; a third ninety; one old man made the sage remark, that in his youth he would have accomplished the feat, but old age had stiffened his joints. At length all agreed that Hanumán must do it, if any, and Hanumán accordingly, having taken a long breath, flung himself in the air. In the way he was met by two monsters, of whom he quickly got rid, and he rested for a while on a rock in the middle of the strait, and again, like winged Mercury, took to his airy way, and lighted upon the crest of the mountain which overhung the city. Below him was spread Lanka, beautiful Lanka; the streets paved with burnished gold, surrounded by gardens and palaces. Disguising his form, he descended, and searched high and low for the fair one, whom he had never seen, and he was guided in his search only by descriptions of her beauty. But nowhere was she to be found, neither in the palaces of the nobles, nor in the palace of Rávana; he seems to have had access everywhere, but he sought in vain, and sat down exhausted and dispirited in a grove to think what was to be done. At length he spied a beautiful grove of asóka trees, and climbing up the tallest tree, he looked round, and in an instant he beheld a female form more beautiful than his eyes had ever seen, but with dishevelled hair and downcast eyes, refusing to be comforted by her attendants, who sat round her. It must be she. He approached stealthily, and was in time to witness a visit paid to his captive by Rávana, who tried to persuade her to forget Rama, and listen to his addresses. When we recollect that Rávana had ten heads, we wonder with which of his mouths, or whether with all, he made love. The pictures of him are inexpressibly ridiculous, as he had but one neck, and his heads are fastened one behind the other, each profile just visible beyond that of the one above it. Sitá rejected him altogether; she laughed at his menaces, and reviled him most cruelly, for, on the very night of her arrival at Lanka, Indra had appeared to her in a dream to comfort her, and promised speedy release. No sooner was he gone, than Hanumán introduced himself, showed the ring, with which Rama had furnished him, and told her what was in progress, how that her husband was inconsolable for her loss, and preparing to win her back at any price. Finally, he offered to conduct her in safety on his back across the ocean to her lord, but this proposal the modest Sitá at once declined, and was content to wait her day of delivery at the hands of Rama only, to whom she sent her wedding ring, as a proof of the truth of Hanumán's tale and of her constancy. Armed with this, Hanumán prepared to return, but previous to starting, he tore up the whole of the asóka grove, and slew a number of Rávana's followers. At length he was seized, and as a punishment his tail was set on fire, for being a messenger his life

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was sacred; however, the active monkey not only managed to escape but also to set on fire the town of Lanka; then launching himself in the air, he rejoined his friends on the continent of India at Ramnád.

It would be tedious to follow the chain of absurdities, which impede and delay the story. Having regained the track of his beloved, no time was lost by Rama; he moved down on Ramnád, his hosts in numbers numberless, but his path was checked by the ocean also. Not to be daunted by this, Rama directs an arrow at the god of the waters, who, afraid of some new portents, promised to support a bridge, by which the army could cross the Lanka. The active monkeys at once started in every direction to bring materials, and tear up rocks, and dash them into the flood. Some of the blocks, in the hurry of the transit from the Northern Himálaya to the Ocean, were dropped, and still remain as monuments of the feat. To this we owe the rock of Govardhana, near Mathurá; to this the whole of the Kaimur range in Central India; so the Hindus will have it. Everywhere in India are scattered erratic blocks, the monuments of some great diluvium, and attributed by the geologists to the action of ice, but by a people zealous of their traditions to the bridge-builders of Rama.

Rama is said to have exclaimed proudly, that so long as the sea remained and the mountains did not move from their foundation, so long would the bridge bear his name; and his prophecy promises to come true. There it stands, a natural barrier of rocks, extending from shore to shore, known in the European maps as "Adam's Bridge," known in India as "Rama Setu." In the midst of the arm of the sea is the island Raméswaram, or the Lord of Rama, of as great repute and renown as the pillars of the Western Hercules. There to this day stands a temple dedicated to Siva, said to have been built by the hero, the lingam of which is washed daily with water from the Ganges. From the highest point is a commanding view of the ocean, and the interminable black line of rocks stretching across the gulf of Manaar. Thither, from all parts of India, wander the pilgrims, who are smitten with the wondrous love of travel to sacred shrines. From Chitrakót, near the Jamná, it is roughly calculated to be no less than one hundred stages. The writer of these lines has conversed with some, who have accomplished the great feat, but many never return; they either die by the way, or their courage and strength evaporate in some roadside hermitage. Whatever may be its origin, there is the reefy barrier, compelling every vessel from or to the mouths of the Ganges to circumnavigate the island of Ceylon.

They crossed this wondrous bridge; they laid siege to Lanka. All descriptions of battles, human and divine, fall short, in variety and marvel, of the warlike scenes now enacted. Treachery was busy in the camp of the enemy; and at an early date Vibhísana,

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brother of Rávana, deserted the cause of his country. Messages were sent to demand the restoration of Sitá, and many counsellors urged upon Rávana to give in, but his pride and rage knew no bounds. The fight was long protracted, the slaughter was prodigious. The heroes on both sides are brought out in strong relief; none could contend against them; like Hector and Achilles, they were only mated by each other. One by one the chiefs of the Rákshasa are killed, among them Kumbhakarna, the gigantic brother of Rávana, who not only killed his antagonists but devoured them. His is a favourite figure in the village representation of the siege of Lanka, and he is represented asleep, as in mercy to the human race. He was in the habit of slumbering many years, and then awakening, and gorging his insatiable appetite, and falling to sleep again.

Everything with Orientals is extravagant; it is not enough to paint Rama as wounded. He is described as being actually killed with his brother; but in this extreme agony he receives heavenly succour; angels minister to him; angels whisper in his ears, "Remember, Rama, who you are: you are Naráyan, the lord of the world; be not cast down, your mortality contains divinity." There is something awful in this conception. Rama recovered his strength, but he was again cast down and left for dead, when one of his friends remembered, that there was a peculiar medicinal herb growing on Mount Kailása, which contains a sovereign cure; but who will fetch it? Hanumán, the son of the Wind, makes one spring through the air, from Ceylon to Kumaon, in the Northern Himálaya; he brings back a rock on which the herb is growing, and the hero recovers. At length Lanka is fired, and Rávana himself issues forth to single combat, and at once kills Lakshmana. His friends again think of the medicinal herb, and Hanumán starts to fetch it with one leap through the air; his course lay over the village of Nandigrama, in Oudh, where Bharata was mourning the absence of his brothers. Terrified by the sight, Bharata raised his bow, and was on the point of letting fly an arrow, when Hanumán called on him to stay, and descending from the air to firm land, he told the astonished prince all that was going on, the rape of Sitá and the besieging of Lanka. He then resumed his journey, and with great difficulty found the herb, but had to carry a large rock with him on his return. It had the desired effect, and Lakshmana recovered. But it appeared, that this rock was part of a most sacred locality; moreover, several hermits were residing in caves in its side, and, as soon as they recovered their breath, they called out lustily and loudly to be taken back; and so Hanumán, from fear of offending these holy men, took another leap along the continent of India, restored the rock to its place, and returned. This is a conception truly Titanesque, but the idea of recalling Bharata to recollection is poetical.

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In the meantime, Rama had encountered Rávana. Indra had sent his own chariot, and all the gods had assembled as spectators. The poet rises to his subject; neither Homer, Tasso, nor Milton surpasses him.

"Treman le spazioze atre caverne,
El'aer cieco a quel rumor rimbomba."

The evil spirits had assembled to back Rávana, and in the excitement of the moment they attacked the gods, and a celestial battle ensued; it was the struggle of good and evil. At length Rama triumphs and decapitates his rival; Lanka is taken, and a general crash succeeds. Sitá is recovered and brought to Rama.

Here comes the painful part of the story. The hero refuses to receive her. He has avenged her rape and vindicated his honour, but Sitá's long residence in the power of Rávana had made her an object of suspicion, and it was impossible for a Rajpút to receive her back as his wife. He wished her no evil, she could go where she liked. But Sitá would not bear this return for all that she had suffered, and she at once directed a funeral pyre to be prepared, and, calling upon the gods to witness to her purity, she proudly mounted it in the presence of her husband. But the flame refused to touch her. She was acquitted by the ordeal of fire, and Brahma at the same time, with all the heavenly host, descended, and with them the figure of the old King Dasaratha, radiant in glory. By their orders Rama received back his blameless and spotless wife.

They are now to return to Ayodhyá. The land road would be decidedly tedious; they knew not that watery way, by which hundreds are conveyed monthly from Ceylon to the banks of the river Ganges. The celestial chariot Pushpaka was placed at their disposal, which appears to have held an unlimited number, and sailed through the air. This famous *tableau vivant* of India has been handled by many poets. Valmíki treats it simply but effectively; Rama is represented as describing to Sitá the different spots that lie beneath their feet: the famous bridge, which he points to as an everlasting memorial of his victory, the mountains where he met the monkeys, the hermitage of Savari, and the waters of Pampa, the sweet country of Janasthana on the banks of the river Godávari, the forest of Dandaka, and the retreat of Agastya; thence across the Vindhya range, and the twin snow-born rivers, Ganges and Jamná, appear, and their own dear city of Ayodhyá, on the limpid Sarju.

Kalidása, the great poet, who lived a thousand years after Valmíki, devotes a noble chapter to the subject, on which he dilates in stately and sonorous lines, painting the different scenes that fell under his eye, in the fantastic colouring in which he delighted, interspersed, however, with tender remembrances, worthy of Metastasio. The whole description is Indian, and India only could furnish the materials—the long rows of cranes wending their

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way to some unknown home, the stately asóka tree, the lightning storm, the dense, dense forests, and the noble rivers. This same poet published another poem, descriptive of the country betwixt Nágpúr and Mount Kailása, called the Meghadúta or Cloud-Messenger. Bhavabhúti, in his play of the Mahavira Charita, avails himself of this opportunity of displaying his limited geographical knowledge and unlimited power of description and fanciful diction. The authors of other plays are still more fanciful, for our travellers are taken everywhere, and anywhere, to the highest heavens, to Kailása and the moon, destroying all the interest by making the whole a mere fancy picture.

When they reached Prayág the chariot halted, and Hanumán was sent forward to announce the return of Rama, his exile being concluded. It was a proud moment for Bharata; he could meet his brother with a joyful countenance, restore to him his kingdom, rejoicing to see him return, rejoicing to make over to him the accumulated treasure of his stewardship. It was indeed a proud and glad moment, when the chariot descended from the heavens over the city of Ayodhyá.

The four brothers were now united, and they entered together their father's city. This is one of the most striking parts of the representation in the annual festival of the Dusserah; it is called the "Bharat Miláp;" the royal youths are borne along in triumph, and the citizens flock after in the pride of their equipage, their elephants, and their horses. Even in the hour of triumph, Rama had a kind word for the mother of Bharata, and he praised her for being the cause of his father keeping his promise.

The monkeys and the friendly Rákshasa, who had accompanied him, assisted at the coronation of Rama, and returned to their kingdoms laden with presents and smitten with the sight of such true brotherly love and such greatness of soul. On the walls of his palace Rama had the whole series of his achievements painted, that in the moment of his power he might remember the trials which he had undergone. With Sitá, his pride and his joy, he could think of the last fourteen years, and rejoice at the part which he had taken. But a deeper and a heavier trial awaited him still. The man of fate was to have no happiness; he was born to sorrow, to suffer, and suffer in silence. An evil rumour had reached him, no matter how, that the citizens thought it strange, that he should receive back his wife after a prolonged residence in the power and at the mercy of another man. It was in vain that Rama firmly believed in the purity of his wife, which had been attested in the most miraculous way; yet so jealous was he of a spotless reputation, so weak was he on this one point, that he determined to repudiate his wife, now about to give him an heir to his throne, and to send her away to the hermitage of Valmíki. He announced the fact to his brothers, who could neither combat nor approve his determina-

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tion. As he had abandoned his kingdom, so, from a sense of right, he abandoned his wife; and fearful was the struggle, for she was his only one, and her place was never supplied, except by a gold statue of her, which he had always by him. Lakshmana conducted the unconscious Sitá to the hermitage of Valmíki, whither she had previously begged to go for change of scene, and there the news was broken to her. She uttered no complaint, though stricken to the heart by the aspersion. She begged that her child, when born, might not be deserted, and prayed that she might speedily be released of life, and allowed to join her husband in another world, where there would be no more cruel separations. She found with Valmíki, the friend of her father and father-in-law, a ready welcome; in the solitude she calmed her spirit's strife, and prayed that she might live to bear Rama's child, and then die. Yet she lived many years. In the wilderness were born to her twins, Kusa and Lava; in the wilderness they grew up to manhood, and she lived to see them acknowledged.

It was a beautiful idea, that of rearing these abandoned and deserted children of the great hero as ascetics in the hermitage of the poet, yet bearing upon their persons the signs of their noble origin, ravishing beauty equal to the gods, voices fresh from heaven, notes borrowed from the choir of the angels; and of teaching them the great poem, which they, after the manner of the rhapsodists of Greece, sang among the hermitages and the dwellings of the forest, charming all audiences, and unconsciously perpetuating the fame of their own parents. In return for their song, they received at the hands of sages and beatified men such things, as were considered valuable in that rude society. Some gave vessels of baked clay, some choice fruits culled from the trees of the forest, some vestures of bark; all gave their smiles, their applause, and their tears, as the noble epic wandered from grave to gay, leading the passions in gentle control, now melting to pity, now rousing to enthusiasm. Such was the earliest guerdon of the poet; such was the reward in the halls of Alcinous. The tripod, the parsley wreath, the conscious power of swaying the feelings of hundreds, the magnetic influence over the souls of their countrymen, the flash of the dark eye, the mantling blush, the crowning smile, were the ample rewards of the Grecian Aoidos. In more luxurious Rome, the wreath of bays, and the honour of being pointed out by the passers-by, was still the sufficient prize of the poet.

One day the steps of the noble youths were led to the royal city of Ayodhyá. There, on his solitary throne, sat the widowed and childless hero, he that had conquered himself and his enemies; round him were ranged his brothers, the faithful Lakshmana and the still more faithful Bharata, and the Brahmans and the citizens; and, when in this noble crowd sounded the harmonious and majestic lines, from the voices of these boys, the great hero himself was

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overpowered by the memory of his own achievements, thus nobly recorded, thus divinely rehearsed: strange feelings sprung up in his bosom towards these wondrous twins, in whom he could recognise his own lineaments, blended with those of the long-lost Vaidéhi. On the rest of the assembly so softly fell the notes that, when the boys ceased, all, old and young, thought them still speaking, and continued listening, as if entranced. They began to feel, indeed, what fame was, and blessed the poet, that could give immortality to the deeds of the hero.

They met again once more. At the request of Rama, Valmíki brought Sitá and her sons to his presence, that in a solemn assembly she might state her own innocence before the people, and be exculpated. She came, and called upon the earth to attest her purity by opening and receiving her in her bosom; and, as she spake, her wishes were complied with, and she disappeared from their sight and from her husband for ever. Short was the domestic happiness of the hero. Both he and Sitá were born for a purpose, for the advantage of mankind, and not for the stale duties of housekeeping. In his banishment she had accompanied him like a shadow; her rape had caused the destruction of the Rákshasa, and the liberation of the human race from the power of the evil one; but she was no longer for him; fond loving hearts were separated for ever: it was their destiny, and they submitted. Nor did he tarry long after her, for in a few years he was taken up into heaven; and the spot near Ayodhyá is still shown, where his feet left the earth, and hard by the place where Lakshmana was miraculously removed from sight, leaving their children and their children's children to occupy their inheritance, and treasure their remembrance.

Such is the story; and we should be sorry to be of so cold a temperament, as not to warm on its perusal, however imperfect be the narrative. To the writer of these lines it is scarcely surpassed in the annals of history; and the poem seems one of the great epics of the world. He has read, and he loves them all. It has been his lot to follow with reverence on the track of the poets, feeling oppressed with the genius of the place, when he looked upon Troy, or measured with wondering eye the tomb of Achilles. He has followed Æneas and Ulysses in their travels by land and by sea, and stood with Tasso on the walls of liberated Jerusalem. But he has still enthusiasm left for the fifth great epic, which holds its place with a story as grand, and marks of a genius as comprehensive. The poet himself lays down what are the characteristics of an epic: it must be just; it must teach both the useful and the charming; the profound art of ruling people, and the essence of the sacred books; it must have in it that which will rouse all the affections, love, valour, awe, proud disdain, trepidation, smiles, and pity; it must excite wonder, and yet not disturb the placid quiet of the

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mind. This is the task which Valmíki laid before himself, and which he has completed.

He may, indeed, be charged with vain repetitions and redundancy of style: hundreds of lines might be pruned; but still we love his stately flow, his simple confiding description, his large allowance for the credulity of mankind, and we wish we could lend our belief. But in these days everything is reduced to facts and figures; we require our distances to be measured by the wheel, and we will not credit the list of the slain, unless attested by the despatch, or supported by our notions of probability. How different was Valmíki! he is not weaving a curious fiction; he spake as he saw; he wrote as he believed; it is the voice of a contemporary of Solomon and Homer. The earth is a round flat plain; the firmament is made of brass, pierced with loopholes for the stars, somewhere behind which, or on the peaks of highest mountains, dwell the gods, only a little better than mortals, but subject to the like passions and exposed to the like perils. Such lore he drew from his fathers and the old men, on whose knees he had sat as a child; but he had seen with his own eyes those deep Indian forests, untrodden by foot of man, unpierced by solar ray, and he believed that they were inhabited by monsters. Over and over again he exhausts the names of the wild beasts which roamed therein; of the strange trees which bloomed there unvalued; of the wondrous fruits, the sweet-smelling grasses and flowers. He had heard the humming of the insects and the ceaseless chirping of the birds. Whoever the author is, he must have been a dweller of the forest, from his wonderful appreciation of the beauties of nature. He wrote for crowds familiar with such scenes, and, while he tires us with his conventional descriptions, we are struck with his vividness and his life-like reality. With truth the old hermits, who first heard it, exclaimed, that things, that happened long ago, were brought, as it were, before their eyes.

And three thousand years have passed away since then, and we wonder that it is still the legend of the nation and the poem of the country. Year after year the whole story is acted in all the cities of India; not in the narrow walls of a theatre, not by the gestures of hired actors, but by the people themselves, under the light of heaven, in their streets, and in their villages; and vain is the idea that such customs will be abandoned. Even when the whole nation is converted to Christianity, it may be doubted, whether they will forget their national poem, or discontinue their national festival.

BANDA IN BUNDÉLKHAND, 1854.

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CHAPTER IV.

THE RELIGIONS OF INDIA.

IMAGINE a person to drop down from the moon into England, and to inquire generally into the religion of the inhabitants of the British Islands. Some would tell him one thing, some another. Scholars would treat the subject historically or philosophically; divines would treat it theologically; the statesman would say that it was merely a machine to maintain order; enthusiasts would maintain that it was a spiritual lever to move the world; all might agree that it had its origin among the people of the Jews, and in the country of Syria in Asia; but they would agree about nothing else, except the practice of using hard words to all that differed from them. It would be hopeless to find the subject treated with impartiality, truthfulness, or brevity.

Our countrymen drop annually, as from the moon, into British India, and become aware, in spite of themselves, that they are among a people who ignore and hate the religion of Europe, but have a great diversity of religious beliefs of their own. A general notion is arrived at that there are two main divisions, Brahmanism and Mahometanism, to which a third, that of Buddhism, might be added; that extreme antiquity is ascribed to certain sacred books; and that magnificent buildings and enormous crowds of worshippers evidence the importance and popularity of the worship. It is proposed to pass the whole subject under a brief review, referring to the important books on each branch of the subject. Many points bristle with controversy; therefore no new views are expressed. The scholar will no doubt find fault with the incompleteness and incorrectness; the missionary may take offence at the cynical impartiality or indifference, with which the subject is handled; the native of India may, with more justice, complain of the hard measure, with which his country and religions are measured. But the subject is approached with the deepest feelings of reverence; and the object is to allow an Englishman, in a short period, to obtain a general view of the whole prospect, and to indicate the quarters in which he can obtain further information. Volumes have been

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written, but they do not pass under the eyes of those for whom these pages are intended.

The word religion implies the binding of the soul to God, and is in itself a holy thing. The first effort of the savage is to feel after the unknown powers of nature, and propitiate them. The first cry of the inquiring spirit, when free from the shackles of the flesh, will be to ask Pilate's question, "What is truth?" However imperfect may be the ideal and the concrete expression of the dogma and the cult, they express the longings of the human soul, shaped in its highest possible form, and should be regarded with reverence. It is idle and wicked to denounce the ancient cults and faiths of the world, and entangle hopelessly the questions of civilisation and morality with that of religion, as if some of the most depraved of God's creatures were not Christians, and some members of European communities little better than heathens. All depraved and decaying religions assume the same type. Ritual instead of piety, ignorant superstition instead of reasonable belief.

We must use the word Hindu in its ethnical sense only, as a "native of India" without reference to the religion, although the word Brahmanical is not a sufficient substitute in the Vedic period. We must accept the term Arian in sharp contrast to those forms of non-Arian cult, which existed in India before the great Arian immigration, and so greatly modified by contact the Vedic religious conceptions, and some remnants or representatives of which still survive in the many millions of non-Arian pagans in Central India and on the south-eastern frontiers. We must reserve our notice of the non-Arian cults until we have disposed of the Arian and all its numerous offshoots. To the Vedic Arian succeeded, in due course, the Brahmanical system; but that was, long before the Christian era, superseded by the great Buddhist conception, and never reigned alone again. For, although at a later and uncertain period, the new developments of Vaishnavism and Saivism, under which the Brahmanical priesthood again rose to power, sprang into existence, and drove Buddhism fairly out of Arian and Dravidian India; still the vigour of the old pre-Buddhist system was never restored; and Jaina, Mahometan, Christian, Jew, Fire-worshipper, Lingaite, Sikh, and many other sects, stood out in strong contrast to each other, and in open antagonism to the religion of the majority, which ceased also, after the Mahometan invasion, to be the State-religion, and lost its power of direct and indirect persecution.

Let us now consider the period, the place, and the earliest documents of the Arian religion. As regards the period, there is but one ascertained date anterior to the Mahometan conquest, and upon that peg hangs all chronological theories. A famous sovereign, named Chandragupta, is identified beyond all reasonable doubt with that Sandracottus, king of Palibothra, who is recorded by

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Greek historians to have received the ambassadors of the successors of Alexander the Great. His grandson, Asóka, is identified with Piyadasi, who raised monuments in different parts of India, existing to this day, enforcing the observance of Buddhist practices. By another process the date of the birth of Buddha is fixed with general consent at B.C. 622. The theories of scholars, based upon these facts, are most moderate. Colebrooke, resting upon certain astronomical data, which are not accepted by modern science, fixes 1400 B.C. as the date of the Vedas; Max Müller by another process arrives at 1100 B.C.; making in one case the sacred books of the Arians contemporary with the Exodus, and in the other with the establishment of the Jewish monarchy. Admitting some such date as the latest possible, we must leave ample room for the development of the magnificent language, which, in its earliest documents, shows unmistakable signs of many centuries of wear and tear. The grammatical forms are not the simple primary position of roots, such as are presented in the hieroglyphic texts of the earliest Egyptians at a period anterior by a thousand years at the least. Our oldest documents of Hebrew, as of Sanskrit, which can safely be placed at 1100 B.C., present us with a highly-finished synthetic language, which does not represent the earliest efforts of even a cultivated nation, far less of pastoral immigrants. We must, however, leave it to the license of speculation to fix the epoch of the great Arian immigration and the gradual compilation of the Vedic Psalter, which may, like the Jewish Psalter, comprise poetic snatches with the difference of nine centuries; for not less a period of time separates the Waters of Babylon from the Psalm of Moses. But it is not for its antiquity, but for its continuity of hold upon the human race, that the Vedic conception stands pre-eminent. The elder religions of the world, the Egyptian, the Proto-Babylonian, the Assyrian, the Syrian, and the beautiful creations of Hellas, have perished many centuries. Delphi is silent; great Pan is dead; the great institutions, founded by Moses and Zoroaster, have shrivelled up to a fragment of a nation, and they have been for centuries in exile, without a country or language. The great propagandist systems of Christ, Buddha, Mahomet, Confucius, and Laoutzee are of historical dates. Alone, out of the hoary mist of antiquity, stands the Vedic conception, still revered by millions in the country of its birth; and out of its loins has proceeded a still greater religious idea, which, in various forms of Buddhism, dominates over countless millions of non-Arian races. No such marvellous phenomena has the world elsewhere seen.

With regard to the place there can be no doubt. In the Province of the Panjáb, to which the heart of the writer of these pages will ever look back with feelings of the tenderest love and deepest regret, those Vedic hymns were composed by *rishis*, or

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wise men, not necessarily Brahmans, amidst a pastoral population, which had at some not far-distant period left the original home of the Arian race on the river Oxus, from which, at a still more remote period, had struck off Westward the Celt, the Teuton, the Græco-Latin, the Letto-Slavonic, and Southward the great Iranic stem. The language must have been formed after the parting; as, though resembling in some particulars, it is essentially different. Attempts have been made to collect all the words, which are the common property of the undivided Arian family, and reconstitute the mother-language, and from those dry bones to arrive at some idea of proto-Arian or pre-Arian religion and customs. That religion speedily took new development; in the Iranian branch it was refined into Fire-worship; in the Indian it degenerated into Pantheism. We find the Panjáb alluded to as a country of seven rivers: probably the Saraswati forms the seventh. We find unmistakable allusions to the great Ocean, which pushes us on to the conclusion, that the way had been found down the Indus at that early period; though they had not as yet possessed themselves of the valley of the Ganges, which river is only once mentioned. They found tribes already in the land of a darker colour, with whom they waged perpetual war, and they appear to have warred among themselves.

The documents are known as the Vedas, and are fourfold; all of them are now accessible in both text and translation. Round the latter there is a great controversy, whether the traditional interpretation should be followed, or whether the same should be extracted by strict exegesis of scholars. These venerable documents are of unquestioned genuineness. No copy has come down to us earlier than the ninth century of our era, and no lapidary inscriptions of any antiquity; and in that respect the religions of India are in a far less favourable position than those of Egypt and Mesopotamia, which are both represented by original documents of between 1000 and 2000 years before the Christian era, free from the risks of the careless copyist or the designing manipulator.

The Vedas are made up of hymns, upwards of one thousand. They are what we ought to have expected, yet which no one of later generations could have designedly composed. There is an antique simplicity of thought; the sentiments are childlike, the first sobbing and plaintive cry of a human family to their Great Father, who made them, and to nature and the elements, the great mother, who nourished them; and with the childhood of our race and religion every true heart must sympathise. There is no attempt at cosmogonies and universal knowledge; there is no self-consciousness, and nothing is found, which will in any way support the gigantic abominations of Vaishnavism and Saivaism. There is no mention of Rama or Krishna. Vishnu is indeed mentioned by

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name, as the one who takes three steps, symbolical of the rising, midday, and setting suns, or by another interpretation, light on earth as fire, light in the atmosphere as lightning, light in heaven as the sun; and Siva is supposed to be identical with Rudra, mentioned in some of the hymns. There is no allusion to the great Hindu Triad, or to transmigration of souls, or to castes, or to the pantheistic philosophy of the wise, or the gross polytheism of the ignorant. There is no mention of temples, or of a monopolising Brahmanical priesthood, and not the slightest allusion to the lingam. The sun is worshipped, but there is no mention of the planets; the moon is noticed, but the constellations never. The blessings asked for are temporal; the worship was domestic, addressed to unreal presences, not represented by visible types, and therefore not idolatry. The physical forces of nature were worshipped, which appeared as possibly rival, certainly irresistible, deities. Those that struck the mind most were fire, rain, and wind, the sun; and thus Agni, Indra or Váyu, and Súrya, constituted the earlier Vedic Triad. With them were associated the dawn, the storm-gods, the earth, the waters, the rivers, the sky, the seasons, the moon, and the manes of ancestors. Sacrifices were offered both by warriors and priests, as food to the deities, hymns were sung, and handed down orally, and a ritual was established.

The growth of religion is necessarily as continuous as the growth of language. The soul of man appears to possess as its congenital attributes an intuition of a great, just, and wise God; a sense of human dependence, as evidenced by want, sickness, and death; a rough but true distinction of good and evil; a hope of a better life, though a very carnal and material one. Two causes were at work to assist the development of the simple Vedic faith and cult: first was the artifice of the Brahmanical priesthood, who sought to secure and increase their power; and second the involuntary local streak of non-Arian religion. Thus gradually anthropomorphism grew, and demonolatry. It is possible, that the priests believed in the unity of the Godhead, and that these separate fanciful creations merely represented different phases of the divine nature, the different attributes and spheres of operation of the Creator; but the vulgar mind could not comprehend this, and thus pantheism sprang into existence, from a too gross conception and a too material practice.

We can only allude to the theory of the tree and serpent worship of pre-Arian India, as it lies outside the subject-matter of our discussion. It is asserted that Buddhism is but a revival of the coarser superstition of the non-Arian races, in which the tree and serpent played so great a part among the Nágas. We are not justified, moreover, in attributing the entire work of civilisation to the Arian immigrants; the remains left by the Bhars, unquestion-

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ably non-Arians, indicate an advanced civilisation, from which the Arians may have borrowed in architecture as well as in religion. If time be just, we shall find at length how much Semites and Arians, all over Asia and Europe, are indebted to their non-Arian and non-Semitic predecessors.

It has been the fashion to look upon the Brahmanical system as one which admitted no proselytes. That it was at one time essentially propagandist, is evidenced by the spiritual domination, which it has assumed over the non-Arian Dravidians of Southern India, and by the famous colonisation of Java and other islands of the Indian Archipelago; but from the earliest days it has gone on absorbing inferior races. The name "súdra" was applied to those who settled down in nominal submission; the terms "dasyud" and "mlechhad" were reserved to those who remained hostile and unsubdued; and with this absorption of heterogeneous elements has followed a modification of cult and ritual. In spite of the Veda and of the Brahman, or perhaps with the connivance of the latter, there has ever been an undercurrent of pagan usages; and the slightest examination will demonstrate the existence of local objects of worship in every part of India, of which the sacred books make no mention. "Semper, ubique, et ab omnibus," may be the cuckoo-cry at Banáras as it is at Rome, but it is equally unfounded. Just as the Roman Catholic visits local shrines and gives way to a low form of worship in connivance with, or in spite of, his priest; so in every part of India there is a dévi on the mountain top, there are holy lakes, there are volcanic fires, such as those of Jwálá Mukhí in the Panjáb, there are floating islands, such as those at Mandi, and other local celebrities and sanctities.

While on the one side the simple nature-worship of the Arians was being diluted by the admixture of non-Arian elements, on the other side it was becoming developed and exaggerated and stiffened by the Brahmans. The Veda gave birth to the Bráhmana, the Áraynaka, and the Upanishad, and a vast crop of dogma and ritual. The object of these compositions, which are now more or less well known to us, was to work out and to record the working out of the mysterious thoughts of a succession of men, who had the widest range of mind, of which man is capable. They sought and sought in vain, by a process of speculation and introspection, for a fitting object of worship, and a fitting base, upon which they could erect a moral standard; if unassisted reason could have brought down God from heaven, they would have achieved it. To these books succeeded the philosophic period at unknown intervals; whether of centuries or of decades it is impossible to say, as the magnificent language, in which the aphorisms are clothed, shows no such divergences as to enable a parallax of time to be discovered. At any rate they did not considerably precede the Grecian schools

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of philosophy; as Buddha, who manifestly was the last in time, was contemporary with Pythagoras, as well as with Confucius in China, and possibly Zoroaster in Persia. There must have been at that period of the world's history a great searching of hearts. The six Indian schools of philosophy, represented by Kapila, Patanjali, Jaimini, Vyása, Gautama, and Kanáda, sprang into existence in the deep longing of the perplexed heart to solve the sad mystery of existence: What am I? whence came I? whither do I go? Under different names and by different processes they shadowed out some force other than their own soul, whether as Visvakarmá, or Purusha, or Brihaspati, or Brahmá, or Átman, or Paramátman, the one eternal, the one universal soul. They discovered, at least what savages never knew, that each one had within his own individual self a germ of the Eternal, and they proceeded on to investigate, how he could free the eternal element from the miserable perishable integuments, in which it was enfolded. It was the old struggle of Pneuma and Sarx; and one feels the deepest sympathy with those ancient far-away half-naked sages, for it is the real question, which has ever baffled schools and nations, and lies close to and perplexes the heart of man. The Veda in their simple psalmody had avoided the sad question of the origin and object of pain, sorrow, sickness, and death, the reason of birth and death, the existence of a future state, and the inequality of human fortunes. But these wonderful philosophic aphorisms indicate the yearning of the poor heart of man after the unknown. The intelligent Brahman would, no doubt, then as now, say, that the various symbols and idols were only manifestations of the one God. The sun is one in the heavens, yet he appears in multiform reflection on the water of the lake. The various schools and sects are but different doors to enter the same city. But the Ritualists of those days could do no more than the Ritualists of modern times. In proportion as the philosophers became more atheistical, the ignorant classes became more superstitious. Books of elaborate ritual sprang up by the side of books of daring free-thinking, and outward form was found to be but an opiate of the conscience, which might deaden the pain, but could not eradicate the evil. The result was the creation of an esoteric and exoteric religion: a mass of grovelling superstition crowned by an apex of philosophic atheism. The philosophers of these schools, like the French abbés of the last century, had not the honesty and boldness to recede from the State-worship. This step was reserved for the bolder spirits who preached Buddhism.

In the meantime the Arian race had pushed down the valley of the Ganges, and reached the river Sona and the Vindhya range; the non-Arians had been incorporated or pushed to the right in the mountains of Central India, or to the left into the skirts of the

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Himálaya. Up to a certain time, as to the fixing of which a grand controversy exists, the sacred books had been handed down orally from generation to generation; but a time came when an offshoot of the great Phenician Alphabet found its way to India, whether by sea from Arabia, or by land from Persia, is the subject of another great controversy. The two Asoka alphabets represent the oldest character of writing in India. Of indigenous character, either ideographic or syllabic, there is not a trace; nor would so self-conscious a people have failed to notice the steps, by which they reached the wondrous art of expressing sounds by symbols, if they had themselves passed through that great intellectual process, which we see evidenced in the documents of the Chinese, Egyptians, and Assyrian nations, none of which attained the sweet simplicity of such an Alphabet as the Phenician. The Brahman had advanced in power and arrogance, and had codified the scattered laws and customs in a form such as the world has never seen equalled. The law of caste was laid down with a rigorous hand. Intermarriage of the warrior and priestly caste, which seems to have been possible in Vedic periods, was now impossible. If these laws had ever practical effect, the Súdra must have suffered intolerable hardships; but safe inferences can be drawn from anecdotes in the garrulous heroic poems that they were not so enforced. The life of the ordinary citizen is mapped out into portions with a ridiculous precision. The most respectable fathers of families were expected at a certain period to leave their home, take to the woods, live the life of a hermit, giving up their property in a way which a greedy heir would no doubt strictly enforce. The savage custom of children of eating their old parents with salt and lemon, which prevails among the Batta in the island of Sumatra, seems to be more merciful than to turn the old couple into the jungle as ascetics after the comfortable life of householders. The baneful snare of penance and asceticism, the greatest scourges of mankind, physically and spiritually, began to spread in one of its most arrogant forms. The heavens were peopled by fiction with gods, who were not gods in power. God identified with the universe made up a pantheism. The vast immemorial forest, on which the settlers were ever encroaching, was peopled with ogres. Holy men made a merit of retiring to these solitudes, and by a life of chastity, self-denial, prayer, sacrifice, and physical suffering, obtained such power as shook the gods in their celestial seats, and compelled them to have recourse to unworthy expedients of tempting these holy men to commit some breach of their asceticism in the society of lovely damsels sent by the celestials to tempt them. The kingdom of heaven was taken by violence. Fervent prayer had then, as in the minds of some excited fanatics still, the power of fulfilling itself. When poor humanity deals with its relations with the

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Godhead, it is sure to lapse into some absurdity. Fancy and fiction, falsehood and credulity, had their full play with tales of miraculous fights with the ogres, who interrupted the sacrifices, the victory being followed by the descent of showers of heavenly flowers, the sounds of heavenly music, and the sight of heavenly dancers; thus we find ourselves in the heroic period.

At whatever period the conception of any "avatára" or "God in the flesh" was first arrived at, it marks a wonderful progress in religious development. There must be some deep truth underlying the strange intellectual phenomenon, that God should descend from heaven and assume the form of a creature for the purpose of saving the world. Such a notion was unknown to the Semitic and the non-Arian races until, in the fulness of time, the Word was made flesh. The Brahmanical system records nine such manifestations, the earlier ones being animals, or partly so; the later heroes,—thus again marking progress. The tortoise was succeeded by the fish, the bear by the man-lion; then followed the dwarf who made the three great steps; the two Ramas, Krishna and Buddha: all were manifestations of Vishnu, and are therefore the creations of a period when the worship of that deity had become paramount. With regard to the earlier avatára, we can do nothing but speculate; but in the story of Parasu-Rama, we recognise the struggle and the victory of the priest over the warrior class; and in Rama, the son of Dasaratha, we recognise a real person, who has undergone a double transformation, first into a legendary hero, and centuries afterwards into a powerful god. Bacchus and Hercules certainly, and probably the other deities of Hellas and Latium, mounted the same staircase. Our feet seem here to touch ground; we have arrived at something which resembles history; legend interwoven with religion, but with a large substratum of possible fact.

The grand epic poem, the Ramáyana, gives the narrative of the life of this great hero. It has been remarked with truth that both Rama and Krishna come before us in two capacities, as men and gods, but that it is in a certain portion only of the two great poems that indications of the latter capacity appear; and that they have been added for the purpose of illustrating the divine character, as an incarnation of Vishnu, the fond idea of an after age, and can be omitted without interrupting the flow of the heroic song. The mere mention of Rama and Krishna in an early book will not carry with it the admission of the early worship of these heroes as divinities; they were known characters in fabulous history, but later ages have elevated them, very much as by lapse of years the Virgin Mary has been growing into a divinity, or something more than mortal, Joan of Arc into a saint, and the fancy of a future superstitious age might convert King Arthur and Roland into gods. We must treat them as they appear in the eyes and ears of the

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people, though it partakes of an anachronism. The great poem of the Ramáyana has been followed by numerous other Sanskrit poems singing over again the same favourite strain. Not only have the Sanskritic vernaculars repeated the same story with variations, but the Dravidian poets have caught up the melody after their own fashion; and far away in Java, Bali, and Lompok, islands of the Maláyan Archipelago, the same story is found, not servilely translated, but as original compositions in Káwi and Javanese. In the midst of all the rich confusion of ideas, where fancy runs riot in sonorous lines and harmonious polyphones, where the wild magnificence of the diction vies with the wild conception, of which Oriental languages alone can be the sufficient and skilfully wielded exponent; in the midst of gorgeous descriptions of power, scenery, cities, and miraculous events, towers up the grand knightly form of the great national hero, whose idyls have not yet been written, a miracle of chastity, devotion, and self-abnegation.

In a previous essay the writer of these lines gave a full account of this hero, tracing his steps from Ayodhyá, the capital of his kingdom north of the river Ganges, through the great and pathless forest, which then separated Northern from Southern India to Lanka or Ceylon, and identifying the geographical landmarks. These details lie outside our present object, which embraces the religious aspect of the narrative. Let us reflect on the lofty character, which either existed or which was conceived to have existed; how unlike what might have been anticipated: monogamy, chastity, filial obedience, conjugal fidelity, self-abnegation, self-control, humility, are not the ordinary characteristics of an Oriental hero. As regards the underlying meaning of the legend, there have been various interpretations: it may represent the struggle and victory of the Arian over the non-Arian races of Southern India, although of that struggle there are no traces in Dravidian literature; it may indicate the struggle of the Brahmanical party against the Buddhists, Jains, heretics, and atheists; or it may mean the great mystery of the struggle betwixt good and evil; or, lastly, the struggle between Vishnu and Siva. Some would fall back upon the irrepressible Solar theory, and in the giants and ogres see darkness or winter. We prefer to believe that such a hero really existed.

Unquestionably it has a reality with the people of India, both national and religious. In it we find the germs of the religious conception of bhakti or faith, the reliance of the worshipper on the tutelar divinity for protection, the origin of the ordinary social salutation of the people, a component part of a large portion of their names, and finally the motive of their greatest national festival. In the aurora of all religions, the theatre, which at a later period is so far separated from all connection with the worship of the divinity, is intimately associated with, and is part and parcel of,

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the idea of devotion. Thus annually in every city, and in every cluster of villages, this popular legend is enacted by living actors in the eyes of a sympathetic, devout, and exulting people. Temples and shrines are scattered over the land. The art and zeal of the statuary, the poet, the painter, and the priest, have vied with each other to extend the worship of Rama and Sitá, and through them of the great member of the second Triad, Vishnu. The legend, no doubt, developed in the hand of the chronicler very much after the manner of the legend of Arthur and the "Chanson de Roland" in mediæval Europe; but it was to the absorption of this legend into the service of religion at a comparatively late date that it owes its wide expansion. And how this came about we have no information; that it is post-Buddhist, and therefore after the Christian era, there is no doubt.

Measuring by the gauge of religious development, there must have been a considerable interval betwixt the promulgation and acceptance of the dogma of the avatára of Vishnu as Rama and the avatára of the same deity as Krishna. Both were of the warrior class; both were earthly potentates; to both were ascribed miraculous powers and martial prowess; but one was the type of virtue and modesty, the other of licentiousness and shameless immoralities. The hand of the priest appears more clearly in the latter legend; and the conception of faith, or bhakti, is largely expanded, and with it comes love, love spiritual as well as earthly. If penance be the leading feature of Saivism, and duty of Rama, love, an ocean of love, is the element in which Krishna reigns. He is the god present in many places at once, the object of the love of thousands, the satisfier of that love, while each thinks that that love is special and peculiar. No one can read the Gítá Govinda, the Indian song of songs, and the Bhagavad Gítá, the grandest effort of unassisted human intellect, without feeling that he is entering into a new order of ideas, and has advanced in the diapason of the human intellect far beyond the Vedic, the philosophic, and the heroic periods.

The documents, from which we are informed of this great personage, are the great heroic poem, the Mahábhárata, the Bhágavata Purána, the Gítá Govinda of Jayadeva, and many other works going over the same ground. The portions of the great poem which relate to Krishna are manifest interpolations of a much later date. The war betwixt the kindred tribes, which took place on the banks of the river Saraswati in the Panjáb, was possibly anterior to the story of Rama, where we find the Arians settled peacefully far down in the valley of the river Ganges. There may have been a chief of the name of Krishna engaged in the conflict, but he is represented as sovereign of Dwárká on the shores of the Indian Ocean in the Peninsula of Kattywar, south of the Vindhya range. His historic period may have been 1300 B.C., but his

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apotheosis cannot date earlier than 700 A.D., and was clearly surrounded by an atmosphere of controversy. We see his superiority asserted over every other deity, and each in his turn is exposed to ridicule and defeat: Siva and Brahmá, his partners in the new Triad, Agni, Indra, Varuna, and Yama, the old Vedic deities, are all placed at a disadvantage in the legends composed to elevate the worship of Krishna. The attack upon Indra seems to have been specially an intellectual movement, a rebellion against the worship of the elements. At that stage of human progress the hearts of the worshipper seem to yearn for a personal deity. Indra could at the best only punish or protect in this world, but the new religious conception could protect in a world beyond the grave. The Egyptians had arrived at this idea of Osiris two thousand years earlier.

The question as to the degree, in which the Judeo-Christian religious tenets, and the Brahmano-Buddhist, operated upon each other in the ante-Mahometan period, requires to be handled with great severity of judgment, and by a cold, impartial mind. That they fell within the same periods of history, and that contact was possible in the time of the Ptolemies, and subsequently, is beyond all doubt. The early navigation of the Red Sea, the Persian caravans from the river Euphrates to the Indus, might have imported or exported doctrines, thoughts, and ideas, which cannot be forgotten, words which once spoken live for ever, as well as articles of Oriental and Occidental product. But on which side was the balance of exchange? Much learning has been wasted in this great controversy. There is a resemblance between Krishna and Bacchus; between Krishna and Apollo, the lord of life, of poetry and light, the object of admiration of love-stricken maidens; between Krishna and Hercules and Orpheus, and a strange and weird congruity of circumstances exists in the legend of the Indian hero-god and—we write with reverence—the Founder of the Christian religion.

It is possible that pictures of the Virgin-Mother of God and the legends of the false Gospels may have reached India by means of the Nestorians, and details may by a subtle sympathy of religious consciousness have been incorporated in the nascent legend of the young Krishna. Indignation is felt, as for an injury done, against those who have asserted that the story of the Evangelists was borrowed from India; yet those, who without a shadow of proof would have it that the Indian legend was derived from Syria, must not complain if the Brahmans turn the argument round, and point out how much of European paganism has been incorporated in Christianity. The comparative mythologists may probably derive the two kindred legends from the same common origin of the Solar myth.

The resemblance of the names is fortuitous. There was an alleged necessity of Vishnu being born again in the flesh to rid the world of Kansa, king of Mathurá on the Jamná, who became aware that a

son of Vasudeva and Devakí would destroy him. He therefore imprisoned the parents, and slew their first six children; but destiny was not thus to be baffled, and the seventh was miraculously transferred from the womb of his mother to that of another woman, and born as Bala Rama, while the eighth, Krishna, so called because of his dark hue, was by favour of the gods, in spite of walls and guards and rivers, conveyed by his father to the care of the wife of Nanda a shepherd, whose child was conveyed back in exchange. The child was thus brought up in a stable and among shepherds. In the legend there is mention of a star, and a payment of tribute. Then followed the attempts of Kansa to destroy the young infant, followed by miraculous feats, and a most lascivious life, in which Krishna surpassed Solomon, if not in his wisdom, at least in the number of his wives. Add to this, that he raised the dead, not a usual type of Indian miracles, cured a deformed hunchback, and removed the stain of sin by a single look. The Bhágavata Purána has been curiously analysed, and numerous passages selected, as manifest loans from the Evangelists. It is forgotten by such critics, that mere coincidences of language go for nothing; and coincidences of thought may be explained by reflecting on the common fount of Oriental maxims and ideas and conceptions, which can be traced back to a period long anterior to the Christian era.

Others have traced in the legend the struggle of the Brahmanical system against the Buddhists, or of the Vaishnavists against the Saivites. Others have found in the strange license a reaction against the severity of Buddhist manners. The lascivious and carnal fancy of the poet dwelt on the love of the shepherdesses to their lord, while the more cautious theologians asserted that these shepherdesses were but incarnations of the Vedic hymns. The song of Jayadeva is strangely parallel to the Song of Solomon; and the instructed reader is expected to understand by Krishna the human body, by the shepherdesses the allurements of sense, and by Rádhá, the favourite, the knowledge of divine things; or the whole is said to be an allegory of God and prayer, the human soul and the Divine Being typified in the lover and beloved. Amidst the mysticism of the Sufis, and such approximation of good and evil, it requires to advance with a very firm step; and with such doctrines in the sanctuary, disguised under the semblance of heavenly love, we may expect to find the greatest licentiousness among the ignorant multitude, every Anomian abomination, and a justification of admitted crimes committed by a divinity under the convenient theory of illusion or máyá. The downfall of morals, religion, and conscience is not then far off.

Perhaps something of the same character has wandered through all religious history, and crops out in the allegories of the bridegroom and the espousal, and the dreams of young women like St.

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Catherine and St. Agnes, that they are espoused to their Lord, and the same feeling underlies the idea of nunneries. The Premságar of Krishna is but the Ocean of Love of Keble; love in heaven and heaven in love: there is a bitter and dangerous contrast of word and sense, and more dangerous among an Oriental people. We read the lines of Sadi, the Persian poet, with startled amazement, when we are told that the wine-cup and the sweetheart represent something so totally different from their usual meaning; the Hebrew prophets are not free from these dangerous ambiguities and figures of speech. The incongruous mingling of things human and divine is far less felt in Greek mythology; for the Indian theologians had worked out such sublime ideas of the Divinity, that the conscience is shocked, when a justification is put in for the gross immorality of God incarnate in the flesh, by the assertion that the actions of Vishnu must be believed, and his mode of procedure not questioned, as it was a mystery, and the Supreme Being could not be liable to sin. Blasphémy can go no greater lengths than this, and we shall see the consequences in the vagaries of the Vallabha.

But the conception of faith was marvellous, as illustrated by the story in the Vishnu Purána of the sage, who, having gone through certain stages of transmigration, could recollect the events of a preceding birth, and remembered also immediately after his last death, as he lay half unconscious, overhearing the King of Death charging his servants not to lay their hands on any who had died with faith in Vishnu.

"'Touch not, I charge thee, any one
Whom Vishnu has let loose;
On Madhu-Súdan's followers
Cast not the fatal noose.
For he who chooses Vishnu
As spiritual guide,
Slave of a mightier lord than me
Can scorn me in my pride.'
'But tell us, Master,' they replied,
'How shall thy slaves descry
Those who with heart and soul upon
The mighty lord rely?'
'Oh! they are those who truly love
Their neighbours; them you'll know,
Who never from their duty swerve,
And would not hurt their foe.'
Such were the orders that the King
Of Death his servants gave;
For Vishnu his true followers
From death itself can save."

It is singular that the authors of the Bhagavad Gítá should have selected the middle of the battle, as the moment for conveying instruction on the highest philosophic topics that man can conceive, and still more singular that in the "Chanson de Roland," in the

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middle of a fight betwixt Roland and his antagonist, the monkish author, influenced by the spirit of his age and order, interpolates a long theological discussion.

We have been compelled to treat the heroic and divine conceptions of Rama and Krishna together, carefully guarding that there was a lapse of ten centuries at least betwixt the two conceptions, and in that interval appeared on the stage a man greater than them, the greatest of mortals that ever trod the earth. He was known to his contemporaries and successors by the names of Sakya, Siddhártha, Gautama, Tathágata, and Buddha. He was of the Warrior tribe, and the son of a king in Transgangetic India. His date is fixed by general consent at about B.C. 622. No man has left a deeper footprint on the sands of time. His followers and the believers in his doctrines count by millions, far beyond the number of Christians or Mahometans, and are spread over the whole of Farther Asia, including Ceylon, Barma, Tibet, Siam, Kambodia, Kochin China, China, Mongolia, Manchuria, and Japan, though totally expelled from the country which gave him birth, after a domination of several centuries. Buddha invented, or at least first openly practised, universal propagandism by argument, destroying caste, setting aside the priesthood, ignoring the Veda and all the sacred books, abolishing sacrifice, dethroning the gods from heaven, appealing to the highest ideal of morality, holding out as an incentive the absorption into the deity. He was in fact the apostle of nihilism and atheism; for behind the preceptor there is nothing, and beyond death there is nothing but extinction. A literature so voluminous has been handed down in Sanskrit, Pali, Tibetan, Burmese, Peguan, Siamese, Cambodian, Annamese, Shan, Javanese, Chinese, and Mongolian, that another generation must pass away, ere an adequate conception can be formed of its contents. Akin to Buddhism (but whether anterior or subsequent to Buddhism, there has lately sprung up a great controversy) is Jainism, with a literature of proportions equally colossal and as imperfectly known; and the brain reels under the burden of unravelling all that has become entangled, and comprehending all the cobwebs that the subtle intellects of generations of men have spun! The Jains appear to have had their career of supremacy in Southern India, but they have dwindled away to an inconsiderable sect; they admit caste, and if they abandon their heresy, can be admitted back into full privileges, from which they are only partially excluded. They carry their respect to animal life to very extravagant lengths.

It is difficult to disconnect the historical facts from the legends which have grown round the fascinating story. Fortunately we have documents which, by their abundance and character, are above suspicion of fabrication. We have inscriptions on pillars and rocks of a date not later than 250 B.C., and we have two dis-

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tinct families of written documents, the separation of which must have taken place before the Christian era, but which can both be traced back to Magadha, or Bahár, where Buddha lived and died. The Northern school is in the Sanskrit and Tibetan languages, as when the reaction of Brahmanism took place, the Buddhist fled to the adjoining mountains of Nepál, whither by an irony of fate they were followed by the Brahmans flying in their turn from the Mahometans. The Southern school is in the Pali language, the Magadhi Prakrit, in which the knowledge of the tenets was conveyed to Ceylon, where the religion still flourishes, whence it has spread to the Indo-Chinese peninsula, though here also there exists a controversy. No religion is fortified by such a multiplicity and genuineness of documents as the Buddhist.

Siddhártha was a Rajpút, son of the Raja of Kapilavastu, a state small in dimensions, somewhere betwixt Oudh, Gorakpùr, and Nepál. His birth was accompanied by miracles, which are striking from their strange resemblance to gospel story, though the event to which they are attached happened centuries earlier. They are striking also in themselves. We mention one only. Immediately after his birth the child took seven steps to each quarter of the horizon, using the following words:—"In all this world I am very chief, from this day forth my births are finished." Up to the age of twenty-nine he lived a virtuous, but an ordinary life, married, and had a son. One day in his drive he encountered an old man, and on inquiry was informed that old age and decrepitude were the lot of all. On a second day he met a man oppressed with disease, and was informed that sickness was the lot of all. On a third day he met a dead body being carried out amidst mourning and lamentation, and was informed that death was the lot of all. Overwhelmed with the sense of the calamities of poor humanity, he returned to his palace, loathing its splendour and comfort, and dwelling on the mutability of human happiness. It is the old sad story, and is told in the different versions of the legends with romantic beauty, and in itself would form the theme of a poet or the saw of a moralist. But he was an actor, not a dreamer. Once again he went forth and met a beggar, serene of countenance, simple in habit, one whom the world had left and who had left the world; who moved free from anger, lust, and sorrow, and in him he recognised the type of his new development.

He left his father's house, and for fifty years he wandered about within a restricted circle. After much meditation he became a "Buddha," or "enlightened," and founded a new society. His peculiarity was, that he adopted the method of itinerary preaching in the vernacular dialect to all classes without respect of caste. He admitted the existence of no God, and therefore abolished sacrifice, but instituted the practice of confession. There being

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no God, there could be no idol or image or priesthood. His followers congregated in monasteries, with the power of leaving at pleasure, or the risk of being expelled for some fault of a moral nature. Each year they itinerated to preach their doctrines; those who were unwilling to enter for the high prize of becoming Buddha, could remain in the paths of ordinary life, practising virtue, and looking for higher things in a future birth. At the age of eighty, in the year 543 B.C., the great master passed away at Kusinagara in Bahár. He died as he lived, conscious of the approach of death, in the midst of his disciples, and his last words were: "No doubt can be found in the mind of a true disciple, beloved; that which causes life, causes also decay and death. Never forget this; let your minds be filled with this truth. I called you to make it known to you." Such dignity in leaving life, as an office filled with honour, for the benefit of his fellow-creatures, will not fear a comparison with that of Socrates or John the Evangelist.

After his death, councils were held to collect his precepts, and establish his church and propagate it beyond the confines of India. The volumes, which contain his doctrines, are known as the Tripitaka or three baskets; the first being the Sútra, which contains the doctrinal and practical discourses; the second is the Vinaya, or ecclesiastical discipline; the third is the Abhidharma, or metaphysics and philosophy. We may presume, that as fixed by the council they have come down to us, as the entire separation of the Northern and Southern Buddhists has this advantage, that we are able to contrast the documents by critical juxtaposition. While free allusion is made to other of the Brahmanical deities, there is no mention of Krishna, which fixes the period. The foundations of his doctrine have been summed up in the very ancient formula, probably invented by the founder himself, which is called the Four Great Truths. I. Misery always accompanies existence. II. All modes of existence result from passions and desires. III. There is no escape from existence except destruction of desire. IV. This may be accomplished by following the fourfold path to Nirvana. These paths are the following: First comes the awakening of the heart: the second stage is to get rid of impure desires and revengeful feelings; the third and last stage is to get free from evil desires, ignorance, doubt, heresy, unkindliness, and vexation, culminating in universal charity.

How it came to pass, that this passionless, hopeless form of atheistic morality should have touched the heartstrings of one-fifth of the human race, is a great mystery; it is as if the Bible consisted of the single book of Ecclesiastes. "Vanity, vanity," said the Preacher; "all is vanity." And yet the world is a beautiful world, and the faculties of man are capable of goodness and greatness and virtue, and the immortality of the soul seems to be an inherent

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idea of mankind. Religion, as a great author has written, cannot be without hope. To worship a being, who did not speak to us, love us, recognise us, is not religion: it might be a duty, might be a merit, but man's instinctive notion of religion is the soul's response to a God, who has taken notice of the soul; it is a loving intercourse or a mere name. At any rate, whatever opinion we may form of this strange system, which has taken such very deep root in the affections of men, there can be no doubt, that Buddha stands out as the greatest hero of humanity, and that the more mankind are made acquainted with this exalted type of what the human race can unaided attain to, the better it will be.

There are strange analogies betwixt Buddhism and its founder and Christianity. We mark the same progress of the human intellect in the total abolition of sacrifices. When Brahmanism recovered its power, the old method of vicarious sacrifice, except in very rare instances, was not renewed; it was felt that this conception had had its day. In Mahometanism it had totally disappeared. We then come to the wonderful fact, that Buddhism, like Christianity, was totally and entirely expelled from the land which gave it birth, to the genius of which it was not adapted. The questions may fairly be raised: Was Buddhism expelled? when was it expelled? It is more probable that strict Buddhism relaxed in India, and that Brahmanism modified itself by the wonderful assimilation of contact. Buddha was himself promoted to the position of an avatára of Vishnu. In the seventh century the Chinese traveller found the two cults side by side, as they are now, in the island of Bali. Traces of assimilation of cult and adaptation of temples and idol-forms are found in many places. At length it ceased to be the State religion; then the popular feeling set against it; Sankaráchárya rose to preach the worship of Siva and the new conceptions. The irreconcilables fled to Nepál; the worship died out. We have no distinct record of what happened, but the deserted monasteries and temples of Ajanta show no signs of wanton destruction. The cult or rather persuasion totally disappeared in the seventh century of the Christian era, and there is hardly one indigenous Buddhist in India. The Buddhism of Bokhára and Kábul gave way to the worship of Zoroaster; but in those countries, in which there had been no layer of Brahmanical civilisation, the triumph of Buddhism was complete. No doubt it underwent great modifications from contact with indigenous paganism. It was spiritualised into Lamaism in Tibet; degraded into Shámanism in Central Asia; blended with Confucianism and Taouism in China; and fossilised into a dead idolatry in Ceylon and Barma. The story of Buddha, by a strange freak of fortune, appears as St. Barlaam and St. Josaphat in the legends of the saints of the Roman Catholic Church. No human religion has

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done more good work for the improvement of the human race than Buddhism. What Christianity did for Europe, this strange dogma did for the regions of Farther Asia, elevating mankind and driving out or modifying abominable pagan customs.

One strange doctrine, which does not date back to the Vedic period, but which was the intellectual outcome of a later age, lived through the Buddhist into the neo-Brahmanical system. We allude to that of the transmigration of souls. It is more hopeful than the doctrine of Fate, which ruled the earlier world. Under the influence of this doctrine, a man who is poor, afflicted, and unfortunate, is not so, because cruel hard fate has so decided, and because he has no remedy, past, present, or future. On the contrary, he feels that his present state is the result of his moral delinquencies in a past life, for which he is atoning, and though he cannot change the present, he is master of the future, and by a good life he can secure being born again in a better state. All the philosophic schools agree in this; no one was hardy enough even to question the doctrine. The Buddhist, who denied every other of the proto-Brahmanical doctrines, admitted this; and yet it is not a self-evident problem of the human mind, and no European intellect, however debased or uninstructed, could be induced to accept it. It is, however, the faith of one-fifth of mankind. Accepting this doctrine, the schools of Indian philosophy proceed to inquire in their own way, how this painful wandering of the soul from body to body can be terminated, and mokhsa or liberation be attained. Not to exist is, then, the highest reward. It was in fact an attempt to solve the hard puzzle: Why in this world the wicked are so exceedingly prosperous, and the righteous so mysteriously oppressed; how came it to pass, unless it had reference to causes which arose in a previous existence, and led to consequences which will develop themselves in a future? This is the riddle, which the Book of Job tried to solve; and after all, the author evades the question: he fails to see that nobleness and goodness have nothing whatever to do with what men have, not even with happiness, which thousands of good men have never possessed. The immenseness of the intellectual contrast between the followers of the Mahometan and Brahmanical systems can only be grasped, when the Semitic conception of the immortality of the soul is placed side by side with that of transmigration, with eventual absorption or nihilism.

We come now to the development of the second Triad: Brahmá the creator, Vishnu the supporter, and Siva the destroyer. There is an artificial look about this arrangement, and it is clearly a theoretic compromise. Brahmá goes for nothing; he has but one or two temples, and scarcely a worshipper. The Brahmanical religion in its post-Buddhist stage is a congeries of parts derived from several very discordant systems. Fashion and taste have

their play. Some prefer Siva; some Vishnu; a third part import a female element—a "Dieu Mère," representing that expression of religious feeling, which is gratified by rendering semi-divine honours to the Virgin Mary. Such was the case in the old heathen world: Egypt, Hellas, Syria contributed gods, as Spain, Italy, and France now contribute saints to the fervent adoration of a superstitious populace. Nations still hunger after their local saint, as they do after a national flag. In this manner was developed a wife for each of the second Triad: Saraswati, or the goddess of eloquence, for Brahmá; Lakhsmi or Sri, the goddess of fortune, for Vishnu; and for Siva, the multiform and awful consort, known as Devi, Kálí, Gaurí, Umá, Durgá, Párvatí, Bhawání, entailing a depth of degradation at the brink of which we pause.

Siva-worship is alluded to by Megasthenes, and must, therefore, date back to a period anterior to Buddhism, though unknown to the Veda. The Brahmans may have opposed it, but the popular current was too strong. We know as a fact, that at the time of Mahmúd of Gházni, there existed twelve celebrated lingam-shrines, one of which was Somnáth, which was destroyed by that iconoclast. The lingam or phallus, with its usual accompaniment, is now the universal and sole emblem of Siva-worship. But there is an uncertainty, whether the connection of the two always existed. Some have asserted, that the cult was of non-Arian origin; but to this it is replied, that no trace of it is found in any existing non-Arian people, and that there is no proof of such a derivation. There is nothing indecent, meant or understood, in this symbol; no rites of a lascivious or degrading character are necessarily connected with the stone idol. We have the same worship in Egypt and Hellas, and Egyptologues have traced the obelisk to the same source. The symbol appears among the Egyptian hieroglyphics without any reserve or evil intent; in fact, it was part of the great Nature-worship. The worshippers of Siva, though found all over India, predominate in the south, where the cult was re-established by Sankaráchárya on the expulsion of the Buddhists about the eighth or ninth century A.D. The worship was, as above stated, ancient; but just as the hero-worship of Rama and Krishna developed into Vaishnavism, even so the revival of the worship of the lingam developed into Saivism. The worship of the tulsi plant and Sálagráma stone occupied a prominent position with the Vaishnavites. The two worships of rival, independent, supreme and omnipotent deities were not necessarily mutually antagonistic, though they became so in the heat of ignorant partisanship; and in the inflated language of the rival Purána we find Arjana described as addressing a silent prayer to Siva, and then fixing his inflexible faith on Krishna. It is some time before a single preference for a particular divinity, analogous to the liking of a Roman

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Catholic to a particular saint, passes to the assertion, that the particular divinity is the supreme and only God. The female principle, or Saktí, was a still further and grosser development, especially with regard to Durgá, the reputed wife of Siva, and set forth in the Tantra, of which we have no perfect knowledge, except that there is much that is degraded and obscene. The progress of degradation had become rapid. The study of the Veda had become quite neglected; a repetition of meaningless words was the extent of their study; all-sufficient faith in the popular divinity took the place of knowledge, ritual, and morality. If we wonder at the constant change of dogma and practice, we must reflect, that it would have been more wonderful, if, contrary to the order of human affairs, it had stood still. The pantheism of the proto-Brahmanical period was degraded into a polytheism in the neo-Brahmanical period.

There was a time in the world's history, when Christianity might have spread into India, had the Eternal Disposer of human affairs so willed it, either through the means of political domination or evangelical preaching. It cannot be too often asserted by the philosophic historian, or too deeply pondered over by the right-minded theologian, that Christianity was and is the religion of the great Roman empire and those countries which have received their civilisation therefrom, and nothing more, whatever other may have been the design or assertion of its Syrian propagators. In the time of the Antonines it became clear, that the river Tigris must be for ever the farthest limit of the Roman empire. (The religion of Zoroaster imposed an impassable barrier to Christianity,) but a few centuries afterwards disappeared like burnt hay before the flaring meteor of the dogma of Mahomet. Thus India never had the chance of becoming Christian by political domination. A second chance was afforded by the peaceful efforts of the Nestorian missionaries, who found themselves unable to do for the Far East what the Buddhist missionaries accomplished, and unable to stand up against the new development of Saivism and Vaishnavism. The opportunity was a good one. The Brahmanical system had been shaken to its foundations, and somehow or other the Buddhist system had not taken root. It was a time of shaking of old foundations and of embracing new ideas, and the friends of civilisation and humanity must regret that such gross and debased conceptions as those of the Vaishnavist Krishna and Saivite lingam should have prevailed. It must be recollected, that they were born of the soil, were cast in the mould of the sentiments of the people, intertwined with their heroic legends, pressed on by an hereditary priesthood. We have not yet made ourselves sufficiently masters of the secret springs of the world's history to be able to analyse the motives and circumstances, which render the adoption by a nation

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of a new faith possible or impossible. China, Indo-China, and the Far East accepted the religion which India rejected. Europe accepted that Christianity which Asia and Africa would not allow to remain within their boundaries. The doctrines of Mahomet swept over the Eastern world, took captive the islands of the Indian Archipelago, but never took root in Europe. No foreign religion has ever taken root in India, or acted upon the masses of the Arian people, since the time of the immigration of the Vedic fathers. The Mahometan population of India consists either of domiciled aliens or non-Arian converts.

There was a time also, when the sister-religion of the Iranian people might have spread into India. We have stated above, how that the two nations were branches from the same root, that the languages and religions were near akin. The genius of the Iranians preferred ethical conceptions and moral ideas to the grosser and more material conceptions of the Indians, who worshipped the elements of Nature. Still further refined by Zoroaster, it became the purest of all the early cults, and most akin to that of the Jews; and the kindness of Cyrus and Darius to their Semitic subjects is attributed to their recognition of the resemblance of their views on religious conceptions, though doubtless the Jews would not have admitted the resemblance. Many centuries afterwards a remnant of the fire-worshippers escaped from the persecutions of the Mahometans and took refuge in India, taking with them their sacred books and ancient faith, though they subsequently lost their language. (The name of Parsi is synonymous in India with wealth and energy and respectability; but their faith has never extended, and their religion is entirely devoid of propagandism.) The same remark applies to the Jews, of whom there are in India ancient settlements, but they have never made the slightest impression on the country.

But while the Christian and the fire-worshipper and the Jew neither attempted, nor were able to introduce a foreign religious element into India, either by domination or persuasion, a bright light suddenly sprung up from Arabia, and illumined the whole of Western Asia and North Africa as far as the Pillars of Hercules. The doctrine promulgated was so simple, that it could be understood at once, never forgotten, and never gainsaid, so consonant to the unassisted reason of man, that it seemed an axiom, and so comprehensive, that it took in all races and ranks of mankind. "There is no God but one God." Simple as was the conception, no Indian and no Iranian had arrived at it. There were no longer to be temples, or altars, or sacrifices, or anthropomorphic conceptions, but a God incapable of sin and defilement, merciful, pitying, King of the day of judgment, one that hears prayers and will forgive so long as the sun rises from the East; a God not peculiar to any nation or language, but God of all, alone, omnipresent, omniscient,

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omnipotent. Much of this was borrowed from the Jews and Christians, but had never been so enforced, had never been so extensively and endurably promulgated in such gleaming phraseology.

There had passed twelve hundred years since the birth of Buddha. Mahomet was born in historical times, and laid no claims to powers of working miracles or to divinity. He was a preacher, and wrote the Koran. It cannot be supposed that such a mighty actor could have appeared on the theatre of the world without the special design of the Almighty. The promulgation of his doctrines, 622 A.D., is one of the greatest landmarks in history. Human sacrifices, idolatry, abominable customs, savage rites, cannibalism, sank before the approach of Islam. In the wholesale abuse heaped upon every religion by Christian authors, it is forgotten how much the cause of civilisation has been advanced by every one of the great Book-Religions. How low and degraded are the pagan races even to this day, who have not come under their influence! About 1000 A.D. Mahometanism reached India, accompanied by the sword, and its history is well known. The sword has long been sheathed, but the religion has extended peacefully over the non-Arian races on the skirts of India. In the government of Bangal millions have accepted civilisation and the great leading dogma of Mahomet in spite of all the extravagant absurdity of the Mahometan hell and heaven. There is found in Islam an expression of an everlasting truth, a rude shadow of the great spiritual fact, and beginning of all facts: "the infinite nature of duty;" that man's actions never die or end at all; that man with his little life reaches up to heaven or down to hell, and in his brief span holds an eternity fearfully and wonderfully hidden. It has been given to this religion to reach countries and districts, to which the Christian faith never has reached. The Arab merchant carries it backward and forward in the deserts of Africa, giving it to black races as the first germ of civilisation; the Malay pirate carries it to the cannibals and savages of the Indian Archipelago, and tells them of the equality of man, the abolition of priestcraft, the certainty of a day of judgment. In North-West China it has established itself, and has been struggling against Buddhism for empire. It may have lost its potential vitality, but not its truth. Without any attempt at forcible proselytism or any missionary exertion, it receives large additions, for there is nothing in its simple formula to stagger reason or make large demands on intelligence and faith. It has supplanted dreadful superstitions, and many of its greatest blemishes may be traced back to the remnants of paganism which cling to its skirts. We cannot close this brief account of the religions of Brahma, Buddha, and Mahomet without recording our opinion, that they have been benefactors to the human race, permitted by the Great Disposer of human events to play their part in the education of mankind, teaching men the

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decencies of life, to cease from man-eating and head-hunting, to live in houses and villages and submit to the tie of matrimony, and the duty to parents: to learn to till the soil, plough the ocean, and found royal states, build magnificent cities, and bequeath to posterity marvellous literature both as to quality and quantity.

Doubtless the very existence of the Mahometan power and religion influenced for good the religions of the non-Mahometan people; at any rate it was a standing protest against polytheism. We come now to the time of the Purána, which are sometimes called the Fifth Veda, and the Sects. The Purána are unmistakably modern works, compiled for a sectarian object, full of ignorance and conceit; but we find in them extracts and references to older documents, as they existed as far back as the Christian era, and this gives them a value, independent of the fact of their having supplanted the Veda in the affections of the people. The sects are either Vaishnavite or Saivite. The followers of Ramanúja and Mádhava, who lived in the twelfth or thirteenth century, constitute the great Vaishnavite sect. They have two subdivisions, which are worthy of notice, as illustrating the marvellous coincidences of the efforts of the human intellect. These two branches of the same sect reproduce the controversy betwixt the Calvinists and Arminians. The one insists on the concomitancy of the human will for securing salvation; the latter maintain the irresistibility of Divine grace. Characteristically of India, the one adopts what is called the Monkey-argument; for the young monkey holds on to and grasps its mother to be conveyed to safety, and represents the hold of the soul to God. The other uses the Cat-argument, which is expressive of the hold of God on the soul; for the kitten is helpless until the mother-cat seizes it and secures it from danger.

After Ramanúja, who lived in South India, came Ramanand, who settled at Banáras. Both these were devoted to Vishnu in the person of Rama. Chaitanaia founded a sect in Bangál devoted to Vishnu in the person of Krishna; but the Vallabhacharya or Maháraj sect, devoted to Krishna in his boyish form, is worthy of a special notice. The spiritual preceptors of this sect have had the audacity to assert that they were themselves incarnations of the youthful Krishna, and burned with like passions and desires towards their votaries. Under the blind control of faith this has led to the grossest immorality, which has been fully exposed in a trial at Bombay, and the sound principle brought home to the people that what is morally wrong never can be theologically right. Faith with works was the early cry, but faith without works, or in spite of works, was the later cry, and degenerated into rank lawlessness.

Among the Saivite sects the most remarkable is that of the Lingaites, as illustrating the wonderful elasticity of the Indian

religious community. This sect was founded in the twelfth century by Basava, a native of the Dakhan. They reject caste and Brahmanical authority, and all idolatry, except the worship of the lingam, a model of which they carry about on the arm and tied to the neck. No Brahman officiates in such temples; they deny the transmigration of the soul, do not burn their dead, and allow the remarriage of women. One of their peculiarities is the consideration shown to women. They call themselves Jangam, and are abhorred by both Saivite and Vaishnavite. They dwell either in convents or wander about as beggars. And yet in the census they are enumerated as Hindu. The Basava Purána and other books detail their doctrines.

A still more remarkable sect in the north of India is that of the Sikhs of the Panjáb. Indian reformers have ever been springing up, using the vernacular language of the people, and conveying prophetic messages in opposition to the Brahmanical priesthood. Their messages have generally been vague and unsubstantial, speculative rather than practical, making a deep but temporary impression upon the people. Some of them have, however, touched the sensitive chord of their countrymen, and led to the foundation of a new church and new civil polity. Of these Kabír and Nának stand forth as examples. Kabír was one of the twelve disciples of Ramanand, the Vaishnavite reformer, who in the fifteenth century A.D., with unprecedented boldness assailed the whole system of idolatrous worship, ridiculed Brahmans and the Veda, and addressing himself to Mahometans also with equal severity attacked the Koran. He was a man of the weaver caste, and some assert that he was a Mahometan. Legends have gathered round him, one of which has an air of verisimilitude, that he vindicated his doctrines in the presence of Sikandar Shah. He left a sect behind him called the Kabír-Panthi, who never obtained any great importance, though they have entirely withdrawn in the essential point of worship from the Brahmanical communion; and a voluminous literature in different dialects of the modern Arian vernaculars, which made a great impression on the popular mind. He lived and died near Banáras, the centre of Brahmanism, and his liberal doctrines never had fair play. Far other was the fate of his successor, Nának, who drank deep of his doctrine, and quoted freely his sayings. He was born at Talwandi, in the neighbourhood of Lahore, in the fifteenth century. The Emperor Baber had there founded a new dynasty, and the Brahmanical system was crushed by the weight and impetus of a permanent Mahometan polity in the Panjáb, the very cradle of Vedic conception. Many years ago the writer of these pages with a loving hand narrated the life of the great founder of the Sikh religion, or rather Sikh sect of the Brahmanical religion, following his steps from the village which gave

him birth to the town where he died. Nának may have attempted a fusion of the two great religions, but he certainly did in no way succeed. He may have wished to abolish caste, but he has failed. He appealed to the people in the vernacular, and his doctrines have come down to us in the Adi Granth, which has lately been translated into English, and which by no means must be placed on a level with the Vedic or Buddhist books, and is far more modern than the Koran or the Purána. He and his sect would probably have disappeared, had not the unwise persecution of the Mahometans lashed his followers into madness, who, under his spiritual successor in the tenth degree, Govind Singh, founded a new religious and civil polity, the temporal glory of which has now passed away, and the angles of the sect are rubbing off under the peaceful influence of an accommodating and absorbing Brahmanism.

The even pressure of an overpowering foreign government, which neither condescends to persecute nor to sympathise, is not favourable to the development of new sects, even of a peaceful and doctrinal nature; all that is indecent, or cruel, or disturbing of civil order is quietly stamped out. The Sikh enthusiast has disappeared under the entire freedom of latitudinarianism; the Wahábi or Mahometan reformers are put down, because they disturb the peace of the empire; the roving bands of pious beggars, who might have developed new avatára, are dispersed by an unsympathising police; the withdrawal of endowments impoverishes local institutions for supporting lazy religionists. No one, who has lived among the people, can have failed to remark with interest and respect the conventual establishments scattered about the country, playing the part of the monasteries in Europe in the Middle Ages. We find the small grant of land from the State, the shrine, the home of the abbot and his spiritual disciples, the hall for the reception of strangers, and some scanty educational and medical appliances. Of these the Bairágí are the most respectable, and present a striking contrast to the disgusting Sanyási, and the ferocious Nihang. The writer of these lines has often lodged in their neighbourhood, and found scant learning and piety, but much urbanity, and the appearance of a quiet, moral, and unoffending community. An aged Bairágí, who was counting his beads and repeating his prayers, once asked whether Europeans also worshipped any God, and of what nature He was. Their way of life is simple. Early in the morning they repeat by the river side at sunrise the famous Gayatri, "Let us meditate on the sacred light of that divine sun, that it may illuminate our minds." This one link reaches over four thousand years, and connects them with their Vedic forefathers. Then comes the worship of the shrine, and the daily prayers, as degraded as dogma and ritual can make them. So little do these besetting sins of the human race differ in externals, that when at Troïtza, near

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Moscow, the reverend Bairági of the Russo-Greek Church go through the meaningless ritual, those, who are familiar with the customs of India, know what he is about, from their experience of Brahmanical ritual.

Festivals and pilgrimages make up the greater part of the religion of the vulgar. It may be laid down as an axiom, that the more debased is the faith the greater number will be the days dedicated to gods and saints, and the greater number of shrines to be visited. The Brahmanical calendar of deities and shrines was swollen by many loans from the non-Arian local superstitious observances; and the fellowship of all mankind may be evidenced in the blessing of cattle at Rome on the day of St. Anthony, and the same ceremony at the Pongol festival of Trebéni near Madras.

Another singular resemblance exists betwixt the appearance of the tenth and last Avatára and the predictions in the Revelation. At the end of the Kálí-Yuga, when mankind has become hopelessly evil and the Veda is forgotten, and the average age of man has dwindled down to twenty-three, Vishnu will again appear in the flesh as Kalkí, and be seen riding on a white horse with a two-edged sword in his hand; and as such the vision is depicted, and can be seen by all on the walls of palaces and temples. He will destroy all that are not of the Brahmanical fold, and reduce them to the paths of probity. It is fair to remark that this prophecy cannot be traced back to a period antecedent to the Mahometan conquest.

In the south of India the Brahmanical religion did not extend to the lower classes more than in name; it is always difficult to find out how far a new cult has extinguished or uprooted its predecessor. It is notorious that in Java there is only a skin-deep Mahometanism spread over the former religion; so in India generally the pilgrimages to the local shrines of the deví tell an unmistakable tale; and in South India it is understood that the worship of Kalí, the wife or female energy of Siva, is but an assimilation of a local deví; and in the great temple of Madura, side by side with Siva, is seated a local goddess, adopted from the non-Arians by the astute Brahmans. In every village there is a deví, the remnant of their old cult; and one remarkable temple supplies a date valuable in chronology, for on the most southern point of India is a temple dedicated to one of the female energies of Siva, as Kumárí, which is mentioned in the Periplus of the Erythræan Sea at a date not later than 100 A.D., and is now known as Cape Comorin. Beside this is the devil-worship, which is essentially the same as the ghost-worship of the Western coast. The devil-dancer whirls round in frenzy, and, when under full control of the demon, is worshipped as a present deity by the bystanders, and consulted with regard to their wants. Such were the Bacchantes and the priests of Cybele in olden times. Of a kindred origin, and

imported into the Mahometan religion, are the dervish-dancers, and the ceremonies of the Shamanites in North Asia. We find the old Adam cropping out in all the religions of the second stage. The Brahmanical religion is spread like a thin veneer over all, but the old affections of the lower classes survive. Notoriously in Northern India the lowest classes, who have no place assigned to them in the Brahmanical system, have their own deities, and indeed are incorrectly called Hindu in the census. The great bulk of the residents of the Himálaya valleys are Brahmanical only in name; they are still Nature-worshippers. Every remarkable peak, or lake, or forest has its deity, to which sacrifices of goats are made; temples abound, the keepers of which are not always Brahmans, and such customs as polyandry exist.

But outside the Brahmanical fold are the millions of non-Arian pagans in Central India and on the slopes of the Himálaya, who have been so strangely overlooked, or counted in the census, as a kind of Hindu, with the grim irony by which we might imagine an Anabaptist reckoned as a Roman Catholic. For three thousand years they have fought a lifelong battle against the Arian immigrants, who have driven them from their ancient possessions, and have incorporated so many in the lower strata of their religious system. We are not informed as to the nature of their cult and ancient customs. Temples, priests, or literature they have none; but from them we may imagine what the inhabitants of India were before the Arian immigration. No doubt their days are numbered. Prosperity, education, and civilisation cannot co-exist with paganism, and it will be an interesting sight to watch what proportion adopt the rival Book-Religions which are ready to receive them. Buddhism, Mahometanism, and Brahmanism have already absorbed thousands; it remains to see whether Christianity cannot enter the lists with success.

As the Jaina religion is an admixture of Buddhist and Brahmanical doctrines, and as the Sikh religion has the credit of being an attempt to blend Mahometanism and Brahmanism, so in these last days we have a new development, and an admixture of Christianity and Brahmanism, which presents itself under the name of Brahmoism. We look with extreme sympathy and interest on those, who, like Ram Mohan Rai, were tempted to try, if they could remount the stream of time, and make a revival in the nineteenth century of the ethics and ritual of the Veda. It is but an exaggerated form of the attempt of the Ritualist party in England to galvanise into life the sentiments of the Middle Ages, forgetting that time has passed on, and that the glass, through which a religion is seen, is the feeling of the age. But we have scant sympathy with those who, uniting with Unitarians, pillage freely the divine truths of the New Testament, and deny the divinity of their Author; how-

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ever, this is the latest and most interesting of the religious movements in India.

It may be asserted with confidence that through the long annals of Vedic, proto-Brahmanical, Buddhist, and neo-Brahmanical periods of the religion of India, independence of inquiry, extreme latitudinarianism, philosophic atheism, and unbounded tolerance, have been the rule and practice. We cannot but remark the constant attempt to get rid of the trammels of caste; whether the reformers are Buddhist, or Lingaite, or Sikh, the first social reform is to get rid of this artificial inequality, and to eat and drink together. In the shrine of Jagarnáth, one of the great seats of the worship of Vishnu, no caste exists; for the time and place it is suspended. These facts are important subjects of reflection. Moreover, the lower and more degraded the caste, the stricter appear to be the caste rules, and all breaches can be atoned by money payments. The sectarian and the Guru have always played the part of prophet in antagonism to the hereditary priesthood; and the modern conception of bhakti or faith to the spiritual adviser and to the special divinity, has accentuated this formidable liberality of sentiments, and this has been the case under most unfavourable circumstances. And now that education and entire freedom of thought and religion have become the inheritance of the people, and the veiled shrine of the Veda has been exposed to view, we cannot but anticipate farther expansion.

Let us reflect calmly and dispassionately what is the position of Englishmen as regards the followers of the Brahmanical religion. In our proud and insular seclusion we are too apt to look upon the professors of that religion as our inferiors, not only in accidental civilisation, but in natural and intellectual capacity, and to brand as demi-savages a people, who were highly advanced in civilisation at a time when Julius Cæsar found the inhabitants of Britain still clothed in skins. In considering their shortcomings we must not measure them by the standard of the nineteenth century, but rather that of the sixteenth, when in Europe the floors were still strewed with rushes, and glass was rare; when printing was in its infancy, and spread of knowledge was checked by the absence of material; when princes and bishops rode through towns on jackasses, or were carried in litters on the shoulders of men; when he was considered a travelled man who had visited Paris, and a learned man who could read the Vulgate and write without much mis-spelling, and a wise man who could interpret the stars, and a just man, who could sentence an old woman to death as a witch, and a dangerous man, who dared to think for himself, and an irreligious man, who denied the divine right of priests and kings and the absolute perfection of the State-religion. The strictures, which are heedlessly passed on the natives of India, apply with greater force to our

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ancestors. We indeed have only lately reached that level of Imperial tolerance in matters of religious belief, which they, if unmolested, have ever professed and practised towards others, being by nature and by creed entirely free from the baneful lust of violent propagandism, which has been the curse of the world since the breaking-up of the Roman empire.

The consideration of religion from any point of view is an awful subject; one not to be lightly entered upon nor superficially discussed. Not one person in a million chooses his own religion, or even his own distinguishing streak of a recognised persuasion. It is literally sucked in with his mother's milk; and the impression made upon his infant mind, still too weak to distinguish false from true, is made so deeply and durably, that nothing but a moral and intellectual convulsion or deluge can so shake or efface it, as to give the judgment free play to choose again. These impressions are mixed up with the holiest ties of the family, and entwined with the golden thread of the affections. If we could catch the children of a nation alone, and remove them from the contact and influence of the elder generation, we might convert India in a quarter of a century. The profession of no faith can be thrown in the teeth of a believer as a scorn and reproach, for he is as his Maker and the circumstances which surround him in his infancy have left him. Nor is it a wonder that an ancient people should cling to the ritual of their ancestors, sanctioned by the observance of generations, and intimately connected with their household customs and their very existence.

We may thank ourselves for having been the recipients or imbibers in infancy of a faith, of which we need not be ashamed in manhood, and to rest in which, after the vagaries, the doubts, the intellectual longings of youth are past and forgotten, we may turn back rejoicing. But we must not lightly tread on a religion, which existed long long before the great plan of human redemption was worked out, before the Mystery of Mysteries had been made clear to the understanding of the most unlearned, the written documents of which are anterior to the Psalms of David, and the professors and hearty believers of which, and its developments, exceed in number united Christendom. The reasons which still hold back such millions of souls from contemplating and believing what we confidently believe to be the only means of salvation, is one of those still-unrevealed mysteries which God only knows. We may well meditate on the words "when the fulness of time came," and ask "what fulness?" "for whom?" "for the whole world, or only the Roman empire?" Why were the millions of India left out in the cold for so many centuries? At the time when the message came to Jews and Gentiles of Western Asia, there was no debased worship of Siva; the religion of the Brahmans was fresher, younger,

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and purer; the intellect of the nation was in its youth, and more ready to receive impressions; it is too late, too late; they cannot enter now.

Nor should we despise that form of religion which inculcates on its professors the strict observance of outward form, and connects itself with the purifying of the person and the abstinence from things ceremonially unclean. Such was the feature of the elder religions of the world, and specially of the one, which contained the seedplot of our own freer faith. If the washing of pots and vessels, if the keeping of moons and festivals, if the purifying of the body, and the separation of tribes, were subjects not below the legislative consideration of the lawgiver of Mount Sinai for the instruction of the chosen people, we may spare the smile so ready to be raised by the contemplation of the minute observances of the devout Brahman. The sanction of ages and generations of such duration, that our annals are but as a span long in comparison, have given sanctity to these observances, and the inward spirit, which they once possessed, is not altogether gone.

It cannot escape the notice of those, who think seriously of the subject, how much the religion of a nation receives colour from the temperament of the people, their comparative state of advancement in knowledge and civilisation, and, to a certain extent, the physical features of the country. The history of Christianity, past and present, may illustrate this assertion. However much it is the tendency of each age to consider their own views on the subject as final, and their conclusions as exhaustive, and the door closed upon all future inquiry, the coming age and future generation can laugh at such precautions; for by the law of progress each age will insensibly adopt its form, and remould its dogmas in the manner best suited to its present wants. We may fairly conclude, that the advancement and degradation of the religious views of a people will follow their progress or falling back in general civilisation; and as we can trace in the Veda signs of a much higher and more elevated character than are now possessed, it may be true, that the religion has deteriorated with the fall of the nation, and we may hope that their manifest advance in present civilisation may in God's time lead to better things.

If the Brahmanical religion stuns us by its prehistoric antiquity, the Mahometan surprises us by its novelty; if the one religion repels by its cold immobility (which is, however, more apparent than real), the other awes by its avowed cosmopolitan propagandism. People talk of these two great faiths in one breath as pagan, forgetting that they are separated by a chasm of centuries, a dead wall of ideas, and the whole religious diapason. While we are disgusted with the idolatry of the Brahman, we are struck with the immaculate simplicity of the Mahometan worshipper, who so

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many times a day proudly seeks the presence of his Creator, bandies words with Him with a perfect belief in a future state, perfect ignorance of his own innate depravity and need of a Saviour, perfect confidence in the wisdom, power, and justice of God. We praise the vast tolerance of the Brahmanical system which, if left alone, will let all alone; and we censure the fanatic intolerance of the Mahometan; forgetting that, until checked by rationalism and worldly policy, Christianity has been a greater offender.

And this faith is able to sustain under the trials of life and give peace at the last. A pasha, degraded to poverty, said, "Allah is great and good; He gave all that He once possessed, and had a right to take it away." A son came to tell of the death of his father, who, when he felt that he was dying, held the Koran in his hand, covered his face with a sheet, and breathed his last with dignity and composure.

Mahometanism has been deeply degraded by contact with the Brahmanical, Buddhist, and Pagan religions, and local superstitions have grafted themselves on the exotic plant; but the Mahometan never forgets that the inheritance of the world was promised to him; he remembers his past greatness, and looks with scorn at any attempt to reason him out of his convictions, and with eagerness at the prospect of making converts.

The young missionary who has been brought up in a complacent system of theology cannot comprehend this, but it is as well that at the outset he should try to do so.

The position of the non-Arian pagans is different and more hopeful; they are much as our ancestors were, when the first missionaries came from Rome to Britain in the time of the proto-martyr, St. Alban. Conscious of their inferiority to their neighbours, their ignorance, their savagery, their freedom from caste and any Book-Religion, they are willing to receive civilisation and religion at their hands, and for centuries they have been slowly and insensibly moving on lines which must lead to Mahometanism, Brahmanism, or Buddhism, according to their geographical position or the circumstances of the period. Thousands of their ancestors have preceded them on this process of peaceful absorption; here, then, there is room for the Christian missionary; a work for the simple earnest evangelist, who can bestow on a rude people the double blessing of civilisation and Christianity.

We forget at what a great disadvantage this great people of India has been; no revelation came near them; they had to work out, unassisted, their own conceptions of right and wrong, solve the problem of a future state and judgment by the law that was in themselves. God, who in sundry times and in divers manners spake to other members of the Arian and to the

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Semitic family, never spake to them; they sat apart from the great spirit-revival of the Augustan era. No message came to them, and they were left to themselves for another eighteen centuries. It is a mistake to suppose that a religion, which we are pleased to call false, necessarily arose from imposture or enthusiasm, or a combination of both. A more careful analysis of the origin of religion will show that other causes have helped, viz., an honest hypothesis propagated to account for the great physical facts which surround mankind, for the mysteries of life and death, the idea of which presses on the thoughtful mind, and lastly a feeling after God. Such an honest hypothesis strengthens the relaxed ties of moral duties by giving them a superstitious sanction, and satisfies the longing in the human heart to indulge in reverence and worship.

We owe our civilisation to Christianity, and by its help we ceased to be savages. Through the dim light of the Middle Ages we look back with reverence, the result of the tradition of centuries, to Rome and Jerusalem. But the people of India have a civilisation and tradition and literature of their own; they would ask the same question over and over again, "Why were we not told of these things thirty generations ago? If they make up truth of universal application now, like the Seasons and the Celestial Signs and life and death, why have so many millions lived and died without the chance of being saved?" It is elevating to perceive how naturally devout the mind of man is; all old inscriptions in every country attribute worldly success to the favour of the gods; all the early religions appealed to the better side of human nature, and their essential strength lay in the elements of good which they contained. The footsteps of God can be traced in these early superstitions. No nation felt so earnestly after God, got so near Him, as the Arian. Poor unassisted human intellect felt its orphanage, and went groping painfully, devoutly, unceasingly, humbly, with a profound sense of sin and weakness, after its Creator; as far as we can judge from the documents, they were more worthy than the Jews of being the trustees of the oracles of God. A complicated and ancient religion, like the Brahmanical, is a congeries of human conceptions, human aspirations, human wisdom, and human folly. When closely examined, it appears to have its material and spiritual aspect, subjective and objective, pure and impure; it is at once vaguely pantheistic, severely monotheistic, grossly polytheistic, and coldly atheistic. The professors of this religion are proud, not ashamed of their ancient worship. It satisfies their wants, and they do not wish to recommend it to others. They would say to the missionary, "Go to the cannibals, the dwellers in caves, the savages who eat raw meat, the men without temples and priesthood, and literature and ritual and traditions; we have them all and are satisfied; leave us in posses-

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sion of an ancient religion and civilisation. If you have long lists of martyrs and saints, so have we; if you have rituals, so have we, and of date compared to which your oldest is as of yesterday." As a fact, no Hindu temple of any celebrity has been abandoned; vast sums have been expended on repairing old edifices and constructing new.

That Christianity in one of its forms, or in a new form, will eventually triumph, we cannot doubt; it has common sense, worldly wisdom, purity of morals, and elevated aspirations on its side; it is, in fact, the highest development yet known of human wisdom, but it is sadly overlaid by the debris of the Middle Ages; and if the grand old story is to be believed, a fresh start must be made from the Cross and the Sepulchre: the eternal truths of the Bible must be appealed to, not the perishable institutions of rival Churches. We await in wonder the effect of education, the press, and locomotion. Neither Brahmanism, nor Buddhism, nor Mahometanism, nor the non-Arian cults, have ever before been exposed to the scorching glare of a dominant, hostile, and critical civilisation until now. There can be but one issue of such a struggle for life. Brahmoism is but the advanced guard, the first column of dust, which heralds the coming storm. Let us consider the consequences to the human intellect of the unveiling of the sacred books of India, Persia, China, and Egypt. Up to this time the Scriptures of the Jews have had the monopoly of antiquity; but we have now unquestionable evidence of the earliest lispings of the human race, and we feel that we breathe a purer air, where there is no priestcraft. We pity the thoughtful man, who can have read the classic authors of Greece and Rome without feeling that man had made great progress in the path of morals, that Plato and Cicero, Juvenal and Seneca, had left us something worth giving before and independent of Christianity; but now we have the full flood of Brahmanical, Buddhistical, Zoroastrian, Babylonian, Talmudic, and Mahometan knowledge from independent sources. The translation of the Bible led to the Reformation. We may expect that the early documents of each religion will be studied; inquirers will consider the age, the spread, the dogmas of each religion, and the great question, how do they help men to live and how to die? We are arriving nearer and nearer to the correct statistics of the population and religions of the world, and the sad thought oppresses us: can it be that the Heavenly Father of all mankind, who numbers the hairs of the heads of His creatures, can have condemned such countless millions to uncovenanted perdition, that not only has the one saving faith been never revealed to great regions, but large portions who once possessed it have been allowed to abandon it?

We have passed that stage when the people of India, or any

other non-Christian Asiatic people, can be painted in disgusting colours. Those who have lived a quarter of a century in intimate relations with them, know that they are neither better nor worse than Oriental and semi-Oriental Christian populations; there is the same proportion of rude domestic virtues, patriarchal simplicity, purity of morals, and respect for law and truth, in the village communities, as is found elsewhere. The great towns in no part of the world are fair samples of a nation; if the lowest classes have failed to attain to a moderate degree of civilisation or morality, we at least cannot throw stones.

What, then, will be the future of the Indian Christian churches? That they will adhere to the narrow shibboleths of the Western churches, no one who has pondered over the European development of Christianity can expect, and that is the great reason, why the native and European churches should be kept separate. The missionary societies admit that Oriental Christianity already shows signs of desiring for herself a church with less of Anglo-Saxon rigidity, and modified to suit Oriental notions. A late Viceroy of India expressed his opinion, that the people of India would work out some new development of the Christian religion—a view which has been long entertained by others. It will be well if the minor question of church government only be opened. These new Christians will have the Bible in every vernacular—a thing unknown to the elder world—and it is possible that they may extract new truths, and re-mint and re-coin the solid ore of which it is composed. We may expect new developments, with a large admixture of Indian instead of Romance and Teutonic heathen superstitions; but if the new Christians cut back to the Bible, and use the same stones for their new fabric, what need of fear is there with regard to the mortar used for connecting the stones? If Christianity is the object, and not a particular church system, it is well that the fabric should be built of indigenous, and not of foreign, materials, if it is to retain the attachment of the people; for the gift does not come to them, as to us, accompanied by the first germ of civilisation and literature. Besides, the diversity of our own practice must engender still greater diversities in the native churches. Already we have a score of different forms of Christianity in India, and many of them mutually hostile forms; some meeting Mahometanism and Brahmanism on a common platform of the unity of the Godhead.

We have attempted to treat this great subject historically and impartially, and we would invite to it the opinion of the young and thoughtful of the educated classes. It is hard to imagine the existence of national life and civil polity without some form of belief, without some religious sanction to law! And yet where does the follower of the Brahmanical religion find himself? He

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has outgrown the geography, the history, the physical science, and religion of his forefathers. Education cannot co-exist with the observance of the ritual of religion in the degraded state at which it has arrived in India. All religion presupposes the idea of dealing with God face to face, the consciousness of weakness and sin, and the necessity of a rock higher than the suppliant. No mere animal ever got so far, and the most degraded types of humanity are found to possess some perception of such necessity. But the educated man must feel the necessity of a standard of virtue to assist him in this life, some support in the hour of departure which he cannot avoid, and some hope in the future life, the existence of which he cannot deny. He must therefore make his choice.

The thoughtful Christian must feel a profound pity for those who cannot handle and appreciate the ancient religious books of the elder world, and at the same time rest with confidence on the Rock (and that Rock is Christ) on which their own faith is built. The Bible has, indeed, up to this time, been the narrow window, through which men have caught a glimpse of the state of ante-Arian Asia; but other windows have now been opened, and we are informed for the first time of the doubts that troubled the heart of man thousands of years ago. But who can look without sadness upon middle-aged men, like unto their fellows in all other matters, but who have made a wreck of their belief, and have sailed out on the wide ocean of Thought and Free Inquiry without a rudder? After each period of theological storm there are the remains of wrecks stranded on every shore, while the bolder spirits have sailed out into deep water, have foundered, and left no trace, not a spar, not an eddy, to mark the sunken rock on which they struck. And yet all must die; all must stand before the great Judge, and all have need of an Advocate. We gather from the Ritual of the Dead, that the ancient Egyptian hoped to appear before Osiris with something in his hands. He, that has least in him of Christian belief, must still hope that the reflect shadow of the Cross may fall across him. The special characteristic of this age is to discuss first principles, to feel the way to the origin of mankind, to watch the dawning intellect of the human race, and the seeking after God, which is so strongly illustrated in the written documents of the Egyptian, Assyrian, and Indian nations. Let the gauntlet be at once thrown down to those, who say that there was no good in man before Christianity, and that at the present no good exists in nations, who are not yet Christian. God sends His blessed rain over the bodies and souls of all, and would not that any one should perish. But with Christianity came a blaze of light and civilisation, a higher standard of morals, an elevation of thought, which could not tolerate the idea of the abominations, to which the non-Christian world are, and always have been, unquestionably prone;

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and at the same time guides were supplied to teach men how to live, and examples to teach them how to die.

In British India the missionary of every sect moves about with a freedom and security unknown in any other part of the world. No uncontrolled populace molests him in any way; no penalty attaches to conversion; the life led by nominal Christians is the great stumblingblock against the acceptance of Christianity; little there is seen of the new life, which the inquirer is solicited to begin. The missionary should have knowledge of his own religion; not merely the church system and party cries, but of the great story, how Judaism sprang out of Semitism, how Christianity sprang out of Judaism, how it assimilated Arian and non-Arian elements, shook off its Semitic form, and became a great Arian faith, based on monotheism, salvation by a Mediator, and monogamy. Next to this knowledge he must have an accurate knowledge of the citadel, which he intends to storm, whether Brahmanical, Buddhist, Mahometan, or Pagan. Next to these qualifications comes the grace of charity. The excited prophet denouncing the wicked city, and telling his hearers (as we have heard) that their gods are cow-dung; the one-sided moralist, who inveighs against immorality as a speciality of the people of India, forgetting Europe; the chatterer about railways and telegraphs and Occidental civilisation, will not convert men's hearts. It may fairly be assumed that all believe in a future state, all recognise the abstract advantage of virtue, and all seek salvation; that is to say, if they think at all. If they do not think they must be roused, not by abuse or contentious argument, not by boasting of European civilisation and power (for the Gospel was true when all that was wise and powerful was against it), but in love and earnestness and truthfulness the way must be shown.

LONDON, 1878.

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CHAPTER V.

THE LANGUAGES OF THE EAST INDIES.

In the Book of Esther we read how, in the fifth century before the Christian era, before Asóka had carved his inscriptions on the pillars of Allahabád and Delhi, and on the rocks of Girnar, Dhauli, and Kapúr di Giri, the great king Xerxes (son of that Darius, who has left his imperishable inscriptions on the rock of Behistun, in languages of three separate and distinct families) issued his orders to the deputies and rulers of the provinces, which are from Ethiopia to India, a hundred and twenty-seven provinces, to every province according to the writing thereof, and unto every people after their language, and to the Jews according to their writing and their language. This last language has survived to our days, but the character then used can be found only in the manuscripts of the Samaritans; and in the characters and languages of Egypt, Mesopotamia, Phenicia, and Asia Minor, as revealed to us by modern science, we can find some vestiges of the forms of speech and writing used by the scribes of Shushan to convey the imperial edicts, on slips of bark, papyrus, metal tablets, or baked clay, to the rivers Nile and Indus, Araxes and Cydnus.

Had the document, which was transmitted to India, survived and come down to us, it would have been of more value than the Book of Esther, or a contemporary Egyptian papyrus or Greek lapidary inscription; for it would have settled the question as to the language then spoken, or at least understood by the people of Afghanistan and the Panjáb, and solved many problems which are now hopeless. The earliest written document in India is the inscription of Asóka, which is subsequent to the invasion of India by Alexander the Great, and the language, in which the inscription is written, is one of the Prakrits, which are manifestly of Arian and Sanskritic origin. The Prakrits have long ago died themselves, and given place to a new crop of vernaculars, but the discovery of these Arian inscriptions on the Western coast at Gujarát, on the Eastern coast at Kattak, and on the Ganges at Allahabád, supports the hypothesis, that the present ethnical distribution of the Arian, Dravidian, Kolarian, and Tibeto-Barman people must have settled

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itself before the time of Alexander. More than two thousand years have elapsed since then, and it is proposed to pass under review the languages spoken by the people of Nearer and Farther India and the Indian Archipelago at the present moment, which languages are the lineal descendants, in uninterrupted succession, of those spoken at that distant period.

No such review of the languages of the East Indies is found in the pages of any Indian periodical or treatise. We deliberately use the phrase East Indies, as by that general term we understand the whole of those two great peninsulas of Nearer and Farther India and the islands of the Indian Archipelago, over which, from the time of the Greeks and Romans, a halo of mystery and magnificence has been cast, which for the last three centuries have been the dreamland of European nations, and which are now unequally partitioned among the English, French, Dutch, Spanish, and Portuguese nations; for no portion of this vast field lies beyond the possession, protection, or political influence of one of these European powers. Parts of this great field have been described by different writers at different times, and from different points of view. There is no lack of material, but it is scattered in the pages of periodicals and in books not readily accessible. Moreover, it is only within the last ten years that, even as regards British India, it has been possible to make a Language-Map, and to feel with some confidence that no race or language has been omitted. Buchanan, Leyden, and Colebrooke wrote to the extent of the knowledge available at their time. Marsden and Crawfurd added enormously to the general stock from their local and personal researches. Max Müller and Latham, who had never seen India, arranged and popularised the knowledge of others. In every part of the field new workmen seemed to spring up, with a divine gift, and devoted years to tedious and often unremunerated investigations. Logan, in the Indian Archipelago; Hodgson, in the Nepálese mountains; Dalton, in the Central Provinces and Assam; John Wilson and Stephenson in the west of India, are but types of a class. After all, missionaries have done the most good work, from the time of Carey and Marshman of Serampore, whose zeal outran their discretion, as they wrote grammars of, and translated the Bible into, languages of countries which they had never visited, and of the inhabitants of which they knew nothing, down to Gundert, Pryse, Trumpp, and Skrefsrud. A good grammar or dictionary, such as each of the four last-mentioned have left, is a permanent addition, and a solid brick added to the tower of knowledge. Following in the wake of the army of linguistic skirmishers, who deal with a single language, come the great grammarians, who deal with a class or a family of languages, who are represented by Beames and Cald-

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well; and indeed Trumpp and Gundert have so handled their books on one language as to give them a value as partaking of the comparative method. Yet, after all that has been done and is being done, we feel that we are still only on the threshold of knowledge, and one great object of throwing together the facts contained in these pages is to point out to the linguistic aspirants now in the field how much remains to be done.

The field of the East Indies is a peculiarly interesting one to a linguist, and contains representatives of all the morphological strata of languages, some in a state of high civilisation, others, though closely allied, still in their natural simplicity. The action of the language of the subdued non-Arians on the Arian conquerors, and of an inflected language, the vehicle of religion, on agglutinative and monosyllabic languages, is most marked. The extent to which dialectal variations prevail upon the borders of two linguistic areas, has not yet been fully examined into. In some cases the borderers may be bilingual, and in others a rude amalgam of two wholly unsympathising languages has resulted in a mixed patois, or jargon, analogous to the pidgeon-English of China. Some languages, like the Hindustáni, the Tamil, and Malay, have risen to the position of a *lingua franca*, with a usage far exceeding their natural territorial limits. Others are being choked, or trodden out, or driven fairly out of their ancestral inheritance.

In the space assigned to us we can only go lightly over the whole field without attempting to define boundaries, or state populations of linguistic fields. Nor shall we stop to indicate all the grammars and dictionaries of each language, and to descant upon their linguistic peculiarities, nor shall we describe the literature, as either of these subjects would supply materials for a separate and interesting volume, the former describing the material of which the language, whether literary or not, is composed, and the latter, where the language is literary, describing the nature and extent of that literature. Our object is to take care that no form of speech escapes our search; to distinguish dialects from languages, and to bring the latter under such of the former as they belong to; to group the languages into classes and families, and to treat the subject in a general historical and geographical way, rather than on a scientific method.

What is a dialect and what a language? Now, there is room for difference of opinion, but so long as an intelligible principle is laid down and adhered to, no great confusion will arise. Italian and Spanish are separate languages, and Venetian and Tuscan are separate dialects of Italian, the latter being the standard or dominant type of the language. A dialect differs from another of the same language in grammar, vocabulary, and phonetics, in all three, in one

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or in two of these particulars, and of course, in some cases, it is a nice question, whether they are sister-languages, as we have now classed Panjábi and Hindí, or only a Western and Eastern dialect of one great language, as will probably be found to be the case. But the case is not so clear as regards non-literary languages, where there is obviously no standard of purity, and where the struggle for life, or linguistic supremacy, which has been fought out in every European country, has still to be decided. Where the language has a special name, such as Tamil, it is easy to enter that name as the language, and group all the dialects under that name; but where a cluster of languages is represented by general tribal names, of which little is known beyond scant vocabularies, which show dialectal divergence among themselves, it is difficult to decide by what name the group is to be entered. Of this the Naga group in the Assam hills is an instance.

Of the Semitic family, there are no representatives in the East Indies. The influence of Arabic is felt through the Persian, in many of the Arian vernaculars, and directly in the Maláyan family, and Hebrew and Syriac are used as religious languages, possibly in a debased form, by small colonies of Jews in Bombay, Calcutta, and Kochin, and the small church of Nestorian Syrians on the west coast. Arabic is the religious language of the Mahometans throughout. There are also considerable colonies of resident Arabs, who must be deemed to be aliens.

The Indo-European family is amply represented. We merely notice the English, French, Dutch, and Portuguese languages as those of settlers for long periods or for life. The influence of the former is felt only by the loan of words. But the Portuguese has gone far to make up a mixed dialect by combination with the lan, guages of the country. The Dutch has nearly died out of Ceylon-but in the Indian Archipelago Dutch and Spanish are the languages of the ruling classes. Italian and Latin came in with the Roman Catholic clergy; Danish, Norse, and German with Protestant missionaries. Persian is the court and polite language over the whole of British India, and has left traces of itself in the vocabulary and grammar of many of the vernaculars; and Pahlavi is the sacred language of the Parsi fire-worshippers. Armenian is the language of a rich and industrious colony of the highest respectability. The Chinese is spoken by the numerous immigrants of that nation in Calcutta, the seaports of the Indo-Chinese peninsula, and the islands. One Turki language crops out among the Dard tribes, the Khajuna, as neither Turk nor Moghal were ever able to colonise India, however much they might dominate the subject population, and leave their mark in the name of the great *lingua franca*, the Urdu. Of the great Slavonic family, as yet at least, not one word has ever been uttered by a native of India.

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We now proceed to classify the fixed and indigenous population. There are eight families :—

I. The Arian.	V. The Khási.
II. The Dravidian.	VI. The Tai.
III. The Kolarian.	VII. The Mon-Anam.
IV. The Tibeto-Barman.	VIII. The Maláyan.

Our task lies mainly with languages living and spoken to the present day; but there are certain dead languages, which have so largely influenced certain members of some families that they deserve a notice. The first of these dead languages is Sanskrit, the influence of which is felt in all the Indic branches of the first family, except the two first, which must be considered pre-Sanskritic. The first four of the Dravidian languages also are deeply affected by Sanskritic influence. It is also felt in the Java group of the Maláyan family, having been introduced with the Hindu religion into that island from India at a period which is quite uncertain.

The influence of the Prakrit is in some particulars greater. The Magadhi, better known as the Pali, became the vehicle of Buddhist teaching, and has deeply affected the Singhalese, itself the offspring of another Prakrit, the Barmese, the Mon, the Kambójan, and Siamese. From other Prakrits some of the Arian vernaculars are traced in direct descent, and another has become the religious language of the Jains. Another important dead language, of which a vast literature has survived, is the Káwi or archaic Javanese.

Of the Arian family there are two branches represented in the field: 1, The Iranic; 2, the Indic. The Iranic is represented in part by two languages. The Indic is represented in its entirety by fourteen languages. We must notice them individually, but briefly.

The two languages of the Iranic family are Pushtu and Balúchi, both spoken by the troublesome border tribes, which vex the Government of India by their lawlessness, beyond the river Indus, in that so-called neutral zone which divides British India from Persia and Russia. The Pushtu is the language of the Afghan nation, who are Mahometan, actual or nominal subjects of the ruler of Kábul, or totally independent. It is one of the languages, which the servants of the State are bound to know, and there are several excellent grammars and dictionaries. As was to be expected in a language, which occupies a position between India, Persia, and Turkistan, there are several dialects, but enough is not known to analyse the differences. They have a certain literature in the Arabic character. The Balúchi is the language of the race, which occupies the tract that intervenes betwixt Afghanistan and the sea. The Balúchi are Mahometan, and generally under the chieftainship of the Khán of Kelat, but the Sindhi seems to encroach upon them on the East, the

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Persian on the West, and the Pushtu on the North. Moreover, intermingled with them in their villages, in one portion of their territory is a totally different race, speaking a totally different language, the Brahúi. The Balúchi are totally illiterate. If any written character is used, it is the Arabic. The language has lately become one of the standard languages for the officers of the State. There are several dialects. The Mukráni, or Western, shades gradually off into Persian; the language of the centre tract is the purest type, and there is a strongly-marked dialect used by the half independent tribes, whose frontier marches with that of the districts of the Panjáb.

We pass on to the Indic branch of the Arian family. It occupies a larger linguistic platform, with a larger population in a ring fence, than any group of languages in the world, with the exception of Chinese, regarding the internal divisions of which we are imperfectly informed. The highly-developed type of this lordly language has left its mark on several languages of the Dravidian, Tibeto-Barman, Tai, Mon-Anam, and Maláyan families. Two of the languages of this branch are pre-Sanskritic. They represent the Arian type, before it blossomed on Indian soil. These are the languages of the Siah-posh Kafir and the Dard. In the lofty mountain-gorges and elevated valleys, which lie in the angle formed by the contact of the Himálaya range with the Hindu-Kush, dwell the stout-hearted pagans, who have defied Hindu and Mahometan for centuries, and kept their religion, language, and liberty in a safe retreat, which no European has ever visited. These are the Kafir. Their language has been analysed by Trumpp, and pronounced to be Arian. Between these and the river Indus in Yaghestan, and beyond the river Indus in the territory of the Maharája of Kashmír, dwell the Dard, who are for the most part Mahometan, with a mere handful of Buddhists. We know more of their language, which has several dialects, and is pronounced by Trumpp to be Arian. Both these languages are savage and without literature. The next on the list is Kashmíri, the speech of the inhabitants of that valley, chiefly Mahometan of a degraded type, but with a sprinkling of remarkable Hindu Brahmans, distinguished for their appearance and their ability. There is no question that this language is Arian, but we know far less of it than we ought to do. We have nothing beyond meagre vocabularies and grammatical notes. There is reason to believe, that the valley must have been peopled by a reflux of the Arian wave over the outer range of the Himálaya, as there are evidences of culture in both the language and the customs of the people far beyond that of their neighbours beyond the snowy range, the Dard. There is a special form of the Indian character belonging to the Kashmírians, but it is little used. The Persian language and the Arabic character are used for purposes of State and private

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correspondence. The Pahári and Kishtwári, spoken by the mountaineers of the middle range of the Himálaya, are provisionally grouped as dialects of Kashmíri.

The Panjábi occupies a much larger linguistic field, but with less decided claims to an independent position as a language. It is bounded on the west by the Pushtu and Balúchi, on the east by the Hindí, somewhere in the neighbourhood of Sarhind; on the north by Kashmíri and its dialects; on the south it passes by gentle transition into Sindhi. Thus it embraces the country of the five rivers, hill and plain, and is spoken by a population partly Hindu and partly Mahometan. It differs from its sister Hindí in its phonetics, in much of its vocabulary, and some of its grammatical inflections, and yet no one but a pedant, who knew Hindí would pretend to arrogate the knowledge of a second language by learning Panjábi, in the same sense as he certainly would, if he acquired a knowledge of Bangáli or Sindhi. No additional test is imposed on public officers. There is no separate literature, public or private. Public business is transacted in Hindustáni, and private correspondence in that language or in Persian. Even the sacred books of the Sikhs, when examined critically by Trumpp, have revealed a singular fact, that the last Granth of Govind Singh's is in Hindí, and that the first Granth of Baba Nának is replete with quotations from archaic Hindí, and is certainly not in Panjábi as now known. The character used by the Sikhs, called Gurmúkhi, is obviously a variation of the Indian, as is also the mercantile character of the bazaar. Treating Panjábi as a language, it may be said to have many dialects, the most marked being the Dogri and Chibháli of the outer or lower range of the Himálaya, and the Multáni of the extreme south, which is transitional to Sindhi. An uncertain patois varies from river to river among the agricultural class, unregulated by any standard of purity or literature.

The Brahúi may be dismissed in a few lines, as so little is known of it. It is spoken by a race of Mahometans, who are blended in their villages with the Balúchi-speaking population of Balúchistan, from whom they differ totally in language and race. The chief himself is a Brahúi, but he and his nobles speak both languages. Caldwell, on a review of the scanty grammar of Leech and Bellew, has expressed an opinion, that it is, in its structure, of the same stock as Sindhi, though with strong Dravidian affinities. There the matter rests for the present, and, as officers now pass a test in this language, and a book has been published in it at the Kurachi press, it will not be long before it will be classed with certainty.

The Sindhi language is spoken by a Mahometan population in the delta of the Indus, and somewhat beyond the delta, on both sides; for the population of Kach Gandava in Balúchistan and of the peninsula of Káchh in the province of Bombay speak well-

defined dialects of Sindhi. Trumpp's grammar has told us all that is to be known of this markedly Prakritic language. It has no recognised and established character. Trumpp has adopted a modified Arabic alphabet, which is objected to by the Sindhi-speaking Hindus, who had a variety of bad forms of the Indian. The confusion has been intensified by an attempt on the part of the educational officers to introduce a new and unscientific form of the Indian alphabet, and of some of the missionaries to introduce the Gurmúkhi of the Panjáb. There are distinct dialects of upper, middle, and lower Sindh, and of the desert, in addition to the two above mentioned and two other dialects, the Jadgáli and Mendh, spoken in Mukrán and on the sea-coast of Balúchistan.

The great Hindí language would require a volume for itself. Shall we be far from the truth in hazarding the assertion that it is spoken by eighty millions, in upwards of fifty-eight dialects? It impinges on all of its great sisters, the Panjábi, the Sindhi, the Gujaráti, the Maráthi, the Uriya, and the Bangáli. It reaches north and south, from the Himálaya middle range to the river Narbadá, and far beyond, and east and west from the mountains of Nepál to the deserts of Sindh. By many, both Panjábi and Nepáli would be classed, not without reason, as dialects of Hindí; for the present they are excluded. Its great mixed dialect, which sprang from the Turki Urdu, or Camp, at Delhi, in the Mahometan period, and is known as Hindustáni, has almost attained the status of a separate language, with its boundless Arabic and Persian vocabulary, its readiness to adapt itself to new words and new ideas, its harmonious sounds, and its elegant idioms. This language uses two distinct but well-adapted characters, the Indian and the adapted Arabic, and to this must be added a third rival, the adapted Roman alphabet. The Hindí has all the attributes which go to make up a strong vernacular; one of the dozen which will eventually divide the world among them. It would be too long a task to describe the dialects of Hindí. We must bear in mind, that the Arian race were immigrants from the north-west, and, as they advanced from the Himálaya to the Vindhya, they absorbed numerous non-Arian races who had occupied the soil before them. In so vast a field as that possessed by the Hindí-speaking races, we can remark obvious subdivisions:—1, The outer ranges of the Himálaya; 2, the Upper Doáb; 3, the Lower Doáb; 4, the tracts East of the river Ganges; 5, Bahar; 6, Bundélkhand and Bhagélkhand; 7, Marwar, Mewar, and Malwa; 8, the Narbadá valley; 9, the tract south of the river Narbadá. Some of the dialects are transitional from one neo-Arian language to the other. Other dialects are poisoned, as it were, with Kolarian and Dravidian vocabulary. Some are free from, others are hopelessly tainted

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with, the Mahometan importations; but generally all keep the strong backbone of Hindí structure.

The Nepáli is classed as a language, but we know little of its linguistic features, and it will probably fall to the position of a dialect of Hindí. It is also called Khas or Parbatya, and is the language of the court and dominant tribe of Gúrkha in the valley of Nepál. As will be seen hereafter, the language of the great mass of the subjects of the Raja of Nepál belongs to a totally distinct family, and the majority of those, who speak this Arian language, are obviously non-Arian in race, or, at the best, of a mixed race, though professing the Hindu religion in a degraded form. The language is totally without literature, and the people are without culture. A form of the Indian character is used for writing. Two dialects are assigned to this language, but the boundaries are quite uncertain.

The Bangáli is a language spoken by thirty-six millions in the delta of the river Ganges, pretty equally divided betwixt Mahometan and Hindu, and probably one-half are by race non-Arian, having even now only a veneer of Hinduism over their pagan superstitions and practices. Shut in on the north by the Hindí, and to the south by the Ocean, and on the south-west by the Uriya, it has still wide room for expansion among the wild hill-races, speaking languages of the Tibeto-Barman family on the east, and the Dravidian and Kolarian mountaineers on the west. It uses a variation of the Indian character. It is impossible, that it should not have very distinct dialectal variations, considering the linguistic influences at work and the constant immigration of aliens both on the eastern and western flanks; but there are no well-established names, with the exception of the Mahometan dialect, which applies rather to individuals than to regions, and the literary dialect, which applies rather to words written than words spoken.

The Asamese was by some deemed to be a dialect of Bangáli, but its claim to independence as a language has been strongly maintained by those who know it best. It is akin to the Bangáli, but quite distinct, and has maintained its individuality in spite of the domination of the Shán, speaking a language of the Tai family, in spite of the numerous Tibeto-Barman savage races surrounding and often overrunning the valley, and in spite of the Mahometan invaders. There is no literature, though there is a written character, another variety of the Indian. It has loan words from Sanskrit, but with modified meaning and pronunciation, and, as the Province is now entirely separated from Bangál, will doubtless maintain and amplify its independence.

Adjoining Bangáli is the Uriya language, which is spoken by a population of eight millions in the provinces of Bangál and Madras and the Central Provinces. They are chiefly Hindu, and use a

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separate character, which, though primarily a modification of the Indian, has undergone that change, which is the feature of the characters of Southern India and of Farther India, arising from the fact, that the use of the palm-leaf and the iron style has compelled the writer to substitute circular for straight strokes. The Uriya language is inclosed amidst Dravidian and Kolarian languages, touching Telugu and Gond, and inclosing Khond of the former, and touching upon Kol and Juang of the latter. No dialects are dignified by a special name, but they must exist. The best known and the standard form is that of the littoral betwixt the mountains and the sea, but the language extends far into the interior, into the territory of semi-independent chiefs, lying off any high-road, and in very unhealthy localities, and therefore very little known.

In speaking of the Maráthi language-field, we must carefully distinguish betwixt the limits of the Marátha political domination and the boundaries of the Maráthi-speaking population. In the upheaving of races, which followed the decadence of the Moghal empire, the Marátha people overran vast tracts occupied by populations who spoke Hindí and Gond. Gondwána, originally occupied by the Gond, was overrun by immigrants from the north, and thus an extensive enclave of Hindi, the Chatisgarhi dialect, separates the Uriya language field from the Maráthi. This language is spoken in the central and southern portion of the Bombay province, a portion of the Nizám's dominions, and the eastern portion of the Central Provinces. It is bounded by the Ocean on the west, impinges on Gujaráti to the north, and on the east and south comes in contact with Telugu and Malayálam of the Dravidian family. The population is reckoned at ten million Hindu and Mahometan. Several well-defined dialects are named, the Khandesi, the Dakhini on the plateau, and the Goadési and Kónkani in the littoral betwixt the mountains and the sea. There is an excellent dictionary, but no sufficient grammar. It uses the Indian character.

Last of the neo-Arian languages of Northern India and completing the circle round the central Hindí, is the Gujaráti, which impinges on the west on Sindhi, on the south and east on Maráthi, and is the only one of the great family entirely free from contact with alien languages. It is spoken by a population within its proper language-field of six millions, but it has a currency also as the mercantile language of Bombay, especially of the Parsi population, who have lost the use of their ancestral Iranian vernacular. A character is used, which is an unsightly variation of the Indian, the top line being omitted. The area of this language is limited, and, though dialects are mentioned, none are well marked. Towards the north, the Marwári dialect of the Hindí is, as it were, transitional betwixt the sister languages. There is no good

dictionary or grammar. This language-field is in the Bombay province and the territory of certain independent chiefs.

One more Arian language remains, and we find it where least we expected, in the Sinhalese, the vernacular language of the south portion of the island of Ceylon. Long deemed to be a Dravidian language, it has been tested by competent scholars, and pronounced to be Arian. Nor does the history of the island at all render this improbable. It has come down in the ancient legends of the island that Ceylon was colonised by one Vijaya, son of Sinhála, from Bahár, in the sixth century before the Christian era. Buddhism was introduced by Ananda from the same quarter two centuries later. The language spoken by Vijaya and his followers was one of the Prakrits. The invaders absorbed the wild natives. Inscriptions are found in Sinhalese of a date of at least two thousand years. This places this language upon a much more ancient platform than any of the neo-Arian languages of Northern India, none of which have an antiquity of more than one thousand years. The boundaries of Sinhalese and Tamil are a line drawn from Ghilaw on the East coast to Batticaloa on the West. The population is about one and three quarter millions, who are Buddhist. Elu is the high poetic dialect, and an archaic form of the language. Another dialect is that of the Veddah, the pagan aborigines. A third is that spoken by the inhabitants of the Maldive Islands who are Mahometan.

Thus far we have described the sixteen living Arian languages of India. By far the largest portion of the area and of the population of India is comprised within this category. Moreover, the Hindustáni dialect of Hindí has a still further extension as the *lingua franca* of Southern India. We pass on now into new linguistic worlds, replete with new names and new phenomena. Languages are divided morphologically into three types:—1, the monosyllabic; 2, the agglutinative; 3, the inflective. We have now, in reviewing the languages of India, to deal with those of the two elder and simpler types. The Chinese is the well-known representative of the monosyllabic type, where each monosyllable is an independent root, unalterable, and incapable of adhesion to another. The paucity of vocables under such a system is made up by the use of tones, and the grammar of the language consists of syntax only. The agglutinative type, of which the Turki is the great representative, consists of an unchangeable root, to which suffixes and affixes are attached by a mechanical process. In the inflective type the union of roots and particle is by a chemical process; tones are no longer required in view of the unlimited facility of building up compounds to express every new idea. It may be added to this brief description, that no language adheres to its type without some modification. Even in Chinese the use of empty

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words, which have no meaning when they stand alone, appears to be a transitional stage to agglutinative; and in the most highly developed languages of the second type there is an evidence of a transitional stage to inflective; and in inflective languages there is a constant use of monosyllabic and agglutinating methods.

The second family of languages in India is the Dravidian, and the type is agglutinative. There are fourteen living languages, four of which are highly cultivated. The Dravidian races entered India from the West, probably by the Bolan Pass, as they have left traces of their languages in that of the Brahúi above noticed, and there are affinities betwixt this family and that form of speech which has survived to us on the second, proto-Median, tablet of Behistun. This family even now extends from the river Ganges at Rajmahál to the centre of Ceylon. At one time it occupied a wider field, for the Arian immigrant has for centuries invaded and occupied the inheritance of the Northern Dravidians; while, on the other hand, Arian culture and Arian religion have added to the strength and consistency of the Southern and cultivated members of the family. First in order comes the Tamil, on the Eastern coast of the peninsula, below Pulicat in the Madras presidency, and in the northern half of the island of Ceylon. A population of fourteen and a half millions, chiefly Hindu, speak the language, of which there are two marked types, the literary and the vulgar, in addition to dialects spoken by wild mountaineers. The Telugu language is spoken by a population of fifteen and a half millions, chiefly Hindu, along the east coast above Pulicat, in the province of Madras, and in the interior, in the dominions of the Nizám, and across the river Godávari in the Central Provinces. The boundaries of this language-field are not well defined in the Nizám's territory. The language makes its way in a debased form into the savage wilds of Bastar in the Central Provinces, but no other dialects are recorded, though on the sides where it impinges on the Uriya, the Khond, the Gond, and the Maráthi, dialects of a transitional character doubtless exist. Each of these languages has a character of its own, a rounded variation of the Indian alphabet.

Two other of the Dravidian languages are cultivated, the Kanarese and the Malayálam. The former is the speech of the centre of the peninsula, the latter of the East coast. The former is spoken by a population of three and a half millions, chiefly Hindu, in the province of Madras and the territory of the Raja of Mysore. Its character is separate, and nearly resembles the Telugu. Archaic dialects still are found among the wild mountaineers. The latter is spoken by a population of nine and a quarter millions, chiefly Hindu, in the province of Madras, and the territory of the Raja of Travankór and Kochin. It uses the same character as the Telugu. A remarkable dialect is that of the Mappila of Kannanór, which

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extends also to the Lakkadive Islands, the ancient inheritance of the chief of that place. Among the forest tribes is found a still more primitive dialect.

The fifth Dravidian language is the Tulu, on the west coast, adjacent to the Malayálam, and three languages spoken by small clans of mountaineers in the Nilgiri mountains, about whom much more has been written than their interest warranted, the Kórg, the Toda, and the Kota. The two former, the Tulu and Kùrg, are Hindu, with a certain amount of civilisation; the two latter are shy, savage races. The number of all four is very limited. Had they happened to have lost their languages and adopted that of their conquerors, not a word would have been heard about them.

Four more Dravidian languages are spoken in Central India:—1, The Gond; 2, the Khond; 3, the Oráon; 4, the Rajmahéli. The Gond exceed one million in number, and are the remnant of a much larger population of the old province of Gondwána, which has been invaded from every point of the compass by Hindí, Marátha, Uriya, and Telugu immigrants. They are now divided into two or more enclaves. The Northern Gond, on the river Narbadá, formerly attained to sovereignty, were independent, and enjoyed a rude civilisation, but never had a written character. The Southern Gond, extending down to the river Godávari, are wild and shy savages. Some are Hinduised; the majority are pagan; all reside in the Central Provinces. The Khond inhabit the plateau of low hills, where the provinces of Bangál and Madras meet, the debatable country being held by petty Uriya chiefs, ruling subjects who are pagan, and who, until lately, indulged in human sacrifice and female infanticide. They are in a very low state of civilisation. To the north of these come the industrious Oráon, the Dhángar or day-labourers of Bangál. They inhabit districts of Chútiá Nágpúr. They are pagan.

Still farther north, in the hills overhanging the river Ganges at Rajmahál, are the Rajmahéli Pahári, or Maler, who, though tamed by the exertions of Cleveland in the last century, have still maintained their wild habits and their primitive Dravidian language, though encroached upon by the more hardy and industrious Arian and Kolarian races. These are the twelve Dravidian varieties, as laid down by Caldwell, though two additional vocabularies exist, the Yerukali and Keikádi, which have not as yet been assigned their proper position. The whole population amounts to forty-six millions, which anywhere but in India would have been deemed considerable.

Next in order comes the Kolarian family, which incloses the vocabularies of those remaining rude tribes of Central India, which the Dravidian authorities could not accept into their family, from the great difference of vocabulary and structure, though still of the

agglutinative type. The Government of Bangál has commissioned the Rev. Mr. Skrefsrud to prepare a comparative grammar of this family, which is not large, with a total population of less than one million, and some of the languages of which will scarcely survive much longer. We have provisionally registered ten names:— 1, The Santal; 2, the Mundári, Bhomij, Ho, or Kol; 3, Khária; 4, Juang; 5, Korwa; 6, Kur; 7, Savára; 8, Mehto; 9, Gadaba; 10, Mal-Pahária. The Santal is a beautiful and elaborate language, though without literature or written character, yet as symmetrical and richly supplied with agglutinated word-forms as the Turki. It is spoken by an industrious and thriving people of agricultural pursuits in the province of Bangál. They are pagan, and in a low state of civilisation, but neither their race nor their language runs any risk of being extinguished. Equally full of vitality is the language of the Mundári, Bhomij, Ho, or Kol, who are an industrious and thriving people in the Chútiá Nágpúr districts of the province of Bangál, amounting to eight or nine hundred thousand. Of the Santal and Mundári we have sufficient grammars from the pen of Skrefsrud and Whitley, both in the Roman character, and among both races there are established energetic and thriving Christian missions. The circumstances connected with the four next languages are very different. The Khária is a small tribe in the district of Singhbhum, of the province of Bangál. Dalton in his Ethnology gives a vocabulary, but does not state the number of the population. The Juang are even more savage. They inhabit the forests of Orissa, and wear no covering to their bodies beyond leaves of trees; they are said to number three thousand. The Korwa are found in the forests of Chútiá Nágpúr; their number is not stated, but a vocabulary is supplied. The Kur or Kurker are found in detached enclaves in the Central Provinces, and their number is not stated. The Savára are found in the Bangál province, but have lost their ancient language. In a corner of the Ganjam district of the Madras province they are found still speaking their peculiar language, and their language-field is marked off in the Language-Map of the census. Vocabularies of the Mehto, Gadaba, and Mal-Pahária have been brought forward, but the habitat of the speakers has not been pointed out. Other tribes, evidently Kolarian in race, have lost their ancient language, or retain only a few words grafted on a dialect of a neo-Arian language, such as the Bhil and others. We may leave this language-family with the conviction, that in the struggle for linguistic life these venerable fragments of ancient languages will scarcely survive under the strong light, which is now brought to bear on them. But their existence is of intense interest, as they are no doubt anterior to both Arian and Dravidian families, and the Kolarian immigrants found their way to Central India from the

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East, over the passes of the Himálaya down the valley of the river Brahmaputra. The streams of the Arian immigrants descended the river Ganges, and, absorbing many into the lower grades of Hinduism, pushed back a remnant into the hills, where they have maintained a miserable existence up to the present hour.

A wider and more important field lies before us, that of the Tibeto-Barman. Here we have eighty distinct languages, divided for the sake of clearness of description into eight geographical groups, extending along the north-east frontier of India from the Pamir mountains, behind Kashmír, to the confines of China and Siam. The great majority of these are savage languages, but still their existence cannot be overlooked. The work of the botanist lies with wild flowers, and their peculiarities subserve more to true science than the regular beauties of the cultivated specimens; so is it with languages. Out of this large number of languages, some of which have numerous dialects, or are themselves but the selected type of a group of several kindred languages, two only have attained to the dignity of literary languages, the Tibetan and the Barmese, and a few more have a written character; the rest are merely oral means of communication betwixt persons in the lowest rank of agricultural and pastoral civilisation, or outside the pale, in a state of migratory savagery. Our knowledge of them is still very imperfect. Much that we know is due to the labours of one or two pioneers of science, such as Brian Hodgson and William Robinson, who made local researches, and Dalton and Max Müller, who arranged and collated the collected material.

We proceed now to notice the groups in regular order.

I. The Nepál group, consisting of thirteen languages:—1, Sunwar; 2, Gurung; 3, Murmi; 4, Magar; 5, Kusúnda; 6, Chepang; 7, Pahri; 8, Newar; 9, Bhramu; 10, Kiranti; 11, Vayu; 12, Limbu; and, 13, Thaksya.

We have already mentioned that the language of the court and dominant tribes of Nepál was of the Arian family, but in the valleys and middle and higher ranges of the Himálaya, which constitute the kingdom of Nepál, dwell non-Arian tribes, speaking these different languages. Owing to the zealous seclusion maintained by the Gùrkha State, and the gross ignorance of the people, no approximate idea can be formed of the population, but their location is known. Of the Kiranti, there are no less than seventeen dialects. In fact, where there is no literature and no standard, each valley acquires a distinct patois. They are Buddhist or semi-Hinduised.

The second group consists of a single language, the Lepcha, spoken in the kingdom of Sikhim, and of some promise, as it has a character, and a missionary literature is developing itself. Colonel

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Mainwaring has, in 1877, published a grammar of this language, which is called the Rong. The population is mountaineer and Buddhist, low down in the scale of civilisation.

The third group, the Assam group, is one of the most remarkable in the world, consisting of sixteen languages. The river Brahmaputra flows through the whole length of the valley of Assam; on the north side is the main range of the Himálaya, separating the valley by an impassable barrier from Tibet; on the south is a lower range of hills, separating it from Kachár and Sylhet. As already stated, the valley itself is occupied by Arian immigrants from Bangál, intermixed with semi-Hinduised non-Arians, who have descended from the hills and accepted civilisation; but round the valley, dwelling in the hills at different elevations, are a series of savage tribes who have shown no inclination to be civilised or good neighbours. In addition to the Asamese above described, there are sixteen distinct non-Arian languages, and, in some cases, groups of languages spoken in the amphitheatre of hills which surround the valley. The, 1, Dhimal; 2, Kachári; 3, Deoria-Chutiá; and, 4, Pani-Koch, are spoken by agriculturists actually settled in the valley; but the following hang upon the skirts of the cultivated area, and, in some cases, receive from the State annual grants in compensation for the loss of their vested right to levy blackmail at time of harvest. Commencing from the confines of the Lepcha, we have the, 5, Aka; 6, Dophla; 7, Miri; 8, Abor; 9, Mishmi, with several dialects; 10, Singpho; 11, Jili; 12–14, Naga; 15, Mikir; and, 16, Garo. The majority are pagan, and those that come into contact with the territory of British India are but portions of a much larger community which lies behind. We have scanty vocabularies and grammatical notes of most of these languages, and a grammar of the Garo language. It must be observed that, what is called the Naga is in reality a cluster of several totally distinct languages, each having dialects. Naga is a tribal rather than a linguistic name, and under the term are three languages and eleven dialectal variations. There is no written character in any one of the languages of this group. The labours of Brian Hodgson and Dalton have done much, but much more remains to be done. The linguistic problem is one of exceeding interest; the ethnical problem perhaps still more so. A grammar of each language, and a comparative grammar of the whole group, are the ends which should be aimed at. Through the Mishmi country, sooner or later, a road to Tibet and China will be worked out. Through the Singpho or Kakhyen a road will be thrown open to peaceful commerce over the Patkoi range to the headwaters of the river Iráwadi. These same Kakhyen occupy the mountains betwixt Bhamu and Momien in China. The Garo and Mikir will subside into peaceful agriculturists; with the fierce

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Naga, a pressure on both sides from Assam and Kachár must lead to eventful submission or migration.

The fourth group, the Manipúr-Chittagong, comprises twenty-four languages, and is of the same character as the preceding group. It appears to be but a list of names, hard to pronounce, and carrying with them no geographical impression. Yet still these names are facts, almost unknown twenty-five years ago, dimly understood now, but which will come forth into the clear light of day during the next quarter of a century. The names are as follows, and dialects are excluded:—1, Manipúri; 2, Liyang; 3, Maring; 4, Marám; 5, Kupui; 6, Tangkhul; 7, Luhupa; 8, Tipura; 9, Khungui; 10, Phadung; 11, Champhung; 12, Kupome; 13, Andro; 14, Sengmai; 15, Chairel; 16, Takuimi; 17, Anal; 18, Namfau; 19, Kuki; 20, Shendu; 21, Banjógi; 22, Pankhu; 23, Sak; 24, Kyau. Of these, Manipúri and Tipura represent the languages of well-known principalities, and Kuki has been brought into prominence by a military expedition of some importance conducted a few years ago against the Lushai, one tribe of this great community, called by their neighbours, but not by themselves, Kuki. Few servants of the State can claim to be acquainted with the Manipúri language, which has a character and a dictionary; but of the others we have only vocabularies, and a tolerably exact geographical allocation, thanks to the labours of McCulloch, Stewart, and Lewin. These tribes occupy the mountains extending from Assam to Chittagong, which are in fact the frontier of India Proper, of Hinduism, and of the Arian race. Far beyond we come upon Farther India, or Indo-China, the Buddhist religion, and a non-Arian race, both among the governing and governed classes. These mountains appear to have been always an impenetrable barrier, and it is doubtful whether any Englishman ever travelled by the land route from Dacca to Rangoon. In leaving these two remarkable groups of Assam and Manipúr-Chittagong, we may venture to repeat, that in this quarter lies the work of the philologist during the next quarter of a century.

With the fifth group, that of Barma, we find ourselves outside the province of Bangál, and in the province of British Barma and Independent Barma, peopled by a proud, warlike, and civilised nation. The Barmese is the head of the group, which comprises nine languages, all in close relationship. The Barmese is a highly-cultivated language, with a character derived from the Indian, and a literature, much of which is derived from, and the whole imbued with, the Pali, the religious language of the Buddhists. Thus the agglutinative language is deeply influenced in its vocabulary by loans of inflected words from an Arian language. 1, The Barmese is known as the Mugh, or Rakheng, and has dialects, the Arakanese, the Tavoyi, and the Yo. The following are the minor languages of this group:—2, Khyen; 3, Kumi; 4, Kami; 5, Mru;

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6, Karén; 7, Kui; 8, Kho; 9, Mu-tse. Of these the Karén have attained a world-wide reputation owing to the labours of the American missionaries. They are numerously scattered both in hills and plains, and divided into separate clans, who speak the well-defined dialects of Sgau, Bghai, Pwo, Tounghthu, Karéni, and others. There is no character, and they are pagan and backward in civilisation. The other six are uncultivated languages spoken by wild mountaineers in the Yoma mountain-range, or in the hills beyond the river Salwen.

The sixth group consists of eight languages, spoken by populations who reside in the trans-Himálayan mountains and valleys beyond the great watershed. They are the—1, Gyarung; 2, Thochu; 3, Manyak; 4, Takpa; 5, Horpa; 6, Kunáwari; 7, Bhotia of Lo; and, 8, Tibetan. The first five are but linguistic and geographical expressions, as little is known about them beyond their existence and the direction of their habitat; but the last two require a more particular notice. The district of Kunáwar is part of the territory of the Raja of Bussahir, a tributary and dependant of the province of the Panjáb, though beyond the snowy range and the river Satlaj. The people are non-Arian and Buddhist mountaineers, backward in civilisation; but the language has three dialects: the Melchan, spoken in Rampúr; Tibarskad, in Kunáwar; and Bunan, in the petty subdivision of Lahul in the Kangra district of the Panjáb. These last two dialects, according to Jäschke, the Moravian missionary of Lahúl, are something more than dialects, and really represent an archaic language, which is both pre-Arian and pre-Tibeto-Barman; or, in other words, is the language of a race which existed before the immigration of the first from the North-West and the second from the North-East. If such be the case, the vocabulary will be one of the highest interest, and, like the discovery of the proto-Babylonian language in Mesopotamia, gives us a peep into the mysteries of an elder world. For the present we have classed them as dialects of Kunáwari. We now approach the great language known in India as Bhotia, and to the Persians as Tibetan. It is spoken in one small district only of British India, viz., Lahúl or Spiti in the Panjáb, and in portions of the territories of native chiefs under British influence, viz., the Maharája of Kashmír and Jamú, the Raja of Bhotan and Towang. It is the language of that great and unknown country beyond the Himálaya named Tibet, of which the capital is Lhassa, the religion Buddhist, and which forms an integral part of the Chinese empire. It is a highly-cultivated language, with a character borrowed from the Indian, and a literature, which has been circulated by native block-printing for many centuries. The Tibetans borrowed their religion and their religious terminology from India, and Sanskrit has made a profound impression on their literature. This language has not been studied in Europe as it

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ought to be. It is doubtful whether there are ten living Englishmen, who know the language. Grammars have been compiled by Hungarians, Germans, and Frenchmen, and a dictionary is now in the press, which has been prepared by Jäschke after many years' residence in Lahúl. The extent of country, over which the Tibetan language is spoken is enormous. Little as we know of Tibet, we can estimate the prodigious expansion of its frontier from the confines of Dardistan on the river Indus to the neighbourhood of the wild tribes of the Assam frontier on the river Brahmaputra. There are many dialects. In the territory of the Maharája of Kashmír we find the Balti spoken by the Mahometan population of Iskardo or Baltistan, who are non-Arian in race, and the Dah spoken by the Buddhist Dard, who are Arian. Farther up the Indus we come to the Ladakhi, Zanskari, and Champas, spoken by Buddhist non-Arians, who are Polyandrist. On the high waters of the river Rávi we come on a dialect of Tibetan spoken in Spiti. Farther on the unknown regions of Nepál intervene betwixt Tibet and British India, peopled by non-Arians, speaking a score of independent Tibeto-Barman languages. In the independen tkingdom of Bhotan we come on another dialect of Tibetan, the Lhopa or Bhotáni, and the Twang of Towang. There are doubtless many others, which will be made known, when in the fulness of time the course of the river Sampo is traced up from the head of the Assam valley to Lhassa, and becomes the river Brahmaputra.

There remains the seventh group, that of China, in which, owing to the paucity of our knowledge, six languages only are entered, the—1, Lolu; 2, Mautse; 3, Lesaw; 4, Kato; 5, Honhi; and, 6, Ikia. These are scarcely more than linguistic and geographical expressions, and, as our knowledge extends, the group is capable of infinite expansion, and as it lies wholly beyond the frontier and civilisation of the East Indies, it might have been omitted but for the convenience of devising a group to comprehend all that remains of the great Tibeto-Barman family. Future linguists must fill up the vacuum.

Many authors still persist in describing the two great typical languages of this family as monosyllabic. We incline to class them in the agglutinative category, but in the earliest stage of that method. When as much is known about them as of the Arian and Semitic families, we shall be able to speak with certainty, but not till then. We may hazard the opinion, that the seedplot of this great family was in the Central Plateau of Asia, near the fountain-heads of the great rivers, the Iráwadi, the Salwen, and the Mekong; and the descent of this family to the plains was subsequent in date to that of the Mon, who will be noticed further on. We may also hazard the hypothesis, that the Kolarian family of Central India were at some period connected with

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this family, and it is remarkable that the descent of the powerful Arian race down the basin of the river Ganges separated them for ever more than two thousand years ago.

The eighth group, called the Island Group, comprises ten languages of the Andamans, Nicobar, and Mergui Archipelago.

The fifth family, the Khási, will not occupy us long. It consists of one single language, the Khási, which has four dialects. This monosyllabic family has Arian neighbours on its North and South, and Tibeto-Barman on its East and West, occupies a most inconsiderable area, and yet has maintained its individuality. An admirable grammar and vocabulary was published in 1855 by Pryse. It is the language of a single tribe, numbering about 200,000 souls, living on the range of the hills to the South of the Assam valley, with the Garo tribe on the West, and the Naga on the East. They have no literature, no written character, and there is a great variety both of vocabulary and pronunciation: the dialect of Cherapunji is considered the standard. The Roman character has been adopted in the grammar above mentioned and the Anglo-Khasi Dictionary, published by Roberts in 1875.

The sixth family, known as the Tai, or more commonly as the Shán, is a remarkable one for several reasons. It extends geographically fifteen degrees of latitude in a narrow column from the upper end of the valley of Assam in British India, through the valley of the Upper Iráwadi in the independent kingdom of Barma, along the river Mekong, in the empire of China and the kingdom of Siam, and along the river Menam to Bangkok on the Gulf of Siam. It contains seven languages: Siamese, Lao, Shán, Tai-Mow, Khamti, Minkia, and Ai-ton. It gives a high idea of the civilisation of the speakers of this family of languages, that nearly each language has a separate character, a modification of the Indian. The Tai race must have descended from the Central Plateau at a date anterior to that of the Tibeto-Barman, and subsequent to that of Mon-Anam, through the field of which they pass, like a distinct geological stratum, dissevering that family from its component parts. The Siamese is the language of a proud, haughty, and civilised people, who hold subject other races, and have preserved their own independence. The whole of this family are Buddhist, and with their religion came into their language a great influx of Arian vocabulary; but the genius of the languages is monosyllabic. In the dependent province of Lao, proceeding Northward, we come upon another language in a rude state; farther onward we pass the frontier of Shán and enter Independent Barma, and find the Shán language, of which we have a grammar by Cushing. The Tai-Mow are sometimes called the Chinese Shán. They extend over the debatable frontier of China and Barma to the banks of the river Mekong;

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of their language little is known. At a time when the power of the Tai was very great, anterior to the rise of the Barmese kingdom, they invaded the valley of the Assam across the Patkoi range, and a branch of the race, known by the name of Ahom, founded a dynasty and gave their name to the valley. The Arian immigrants from the side of India had a hard struggle to hold their own against these powerful immigrants of the East. The Ahom gave way, and their language, as left behind them, is dead, but a powerful clan still holds a portion of the hills, called the Nora, of which there are two branches, the Ai-kham, or Khamti, and Ai-ton.

The seventh family, or Mon-Anam, contains four languages regarding which we have some information, and sixteen regarding which we know nothing beyond the probability of their existence. The known languages are the Peguan, or Mon, the Kambojan, the Annamite, and Paloung; the unknown ones are the languages of those wild tribes in the basin of the Upper Mekong, of which Lieutenant Garnier, in his voyage of exploration, brought home scant vocabularies. The inspection of a Language-Map will show how the Tai family and the Tibeto-Barman have poured like a stream of lava through the language-field of the Mon-Anam, and separated it into fragments, which have no longer any communication with each other. The Mon of Pegu were once powerful, but the Barmese overthrew them; and the nation and language were in course of extinction, when the cession of the delta of the river Irâwadi to the British power gave both a new term of existence. A very large number of Peguan exiles settled in the kingdom of Siam at the time of the Barmese oppression, and have not returned. The number of speakers of this language may amount to one hundred and eighty thousand. They have a character of their own, and a certain amount of literature derived from the Pali, their sacred language. The whole of the Mon-Anam family are Buddhist, and the language is monosyllabic. It is singular that in the same manner, as the interference of the British power has saved the Mon nation and language, the interference of the French has saved the Kambojan, who occupied the delta of the river Mekong, and had enjoyed an ancient civilisation anterior to, and parent of, the civilisation of the Siamese. They have an archaic language and character distinct from the modern, and remains of magnificent temples; but the national life was weakened by the constant attacks of its powerful neighbours to the right and the left, the Siamese and Annamese, who would have divided the territory or fought for possession but for the arrival of a stronger power, the French, who bought the neutrality of the Siamese by the cession of a portion, annexed a portion, and maintained a reduced kingdom of Kambodia under their own protection. The number of speakers of this language amounts to one and a half millions. It has a cer-

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tain number of dialects. For all the information which we possess we are indebted to the French, and we may anticipate a considerable addition. At this point we reach the extreme limit of the great Arian civilisation, which through the dead and sacred languages of Sanskrit and Pali has permeated the literature of the Indo-Chinese languages. But with the Annamite language we find ourselves in a new world. It is asserted (and we accept the assertion provisionally) that the language of Annam or Kochin-China is of the Mon-Anam family; but the civilisation, the form of Buddhism, and the written character are borrowed from China. The country lies along the littoral of the China Sea, consisting of three provinces, Tonquin, Annam, and Saigon, which latter has now become a French colony. The French have long had a footing in this country, and have supplied us with grammars and dictionaries. The fourth language of this family is the Paloung, a wild race, isolated in the midst of the Barmese and Sháns, and we know little of it beyond scant vocabularies.

The eighth family consists of ten groups, and we enter entirely a new world, though the influence of the civilisation of India is to a certain extent felt in a portion of the field. By some it is included in the general category of Polynesian, but it is more convenient to limit the subject to that portion only which may be described as "Maláyan." The field consists of an archipelago of greater and smaller islands, extending from the coast of China to that of Africa. Ethnologically speaking, we come upon two races, one with a brown skin and straight hair, and a second with frizzly hair and of a negritic stamp. Many parts of this language-field are but imperfectly known, and the races occupying it are in the lowest and most abject state of savagery, and yet the whole of it has been more or less under the control and influence of the English, Dutch, Spanish, and Portuguese nations for more than two hundred years.

The first group is that of Sumatra-Malacca, with eleven languages. (1) The Malay has a double capacity, being the special language of a certain region, and the *lingua franca* of the whole archipelago. Its special region is the peninsula of Malacca; of the mainland, partly in the kingdom of Siam, partly under independent chiefs subject to the control of the British Government; a portion of the island of Sumatra, the islands of Banka, Billiton, the Rhio Lingga Archipelago. The speakers of this language are reckoned at two millions and a half, and are Mahometan. The character adopted is the Arabic. There is an abundant literature, and the language is one of the great vernaculars of the world, with a capacity for absorption of alien elements, a freedom from grammatical restraints, a readiness to adapt itself to new civilisation, and a power of expression only equalled by the English and Hindustáni.

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In the forests of the peninsula of Malacca are savage races, in a wild state, who are provisionally classed under the Malay. They are known as the (2) Orung Binwah, the men of the soil. Some of them, the Jakan, are clearly Malay in a savage state, but the Samang are obviously Negrito. In the island of Sumatra we find six languages—(3) Achinese; (4) Batak; (5) Rejang; (6) Lampung; and (7) Korinchi. The speakers of the first name are Mahometan, with a certain amount of civilisation, using the Arabic character, and waging a war of independence against the Dutch nation. The speakers of the other three are pagan. The first are in so backward a state, that they practise cannibalism of so monstrous a character, that they eat their aged relations, and yet the Batak have three distinct dialects, a character peculiar to themselves, and some literature on palm-leaves. This language has been studied and illustrated by the Dutch scholar, Van der Tuuk. The Rejang and Lampung have also separate indigenous characters. Lying off Sumatra are small islands, the inhabitants of some of which speak languages akin to those spoken on the coast of the greater island, while the inhabitants of others are totally unintelligible. (8) Nassau; (9) Nias; and (10) Enganoe. In the interior of the island of Sumatra also are other savage races, known as (11) Orung Binwah.

In the third group, that of Java, we come once more on traces of the great Arian civilisation of India; for, many centuries ago, some adventurous Brahmans from the Telugu coast, or from Kambodia, conveyed to Java their religion, their sacred books, and their civilisation; and Java became the seat of a great and powerful Hindu monarchy. When the Mahometan storm fell upon the island, the remnants of the Hindus fled with their manuscripts to the small island of Bali, where they have survived to this day. Together with the ruins of magnificent temples, an archaic language has come down to our times, known as the Káwi, which for some time was considered to be an Arian language and a debased form of Sanskrit, but which is now thoroughly understood to be of the Maláyan family, and an archaic Javanese, heavily charged with Sanskrit loan-words. In this language is a copious and most interesting literature written in a character of Indian origin, and entirely of an Indian type, being in fact the old legends of the Ramáyana and Mahábhárata, freely handled by native authors. The islands of Java, Bali, and Lompok belong to the Dutch. On the greater island there are three distinct but kindred languages, all illustrated by excellent grammars and dictionaries—(1) the Sundanese, spoken by a population of four millions; (2) the Javanese, by a population of thirteen and a half millions; (3) the Madurese, by a population of one and a half millions. All use the same character, and are Mahometan. In the island of Bali, and on the

littoral of the island of Lompok, the vernacular spoken is the (4) Balinese. The island population of half a million is Hindu. But the interior of the island of Lompok is occupied by a totally different people, who speak a different language called Sassak. They are Mahometan, and amount to three hundred and eighty thousand.

We pass across the Java Sea to the Celebes group. The Dutch are paramount here, as in the rest of the archipelago, and to their scholars we are indebted for a knowledge of the eight languages which we record, though no doubt there are many more. 1, Makassar; 2, Bouton; and, 3, Bugi, are well-defined languages, spoken by a Mahometan population of a certain civilisation and great commercial activity. To these must be added—4, Mandar; 5, Salayar; 6, Garontalo; 7, Menado; and, 8, Tomore. There is a distinct written character, and elementary works have been published. The Bible has been translated into this and other of the languages of this family. The Dutch missionaries are pioneers of linguistic knowledge, and worthy rivals of their brethren in British India. In the north of the Celebes we come on the Alfurese, or Harafura, which is merely a Portuguese term for the tribes "outside the pale," a mixed compound of the Arabic article and the word "fuori," or "outsider." In these general terms are included numerous imperfectly-known pagan savage tribes, who have the practice of "head-hunting," and testify their prowess by the number of heads of their fellow-creatures which, by means fair or foul, they are able to accumulate. Of the languages of these savages little is known with certainty. The existence of such savages here shows, how great the work has been in the cause of civilisation that has been done by the professors of the Hindu, Buddhist, and Mahometan religions elsewhere.

Over against the island of Celebes lies the fourth group, the island of Borneo, on the Equator, one of the largest in the world. The littoral fringe is colonised by Malay, Bugi, Javanese, and Chinese, according as the coast of the island is exposed to those different nationalities. The Dutch are now paramount over a portion, and the remainder is independent. Malay is the language of the littoral fringe, and the interior can be divided roughly into Dhyak and Kyan. Numerous other tribal and language names are on record, but they mean nothing in the present state of our knowledge. The number amounts to twelve.

Turning to the north, we come upon the fifth group, the Philippine Islands, discovered and still possessed by Spain. Out of twelve which are imperfectly known, four well-defined languages stand out as representative:—1, Tagál; 2, Iloko; 3, Pampanga; 4, Bisayan. The Philippines consist of two larger and a great many smaller islands; but the interior of the larger and many of the smaller are unexplored and unpossessed by the Spaniards, either from weakness or indifference. The Spaniards have pub-

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lished numerous grammars, and the bulk of the community is nominal Roman Catholic. Of the dialects of the known languages and of the populations we have no certain knowledge; such tribes as are beyond the Spanish influence, are either pagan or Mahometan.

The sixth group comprises the Molucca or Spice Islands. For practical purposes Malay is the language of this group, for it is a medium of communication betwixt native tribes, as well as between the natives generally and Europeans. Attempt has been made by Dutch scholars to study and report the different languages spoken in the islands, and we may hope for further information. Ten are recorded.

The seventh group is the greatest linguistic puzzle. On the map we see a long string of islands stretching out from Java towards Papua. These are deep-sea islands, with a fauna and flora totally distinct from those of the continent of Asia; and in these islands the Negrito population, akin to the Papuan, is found, though they are totally absent from Sumatra, Java, Celebes, and Borneo, having either never existed, or more probably been killed out. They exist, however, on the peninsula of Malacca, as we have already noted. In this Timur group we have noted eighteen languages. On some of the islands there are Malay or Bugi settlements; on some there are Dutch or Portuguese establishments; but the impression, conveyed by an inspection of the populations of this group, is that of unmitigated and hopeless savagery. The areas are too small, and the population is too insignificant, to afford hope for improvement, under a deadly climate, and with the absence of all specially valuable products or culture. In the West of the island of Sumbáwa, the language is the same as that of the adjoining Sassak mentioned above. In the East of Sumbáwa and the West of Flores it is Bima. In the centre of Flores, it is Endeh. In the East of the island of Flores and the adjacent Solor and Allor Islands, the people speak languages kindred to Endeh. The same remark applies to the language of the island of Sumba, as far as anything is known at all. The language of the West of the great island of Timur is called Timurese; that of the East end is called Teto. The best-known language in the island of Serwati is the Kissa. The languages of the islands of Savoe and Rothi have a distinct individuality. The influence of the Dutch is paramount throughout this group, save in the small Portuguese settlement of Dili, all that remains to them of their great conquests in the East. Of the languages above enumerated we have nothing beyond vocabularies, and the number of distinct languages may prove to be much greater, or they may resolve themselves into dialects of two or three leading languages. The linguistic interest of a proper study of this virgin soil is wonderful. As we approach New Guinea, we may expect the appearance of new elements.

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We must travel far to the north-east to find the eighth group. North of the Philippines is the island of Taiwan or Formosa, within the dominions of the Emperor of China. Half that island, the littoral and the plain, is occupied by Amoy Chinese, but the mountainous portion is peopled by a race of Malay extraction and Malay speech. We find them in two stages of civilisation, either half civilised or downright savages, in both cases pagans. At what period the early settlers were blown over from the Philippines we can only speculate; but the absence of Arian words from the vocabulary indicates a date anterior to the arrival of the Hindu colonists in the archipelago.

For the ninth group of the great Maláyan family we must sail over the Indian Ocean many degrees of West longitude till we reach Madagascar, not very far from the coast of South Africa. The circumstances of this island are now very well known. Several English and French societies have established missions; education is being prosecuted under a most enlightened ruler; the Bible has been translated, and is now under revision. It cannot therefore be said, that information is wanting, and the balance of evidence is decidedly in favour of there being one general language of the whole island, with certain well-defined dialects. Grammars and dictionaries have been published by French and English scholars, and the Dutch scholar, Van der Tuuk, has applied his mind to the question as to the family, to which the Malagási, the sole representative of this group, belongs; and his opinion, coinciding with that of Cousins, who is charged with the translation of the Bible, is in favour of its belonging to the Maláyan family. What chance wind, blowing from the East, brought the early settlers from the west coast of Sumatra we know not, nor do we know the precise relation of the language to the Papuan division of the great Polynesian kingdom; but these are problems which are rapidly preparing themselves for solution, as the lines of operation of Van der Tuuk in the Maláyan field, Whitmee in the Polynesian, and Cousins and others in Malagási, gradually converge to one point.

In the tenth group of the Maláyan family have been provisionally collected the eleven languages of the Alfurese and Negrito races, who certainly are not of Maláyan race, and are only grouped here that they may not be lost sight of. Little is known of them.

We have thus gone over the ten great families of languages spoken at the present time in the East Indies, in its widest sense, and in those outlying regions and islands, which by the linguistic necessity of the subject have been caught into our net. We have exhausted our readers, but have by no means exhausted the subject. There are two hundred and forty-three languages, and, if we touch the subject of dialects, we must indeed enlarge our tent-

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ropes, for the Hindí has upwards of fifty-eight dialects, and the obscure Kiranti of the Nepál group of the fourth family is credited with seventeen. It is wonderful, how each year makes some contribution to the common stock, by correcting errors, or adding positive information from original sources.

Pliny mentions, that there were one hundred and thirty dialects spoken in the market-place of Colchis. This must be taken with some reserve, the same reserve with which we read of the number of languages, of which Cardinal Mezzofanti had a good practical knowledge. The immense variety of languages which exist has forced itself on the notice of all thoughtful persons. We find the earliest attempt to explain the problem in the story of the Tower of Babel. A much more expansive conception of the boundlessness of the subject is conveyed in the passage of the Revelation: "I looked, and behold a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations, and peoples, and kindreds, and tongues."

We are far from having arrived at finality on the subject in British India. Not very long ago the Government of India did not admit that the Brahúi language was distinct from the Balúchi. In a late administrative report of the Panjáb, it was stated that the Urdu was one of the languages spoken in every district of that province. That Urdu is spoken in the public offices is possible, and in that sense English might also be entered as one of the languages. A transfer of District officers must be difficult in the Central Provinces, where Maráthi, Telugu, Uriya, Hindí, and Gond, are spoken in different districts, not to make mention of such dialects as Chatisgarhi and Nimári, which are unintelligible to a scholar of ordinary Hindí. Do the wild Kolarian races, the Santál and Kól of Central India, the Kachári, Mishmi, Khamti, and Khási get justice done to them in their own languages? Are there paid interpreters, or are the people of those parts gradually becoming bilingual? It is of no use shirking the question. Since the abolition of the Native Army, and the admission of civil servants by competition, it is notorious, that the standard of knowledge of the language of the country has greatly fallen even as regards the ordinary *lingua franca*. There are still a few scholars in India, but the question still remains unanswered, Can the English officers understand what is said by the people, who have business to transact with them? and if they cannot, is there any provision for interpreters?

Thirty years ago, how little was known of linguistic science in general, and of the languages of India in particular! Cosma di Koros had indeed revealed the secret of Tibetan. Leech had written Grammatical Notes of Brahúi, Kashmíri, and Pushtu, and both of these scholars had died—too soon, alas! for science.

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The veteran Brian Hodgson was collecting and collating vocabularies of what he *then* called the Tamulic, and enunciating as discoveries, what are now admitted as facts. Rawlinson had just passed through Calcutta on his road to Baghdad, with a fixed determination to copy, decipher, and translate the trilingual inscriptions of Behistun. But of any classification of the languages of India, of the existence of the Kolarian group, of the number of the Dravidian languages, nothing was known; nor had the missionaries, and the few servants of the State, who had a taste for such things, furnished the materials for generalising. If, after the lapse of another thirty years, this account of the languages of the East Indies should fall under the eye of the administrators or educationalists of that epoch, and they should, from the standpoint of knowledge *then* attained, remark that the writer of this paper was very ignorant indeed in assigning only two hundred and forty-three languages to the East Indies, when in fact they exceeded six hundred, exclusive of dialects and some groups still unattached to their proper family, he will not turn in his grave at the imputation, if but the cautious rules of science, sound judgment, and a careful diagnosis, be adhered to. He wishes he could live long enough to read a more correct and more detailed account of the languages of the East Indies. He has done his best, and left a point of departure for future scholars.

LONDON, 1878.

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CHAPTER VI.

THE COLLECTOR OF LAND-REVENUE IN INDIA.

WHAT is the meaning of the word "Collector"? What are the duties of the Indian official, who bears that name? If we are to trust Lord Macaulay, the Collector is a little satrap, on whose personal qualities the happiness or misery of a district depends. Miserable, indeed, would be the situation of our subjects, if their social position depended on so slight a security! Another class of writers treat the District-officer merely as a collector of taxes, of the race of publicans, and, by the courtesy of the public, sinners also. The overdrawn magnate of Macaulay dwindles into the hated form of the man with the pencil and book, who periodically impounds the cattle, or cuts off the water, of the defaulting householder. People wonder then at the sudden transfer of men of this stamp from the money-table of Matthew to the Judgment-seat of Pontius Pilate, and rave at the Indian Government, which pays so well the Collector, and yet stints the Judge.

There is more than is supposed in a name, and if the stumbling-block of the word Collector were removed, and in its place were written the Executive District-Authority, and Revenue-Judge of first instance; if some attempt were made to form a just appreciation of the duties of this Office, no parallel to which exists in European countries,—much misunderstanding would be removed; and it is with a view of contributing to the already existing means of information that these pages are written. It must be borne in mind, that the duties of the Office are very distinct and separate in different parts of India, and that these remarks apply mainly to those great provinces, which lie betwixt the rivers Karamnása and Indus, which are known as the North-Western Provinces and the Panjáb.

The office of Magistrate is joined to that of Collector, and public opinion seems now to be fixed, that the union is not only desirable but necessary.

The machinery and routine are quite distinct, and for his official acts the Magistrate has to answer to the higher judicial Courts; any notice of them is foreign to our present subject, but the benefit of the union of the two Offices can only be fully appreciated by

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those, who are acquainted with the state of affairs in the rural provinces, where the powers of the Magistrate strengthen the hands of the Collector, and the intimate local knowledge of the Collector gives double vigour and effect to the orders of the Magistrate. No indecent clashing of authority can occur, where the reins are held in one hand, and any possible abuse is prevented by the fact that the District-officer has to explain his proceedings in the two departments to two entirely independent authorities. The police are never allowed to interfere in the collection of the Revenue, but the Revenue establishments are available, in extreme cases of riot and disturbance, to assist the police; the boundary of the two jurisdictions is well understood, and no practical difficulty ever has arisen, or is likely to arise.

The Collector is vested by law with certain powers in five distinct capacities, as

1. Collector of Government-Revenue.
2. Registrar of landed property in the district.
3. Revenue-Judge between landlord and tenant.
4. Ministerial officer of courts of Justice.
5. Treasurer and accountant of the district.

The slightest consideration of these few words will show how poor an idea has been formed of the office by those, who have painted an Indian Collector as a man with a bag, a hard heart, and a ruthless countenance. The district over which these powers have to be exercised contains several thousand villages, several hundred thousand inhabitants, and several hundred square miles; and the amount of Revenue to be annually collected varies in different districts from ten lakhs to twenty lakhs; *i.e.*, from £100,000 sterling per annum to £200,000. How small, when compared with these princely agencies, is the management of an English estate, for which the agent is so highly paid! How insignificant the few parishes which, scattered here and there, form a ducal estate, and pay a rent of thousands, when compared with the vast expanse of in-field and village, of out-field and waste, which has paid, and will continue to pay, its tens of thousands, with only the slightest coercion, and scarcely a particle of balance! There must be some merit in a system, which apparently answers so well the requirements both of the rulers and the people.

Under the Collector-Magistrate is a most ample establishment. He himself is always a member of her Majesty's Civil or Military service, and under him are generally two or three officers, exerting powers in both departments, both English and Native. The extent of the powers of these Officers varies according to their capacity or standing. At the central station are the English and Native Offices, amply furnished with clerks, writers, and record-keepers, and the whole district is subdivided into compact portions, containing from

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one to two hundred villages each, and placed under the Revenue management of a responsible native officer, who again has under him subordinate establishments to keep his accounts and conduct the details of the Office. Responsible and subordinate to this officer, in every village, is the native accountant, and the hereditary or elective head of the township. So complete, and so well adapted to the customs of the country, is the system of centralisation, that measures of the greatest detail can be effected without an effort; from the Governor of a province down to the village-accountant is an unbroken chain, rendering communication from the seat of government to the extremest corner of the provinces merely a work of time; the most accurate statistics can be furnished without expense and without trouble, as evidenced by the census which is conducted entirely by the Revenue-officers, without the necessity of entertaining any extra hands; and, from the mode in which the details of the census were conducted, there is reason to place confidence in its trustworthiness. It is true, that in a free country such a degree of centralisation is not desirable, and the evil effects of such a system are shown in France, where liberties are periodically lost by the overweening power of the Executive Government; but no such objection can be made in India, where the Government is allowed to be absolute, and the grand object is not to govern the people constitutionally, but to govern them well. It is a fact, which it may be as well to admit, that a really efficient and responsible form of absolute Government is the best system for the rule of an Asiatic country.

Let us follow the Collector in his first capacity, whence he derives his name, the collection of the Government-Revenue, which consists of three items only, viz.:—

1. Land-Revenue.
2. Excise on spirituous liquors and drugs.
3. Sale of Stamps.

The latter two items are inconsiderable in amount, and require no further notice, as they occupy but a small portion of the thoughts of the Revenue authorities. Not so the first item, the great Land-tax, which in India and in all Asiatic countries is the mainstay and support of the Government.

It is of little use questioning or impugning the policy of this tax. Immemorial custom, and the ancient constitution of India, have sanctioned its maintenance. Its place could be supplied by no other possible cess, and its withdrawal would lead to the break-up of the Government which might be foolish enough to abandon it; nor is it in the abstract an unjust tax when urged in moderation. It is the excess, not the principle of the demand, that is to be denounced. Land is in all countries, and has been in all ages, the most prized possession of man. In the early history of a nation it is the only

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possession, and at all stages it is the most valued. The reasons are obvious. It is a tangible and possessible good. When newly acquired, it has charms which no other new acquirement can give; when inherited from a long line of ancestors, it suggests feelings second only in intensity to the love of blood relations. There is an attachment to the soil which has maintained an ancient lineage, and a reverence for the magnificent trees which were planted by his forefathers, and are a link to connect him and his children in a remote generation. Parting with land, whether voluntarily, or under compulsion, cannot be done without some pangs. The feeling is natural, and any legislation tampering with possession and title-deeds is charged, and not unjustly, with spoliation.

As a necessary consequence, land naturally is the earliest object of regular taxation, and unquestionably the most legitimate. To be maintained in possession against the assaults of violence, and to reap where you have sowed, is a benefit so palpable that some compensation is the fair claim of a Government strong enough to insure the enjoyment of such a blessing. The question is, how far should such a demand of the State be allowed to extend? and this is the great bone of contention between the rulers and the ruled in an Asiatic country.

Land must be cultivated to be of value, and as in large estates it would be obviously inconvenient, except under very peculiar circumstances, for the proprietor to till the whole of his acres, first, from sheer physical inability, and, secondly, from motives of interest, it comes to pass that a third class of interests are introduced, those of the cultivators. The peculiarities of these vary with the climate, the religion, the customs, and the relative physical strength of the parties; but they exist, and though crushed, suspended, or isolated, must be taken into consideration. The Government has a direct interest in the cultivation of the soil, and must guarantee the rights of the cultivator under certain conditions.

Taxes, Rent, and Wages thus spring into existence on every Estate, and, when a stranger is introduced to manage by farm those interests which the proprietor cannot or does not choose to superintend, a share of the harvest has to be set aside for Profits, which is in fact but a deduction from Rent; and under some circumstances these four distinct interests exist simultaneously. The limit of Taxes varies according to the constitution of the country. In an absolute monarchy they are bounded only by the power of the taxpayer to give, or the policy of the Government to exact. The mode of collection also varies. In a rude Government a portion of the actual crop finds its way to the barns of the provincial ruler. As civilisation extends this is commuted for annual, periodical, or perpetual settlements of money payments. This is the great question, on which Indian statesmen have been pondering during the last half-century.

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It is a pleasant fiction with some to suppose the landowner much better off in the independent Native States than under English rule; but those only can fairly judge, who have watched the working of both. In the latter at least the system is based upon Property. The best interests of Government are connected with the dearest interests of the landowner and the landtiller; a moderate rate of taxation is fixed for a long period, embracing at least one generation; Rents are allowed to adjust themselves under certain conditions, and the expectation has been realised that betwixt the Rent drawn and the Revenue paid there exists a broad margin, as the heritable, transferable, and desirable property in which the Government guarantees the landowner. On the other hand, the ruler of the petty native state starts on the assumption, that he is himself the lord of the soil. By constantly interfering in village arrangements he sets aside the class who are justly entitled to the name of landowner, and makes his collection direct from the cultivator, allowing some miserable percentage; or perhaps the estate is made over to a farmer, to rack-rent at his pleasure. Under such a state of things, property is protected by no law, is undefined, and consequently valueless.

In the different provinces the parties engaged in the inquiry have arrived at different results, to which each fondly clings as his notion of what is right. In Bangál a number of vast landholders were created by the Government of the time, and all existing subordinate rights jeopardised. The Revenue is there collected in the gross from great and powerful Zamindars; and, rightly or wrongly, great oppression is said to exist, which the Government officials are powerless to prevent, leading occasionally to great outrages. In the Madras province the opposite extreme has been followed, and, setting aside every intervening interest, possible or probable, the Collector deals with the individual cultivator; and, if we can trust reports, a very peculiar state of things has been produced; and though the existence of the evil is admitted, the cure appears not so easy. Undue interference appears the defect of this system. In the Bombay province also the same system exists, but in a mitigated form; the principles of freedom of cultivation and moderate assessment have been maintained, and if ever the system could thrive, it will be there; but we look in vain for the existence of property valuable and transferable; whole classes of the community are apparently treated as taxpayers, not as yeoman landowners, and large provinces viewed in the narrow light of great Revenue-preserves.

Each body of officials is naturally partial to the system, under which they have been trained, and the founders of which they venerate; but there is one merit which, amidst all its errors, the system of the Northern Provinces lays claim to — that

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it alone is founded on the maintenance of the status of property, as it existed on our occupation of the country, and is specially adapted to maintain it. Can this be said of the Zamindar of Bangál, where new rights of property, like new titles, have been created by authority? Can it be said of the Madras system, where property in land, such as existed previous to our rule, has perished and is extinct, and is scarcely hinted at? Can it be said of the Bombay system, where, though the existence is admitted, the rights are foreshortened and are not made the basis of the Revenue superstructure? It may be urged, that the peculiar village-tenures, which are the characteristic feature of the North India Settlements, belong only to the Upper Gangetic valley, and are not found elsewhere, but such is not the case; we find their remains, more or less perfect, in the Kónkan on the West, and in Orissa on the East coast. A careful analysis has given certain known laws, by which village communities are governed, and in any village between the rivers Karamnasa and Jhilam inquiry will show, that the position of the landowners toward the Government and to each other, would resolve itself into some of the several forms. The annexation of the Panjáb afforded an excellent opportunity of testing the correctness of the deductions of the Revenue authorities; the district officers, trained in the North-West Provinces, found no new features. Every village at once recorded its constitution, not the work of a moment, but the immemorial custom of the country; a correctly conceived, and correctly expressed, opinion was delivered by a Sikh landowner during the first few months of English occupancy, when the Assessment was being fixed. "We are owners," said he, "of the soil; to the Government belongs the Revenue, and, so long as we pay the Revenue, we cannot be disturbed." Would the Collector from Bangál have found room in such a district for his great landlord to crush the village rights? Would the Madras or Bombay Collector have satisfied the sturdy spokesmen of the village communities, that their rights could be justly set aside, and the collection be made direct from the cultivator? The Government could do so, and native Governments had done so, but it was contrary to the feelings of the country, which hailed with delight, and at once adopted, the principle of village-Settlement and self-managing communities.

But, if the Assessment be excessive and uncertain, the system, in itself good, would have failed and will ever fail. The second clause of the charter must be, that the Assessment should be light, leaving a wide margin for profit, and should be fixed definitely and guaranteed for a long number of years. This has been done; the Assessment is fixed upon well-understood principles. By an Act of the Legislature it cannot be increased, and, such as it is

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thus definitely fixed, it is the duty of the Collector to collect it by fixed instalments, and, failing which, he is authorised by law to apply certain processes; and in the judicious application of them, so as to cause as little suffering as possible, and maintain the integrity of the system, is displayed the capacity of the Collector.

It could have been wished, that the necessities of the State had permitted the Assessment to be conducted upon more liberal principles. Ostensibly one-half of the net Rent is demanded by Government, leaving the other to the proprietor, from which also the expenses of management are to be defrayed. It is true, that the Assessment is allowed to be a question more of judgment than of actual calculation from given data; and the relief granted has been great, and is highly prized; but it is to be regretted, that the share of the net Rent allotted to Government should be equal to that of the owner. What would the grumbling landed interests of England say, were the Chancellor of the Exchequer to propose to sweep half of their net Rent into the public treasury? Perhaps some would say, that it is done already, but by a circuitous route, as, in addition to the moderate land tax, are the income tax, the excise, the tithes, the poor rates, the county rates, and the local charities, from which none but the niggard can hold back. When these are deducted, it may, perhaps, come out, that but one-half of the real Rent is adhering to the palms of the landlord.

The Collector has then to collect the Revenue, fixed for a long period, for which certain persons, defined and registered, are responsible. The days, when Collectors showed their efficiency by augmenting the resources of the State at the expense of the people, are gone. They could not add a rupee to the Government demand, if they wished, and they would get no thanks, if they did; nor have they, on the other hand, any discretion to remit the demand, or even without sanction to suspend it. In this matter their powers fall far short of those entrusted to the Officials in the Madras and Bombay Provinces, whose discretion is annually exerted, or suffered by courtesy to be exerted, in making up the rent-rolls of every village, and remitting what cannot be collected; the number of the items, and vagueness of the reasons preventing the higher authorities from being able to express any intelligent opinion on the subject. The Collector has in his books so many recorded Revenue-paying villages, represented by their proprietors, or their head-men, who have entered into engagements with the Government, and from them the Revenue must be collected within prescribed periods, or such full and detailed accounts furnished to the superior authorities, as will enable them to decide, whether extreme measures should be had resort to, or under circumstances of drought or other calamity the demand be suspended as an act of grace, or remitted as an act of discretion.

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Various and efficient are the processes with which the Collector is armed; different diseases require different remedies; the constitution of the patient must be ascertained, and his pulse felt; the treatment must be gentle, but firm. That default should sometimes occur, that some parties will not pay till they are made, is no new feature in the economy of human affairs; but a Revenue defaulter is not an ordinary debtor, whose ruin, so long as the amount is paid, is a matter of indifference to the pitiless creditor. The demand of Government is an ever-recurring demand, and the best interests of the State are concerned, that the landowners should not only be solvent, but flourishing; not living from hand to mouth, but amassing capital, extending cultivation, and exulting in the field for improvement afforded by a long lease. Here again the same thoughtful care for existing rights, which secured to village proprietors the privileges of their tenures, has carefully guarded the village constitution from injury in the realisation of the assessment. Processes have been devised, specially adapted for each requirement; and it is the duty of the Collector, as well as his manifest interest, to see them properly applied.

But before enunciating these processes, the great feature of the prevailing land tenures, to which they have been adapted, must be noticed. All existing tenures, however disguised or modified, can be reduced to three great leading characteristics, a correct appreciation of which is indispensable:

1. Those estates, where the property is held collectively without any territorial division. The estate may be in the hands of one man or many; but when thus situated it is styled "Undivided Property."

2. Those estates, where the property is partially or entirely divided, and held separately by the coparceners; this division being the result of a known law, inheritance, or otherwise; such are styled "Shareholdings."

3. Those estates held by coparcenary communities, where actual possession has overborne law, and the possession of the fractional share, not the recorded right to a portion of the unit, is the test of a man's property; such are called "Brotherhood" communities.

At the time of the Settlement every peculiarity of tenure, with the name of every proprietor, was duly noted, and the amount of responsibility of each individual placed beyond a doubt; and at the close of each agricultural year, the subsequent changes by death, private transfer, or decree of Civil Court, have been duly recorded; thus the old discretion of Collectors has been narrowed, and not only is the amount fixed, which it is incumbent upon them to demand, but the parties are also indicated, from whom alone it can be demanded; and, lastly, the legal processes are determined and fixed, should coercion be necessary. In a constitutional country a

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greater security could not be afforded, than is here spontaneously granted by an absolute Government to its subjects.

These processes are seven in number, and in applying them the Collector is vested with a summary jurisdiction, independent of the Civil Court; but he is liable to be prosecuted in those Courts for any abuse of the summary powers conceded to him—

1. Writ of demand.
2. Personal imprisonment.
3. Distraint of personal property.
4. Annulment of lease, and sequestration of profits.
5. Transfer of defaulting share to a solvent shareholder of the same community.
6. Annulment of lease, and farm of the estate to a stranger.
7. Sale of the defaulting estate at public auction.

Of these, the first is only a gentle reminder that the instalment is due, and entails a very slight charge for the service of the notice: it may be repeated at the interval of six days; and the second is of the nature of a summons, and the third is of the nature of a warrant, and the defaulter is brought up before the native Collector to explain his delay. In hundreds of villages no process at all is issued, and in ordinary cases this process is sufficient to check the procrastination and unbusiness-like habits of the rural community.

The second process, personal imprisonment, is but rarely had recourse to, and is discouraged by the superior authorities. If the defaulter be poor and ruined, it is an act of folly to incarcerate him; if wealthy, other processes are available. But cases of fraud can only be met in this way, and the insolvent laws do not extend to this kind of liability.

The third process, distraint of personalities, is also sparingly applied. It has the disadvantage of exposing the Revenue authorities to much trouble in defending actions brought against them by fictitious owners of the distrained property; and as the usual defaulters are small landed proprietors, who would pay if they could, to sell their petty chattels is profitless to Government, and harassing to them. Still there are special cases, where it must be employed.

The fourth process is the touchstone of the system, which is based on the assumption, that the Government have guaranteed to the actual owners of the soil a valuable property, and a real Rent remaining to them for their own enjoyment, after the payment of the Government demand. If a turbulent community do not adhere to the conditions of the lease granted to them for thirty years, and default, and at the same time, by their violent proceeding, deter others from taking their estate in farm (for the sale of such estates, though legal, is impolitic), then the Government-official steps in.

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All rights of management are declared in abeyance, all profits are sequestrated, and the owners of the soil placed on the same footing as the non-proprietory cultivators. The merits of the Assessment of the State-demand are then brought to a rigid test. If practically and really one-half of the net produce has been abandoned by Government, and a just Assessment has been made, it is manifest, that in ordinary cases a considerable surplus should be collected under direct management, thus enabling the Collector to realise his balances, and, if expedient, severely punish the recusant community, as by law they can be excluded for fifteen years. If, on the other hand, the Assessment cannot be collected under direct management, and there are no special reasons explaining the circumstance, it is clear that the Assessment is excessive, and must be reduced. This is one of the great checks, by which continued over-assessment is absolutely prohibited. Practically so much trouble is entailed upon the Revenue-establishments by this measure, that it is rarely ever had recourse to but as a necessity.

The fifth process, transfer of share to a solvent shareholder, is peculiar to those village communities, aptly called village republics, which are the distinguishing feature of the North-West Provinces and the Panjáb, and, we may add, their glory; for they are the best proof, that an absolute Government has not destroyed the existing rights of property. There they are, not so intact as could be wished, but still the mainstay and strength of the country, equally incomprehensible to those who have only been in the habit of collecting Revenue from wealthy landowners, and those who have been exacting rent from the miserable owners of a pair of bullocks. At the Settlement the rights of every shareholder were faithfully recorded, and the annual changes noted, the Assessment was fixed on the whole, and distributed among the community, which was treated, and justly so, as a joint-stock community. Owing to the perplexity of the tenure, and the blending of the fields of the different shareholders, there was no middle course, but direct management, or joint responsibility; and this is by law established, and from this principle is deduced the process under consideration, that on the occasion of the default of one shareholder the whole community can be called on to pay, and in return the share of the defaulter is transferred, for a period or for ever, to the parties who have paid the balance. This partakes of the nature of a forcible mortgage in one case, and amounts to sale in the other; this latter alternative is had sparing recourse to, and practically fifteen years is the limit of exclusion, during which time the excluded owner sinks to the position of a cultivator.

The sixth process, farm to a stranger, like the fourth, is based on the principle, that there is a margin of profit between the net Rent and the Revenue demanded, which it is worth the while of

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the owner to retain, or of a stranger to possess himself of, by taking a farm on condition of paying the balances of the defaulting landlord. So long as estates have a marketable value, and capital is available for agricultural speculations, so long this process will be sufficient to insure a ready payment of the Government demand.

The seventh and last process is that of sale by auction of the estate on which the balance arose, and subsequently of other estates belonging to the defaulter. It is unnecessary to say, that such a forcible alienation of property to satisfy a demand of Government can only be justified by the most extreme case of necessity; but this is the keystone of the Revenue arch; and but that the sword of Damocles is known to be suspended over their heads, and can be made to fall, the Indian landowners would be unable to shake off the habit of procrastination, which is their bane. For large shareholder-communities this process is so impolitic that it is never applied.

Such are the legal processes, by the exertion of which, or rather the existence of which, annual millions are collected from many thousand villages, without a struggle and with scarcely a balance. There may be a temporary exception in particular districts, where a state of disorganisation may have been brought about by different causes; but the annually published Revenue-Reports acquaint the public with the result, and the means by which it has been brought about. If success is a test of the soundness of principles, at least that is not wanting; but the increasing prosperity of the country is the best criterion, and may safely be referred to.

When so long a lease has been concluded, as for thirty years, on equitable principles, it is but fair and reasonable that the losses of one year should be counterbalanced by the profits of another, that the people should be taught, not only to be industrious, but to be provident; and, as a general rule, this principle is acted upon; but there are exceptional cases, and a deaf ear is never turned to a case fairly made out. And in this the efficiency and judgment of the Collector is tried; for, on the one hand, to abandon the rights of the State, without sufficient reason, would be weakness and dereliction of duty; on the other, to show no mercy under peculiar circumstances of misfortune, to drive a community from their fields, or compel the capitalist to abandon his investment, is short-sighted indeed. The climate of Northern India is most uncertain: drought, when it does come, is deadly; the heavens are turned into brass, and the seed cannot be thrown into the ground, which is like iron. Then again untimely hail beats down the ripening crop, or countless flights of locusts consume the green herb; murrains seize the cattle; the smallpox or cholera decimates the population; the noble rivers swell beyond their banks, and carry away acres of arable land, discharging them many a league distant.

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Who can war against the seasons and the elements? In such contingencies the Government is never wanting in generosity, but demands facts and figures to warrant suspension or remission. It is a mournful task for a Collector taking his annual tour in a bad year; complaints greet him at every village, and deep murmurings of a deeply suffering population. Thoughtless, imprudent, careless of the morrow, except when starvation looks them in the face, like children, they must be controlled by the hand of power; like infants, they must be forgiven when they err. They gather round his horse, vilipending their noble acres, which, unassisted by art, unrefreshed by fallows, unrenovated by manure, scratched by the plough, and thanklessly reaped by children, have for the last two thousand years maintained an annual crop, from a period when the rich fields of England were still covered by primeval forest. There is no medium in their state. "We die, we die, we *are* dead; there is no rain; our crops are ruined; our children have been sold," and, while the Collector is still pondering upon means of relief, and mourning over their condition, these self-immolated corpses are next week dancing the livelong night at some wedding, or brought in wounded and bruised in some hard, stand-up fight, about these very dirty acres of which they talked so lightly. The discontented agriculturist has his eyes always on the clouds, and his ears open to the prices current. If it rains, he grumbles at the injury inflicted on his cotton; if the weather is fair, he invokes all his gods to enable him to sow his spring crop; if prices range low, he tears his hair, and vows that he cannot pay his rent; if they range high, he is equally ruined, for he has not wherewith to purchase seed for the next harvest, or to feed his children. Thus is it ever.

If the Collector's duties were limited strictly to what is implied by the name, his task would now be done; but in practice the real duties have not yet been noticed. In most districts the collections scarcely cost a thought; so complete the machinery, so prosperous the provinces, so well adjusted the Assessment, that the golden shower falls uninterrupted, and the ordinary individual, who has without an effort of his own transmitted a royal ransom half-yearly to the public treasury, is scarcely aware of the financial feat, which he and his subordinates have performed, and, in many cases, is most innocent of all knowledge of the means, by which it has been realised. And for four months only of the year, May, June, November, and December, is there a semblance of these duties; then, indeed, there is a chinking of rupees in the Treasury-antechamber, and a weighing of bags in the actual sanctuary; some one is heard talking of a remittance of many thousands being brought in on the backs of mules; a difference of a rupee in the accounts, perhaps, necessitates a reference, and reminds the Col-

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lector that he really has to make collections; or perhaps some shameless landlord has dared to be in balance for twenty-four hours, and a process is talked of, perhaps issued. Beyond this, the Collector can do nothing, for the Government and the people have anticipated his bloodthirsty purposes, the former by limiting absolutely and positively its demand, the latter by flinging their instalments into the overflowing treasury days before they fall due.

But the other duties of the Collector last all the year round, and year by year they are multiplying, and the fashion of the day is to invest him with new and miscellaneous duties. Some portion of the attributes of the Judge are pared away, and conferred on the officers supposed to know the people; even the wing of the Magistrate is plucked to feather the nest of the Collector. Everything that is to be done by the Executive must be done by him, in one of his capacities, and we find him within his jurisdiction, publican, auctioneer, sheriff, roadmaker, timberdealer, enlisting sergeant, sutler, slayer of wild beasts, bookseller, cattle breeder, postmaster, vaccinator, inspector of schools, discounter of bills, and registrar general, in which last capacity he has also to tie the marriage knot, for those who object to the Thirty-nine Articles. Upon every subject the most extraordinary reports are daily called for, leading to the loading of the Post-office wallets and the rubbish baskets of Government. Every new measure of Government places an extra straw on the Collector's back. Whatever happens to be the prevailing hobby, the Collector suffers. One day specimens are called for the Exhibitions of London and Paris; the next day the cry is for iron and timber for the railroad, or poles for the telegraph.

These are his miscellaneous duties, but his regular duties require some further notice. The second on the list is that of "Registrar of landed property." This, in itself, is a task of no slight importance, as registration is carried out to an excess of detail scarcely surpassed in any other part of the world. Enter the record room of the Collector, and you will find a map of every one of the thousand villages, showing distinctly the size and position of every field, with a number, which facilitates reference to the accompanying deed, by which the name of the owner, of the cultivator, of the area and the crop, is at once ascertained. And, moreover, to correct the errors and changes, which may creep in by lapse of time, annual papers are prepared in each village, showing with reference to the record prepared at the time of Settlement what changes have taken place. Although these returns are not always trustworthy, and a bad superintendence, with a perfunctory mode of discharging business, has allowed the truthfulness of those papers in many districts to become much questioned, still the machinery is always at hand, by which a few months' labour would restore the correctness which time may have impaired. Without

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claiming infallibility to such registers, still to have arrived thus far is no slight feat, but one worthy of imitation and indispensable with reference to intricate village constitutions. And now that property has acquired a real value, the superintendence of the constant alteration is a labour of no slight importance. In every subdivision of the district there are native officers, specially intrusted with these duties, and under them is the invaluable village-accountant in every village. Countless and various as are the interests of the community, are the changes to be made in the register, so as to maintain it as a correct reflection of the exact state of possession and nothing more. Some estates are being divided according to legal procedure; others again are being united; death is busy in the community; sons succeed to fathers, and the bell of mortality rings its various changes, and leaves its trace on the register; sales, mortgages, gifts, voluntary or forcible, attest that the limitation of the demand of the State has maintained the value of property. Nor is the Civil Court idle, and would that it were as discriminating as active; but since war, tumult, and affray have been checked by a strong Government, it must needs be that the evil passions of mankind find a vent in the Courts of law, and no wonder that that vent is foul.

Allusion has been made to the village-accountant. He is one of the indigenous Office-bearers of India, known by different names in different parts of the country; he is useful and trustworthy in proportion as he is supported and controlled and kept in his proper position. When this is not done, his appointment had better be vacant, for in some villages a sharp, pushing man makes himself a tyrant; in others he sinks down to be a miserable slave, often of one party or faction. Great attention is paid to this important office; it is the last and smallest joint of the ever-lengthening telescope, through which the searching gaze of the governor can pry into the affairs of the humblest individual connected with the landed interests. A security is given to the integrity of the registers by the circumstance of there being three copies, one kept by the Collector, one by the native officer in charge of the subdivision, and a third well-thumbed copy is with the village-accountant, liable to be referred to, challenged, and impugned by any member of the village community, in the bosom of which the accountant resides.

There may be too much centralisation in all this; the people may be reduced to a state of languid helplessness by the overpowering influence of bureaucracy. It may be urged that a system so intricate will never be maintained, and that it is not desirable that it should be so. Among a free people certainly not. Such interference would be resented by the sturdy squires of an English county. They would not surrender without a struggle the secrets of their estates, and the powerful landowner would no doubt resist the

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wholesome control imposed upon him in favour of the classes below him; but this intricate system of registration, faithfully maintained, is part of the system which cannot be abandoned, and the record of rights is justly considered the greatest of the feats of the Settlement. Rights, when ill-defined, are a constant source of heartburning; and, if they are not to be overborne or swept away, they must be analysed and recorded. The third capacity of the Collector is that of Judge between landlord and tenant. The jurisdiction has grown up by degrees, and has forced itself on the Legislature. The same ever-recurring pressure of the land tax, that renders it of vital interest to the Government, that the state of property should be accurately recorded, and has vested the Collector with summary jurisdiction to realise balances of Land Revenue, that same outward pressure has rendered it necessary, that he should have summary processes to assist the landlord to collect his rent, and to assist the cultivator to resist the oppression of the landlord. Remove the pressure, suppose a state of things where taxes are paid with a smile and a bow, and the acceptance of rent pressed by the tenant upon the landlord; imagine relations existing between landlord and tenant and landlord and Government exactly contrary to the actual state of things, and the summary jurisdiction, that grew up in the Judge's Court, and at length was transferred to the Collector, might be abandoned. It may seem an anomaly, but it is not. Such cases are more rapidly and satisfactorily disposed of by the Collector than were possible in the Civil Courts; and the institution of suits is by law made to depend upon compliance with the rules discussed above for maintaining correct annual registers. In this capacity the Collector becomes a Judge, with full and plenary jurisdiction; but his decisions are liable to review, the necessity of which is scarcely apparent, as the least important cases may now be tried twice over. The summary Courts of the Collector furnish models, to which the regular Courts might with advantage adapt themselves. There a man meets his antagonist face to face, and is confronted with the village-accountant. The issue is a narrow one, and is soon decided. The rent is due, or it was not, and on that must turn the merits of the case, whether it be for rent on the part of the landlord, or for replevin, exaction, or ouster on the part of the tenant.

In his next capacity the many-sided Collector, from being an independent Judge, sinks down to that of the Ministerial Officer of the Courts of Justice in matters relating to land. And most wisely has this been so arranged, as who so capable of giving effectual and immediate execution to the orders of the Court, as the Officer who is also the registrar of the district? When the trumpet of the Judge speaks clearly, he must be obeyed; but wherever the order is inconsistent with the constitution of the estate or the rights of others, the Collector is bound to remonstrate, and his remonstrance will

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usually be attended to. All sales of land in execution of the orders of Court must take place in the Collector's office, whose hammer, now no longer required for the realisation of the rights of Government, is busy once a month in effecting forcible transfers and giving new titles. There is no doubt great injury inflicted upon landed interests, when the easy transfer of property on good and unquestionable title is shackled; but there is an evil of an entirely opposite nature, which appears to be gaining ground, viz., too great a facility of effecting transfers for clearly fraudulent purposes.

The last of the recorded functions of the Collector is that of accountant and treasurer of the district. Under his keys are the bags of silver coin which he has collected, and which it is his duty also to disburse. He overlooks the testing and weighing of the coin, for counting is out of the question. Month after month the military and civil establishments have to be paid; the pensioners of the State come with unfailing regularity for their pensions; every item of disbursement, of whatever kind, must pass through his hand and be entered on his account, and his signature is acknowledged for thousands in any of the hundred State-Treasuries, and drafts drawn upon him from all quarters of India have to be honoured. All this entails some degree of responsibility, and the due discharge can only be effected with some trouble; and even with the greatest care and the greatest consideration shown by the supervising authorities, it must needs be, that the hapless disbursing officer is sometimes mulcted, and, until he has rendered full accounts and gained a discharge in full, he cannot leave the country without providing a security. A great deal of work is no doubt done by a Deputy, and in a well-arranged Office it is wonderful how the work is gone through; yet the Head Officer is constantly reminded that he is responsible for all, and not to one master but to legion. Sometimes the Accountant calls for explanation of some account, the mere look of which gives a headache. Sometimes the Commissioner aggravates by censures, or harasses by calling for reports. The daily post covers his table with a heterogeneous mass, exemplifying the multifarious nature of the duties confided to him: a memorandum about opium, a reminder about stamps, letters of advice, which he cannot refuse, from every part of India; some references are in English, some in the Vernacular. As he goes to his Office, the chances are that his hands will be filled with petitions, perhaps his bridle pulled by some audacious suitor, or his legs firmly clasped by some pertinacious litigant. All has to be done at once: letters to be answered, orders to be passed upon reports, or endorsed upon petitions; the rivers are eating away their banks, and the area has to be remeasured; the tanks are drying up, the streams require bridging, a man has lost his wife, a cavalry officer his troop-horse, an old woman her cow; all write to him, all bother him, sometimes

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caressing, sometimes abusing, by every kind of appellation, in many languages and styles.

And for all this he receives the salary of £2700 per annum, and is voted generally to be a monstrously high-paid Officer! Let us consider only his pure Collectoral duties, the mere gathering of cash, the faithful rendition of accounts, independent of the judicial, magisterial, and miscellaneous functions; how would a land-agent be paid in England who managed and collected the rents of an estate paying £160,000 per annum? Fortunately we can apply the test of comparison, and we know gentlemen who do not consider themselves overpaid, on a salary of £1000 per annum, for managing estates with a rental of £40,000; and this in their own country, and among their friends, and not in a bad climate, and in exile.

It is not to be supposed that the labour falls equally on all the Collectorates of Northern India; the system is the same in all, but circumstances vary, and duties, which are nominal in one district, are weighty and troublesome in others. Some happy tracts are highly favoured by nature, and were blessed with discriminating managers at the time when the Settlement was being made. In others art may have done, or be doing much, and canals may be placing their prosperity upon a surer basis; some are renowned for their cereals, others for their sugar, and a third class for their cotton. In some the ancient communities have been preserved intact, and a stout independent yeomanry themselves cultivate and possess the soil; in others, during the early years of British rule, a mingled class of land-speculators sprang up, and, by fraud or force, dispossessed the ancient proprietors, who curse the intruders, whom they are now powerless to oust; there may still be some districts which, owing to the inclemency of the seasons, former misrule, and over-assessment, are depressed; but such are the exception. One feature prevails in all; the Assessment is fixed beyond the caprice of newcomers, and all the complicated matters, connected with that Settlement, have been finished and consigned to the tomb, into which those honoured individuals, who designed, carried forward, and completed the great work, have all now descended.

In North India the year has but three seasons, the hot weather, the rains, and the cold season; for the two former the Collector is necessarily confined to the principal town of his District. In the months of April, May, and June the heavens are brass, and the earth is scorched by burning; tanks dry up, men exposed to the mid-day sun drop down dead, the leaves of trees become parched; with eyes inflamed, hair resembling tow, and throats like open sepulchres, life becomes endurable only behind screens of damp grass and beneath waving fans. The great desert has its own way, and stifles mankind with its heated air; but the great Ocean before

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long has its revenge. Everything in this country, from mountain ranges and rivers down to perjury, is on a grand and inordinate scale. It may be that these strange contrasts are necessary for the fructifying of the seed and the production of the good gifts of the earth, or that it is an original part of the Divine dispensations, that the elements of fire and water should contribute annually their quota of miseries for the tribulation of mankind. But so it is; towards the end of June the clouds are brought up by the monsoon, and the windows of heaven are opened, and down comes in a few days more rain than damp foggy England receives in the course of the twelve months. The labours of the Indian Official continue all the same; and let those who doubt follow him daily into that confined space, where smells indescribable and heat beyond description render any post in England preferable to that of Collector in India. However, with the departure of the rains, prospects brighten; the white tents are brought forth, and, quitting the principal town, the Collector starts with his migratory camp into the interior, to see and be seen of the people in their fields and amidst their homesteads. Gladly and unreservedly the poorest and the lowest crowd round his encampment, which is shifted day by day, by the banks of many a stream, under many a stately grove. There is no fear of the people of India suffering in silence; the least injury, real or supposed, is at once told; but a kind word is often sufficient. Much can be done by those who win to themselves a personal influence over the people; and in his rides, or seated on a log in the village, the Collector can discover secrets shrouded in darkness in his Office. Much talk is there with the headmen about grain and the prospect of the season; long discussions on the culture of the sugar-cane or the picking of cotton; but an interest shown on such subjects cannot fail to attract the well-disposed, and many is the little favour that can be granted. A simple people hang upon the words of their ruler, laugh heartily at his jokes, and remember with pride his gracious salutation.

Follow him in his morning ride. With delight he contemplates the abundant harvest or signs of material improvement; with regret he rides through ruined homesteads, or stunted crops, bowing to the inclemency of the seasons, but meditating remedies, where ignorant man has been the cause of the ruin. Sit with him during the livelong day, mark the multitudinous references, the over-taxed patience, the indignation at some outrage, the satisfaction at some enterprise accomplished; he is now instructing his trained subordinates in the narrow rules of Office, now reasoning on the broad grounds of expediency and proprietory and mutual advantage, with half-clothed and uneducated rustics, who will take delightingly from his hand and mouth what they would resent from any other.

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By the scattering of a little dust from that hand the village tumult subsides; by a few timely words from that mouth many heart-burnings are charmed away. It is the privilege of those in power, that even punishments, justly and intelligently administered, are not resented; that a few kind words will send away smiling the peasant smarting under some injury, and lamentations are forgotten amidst the suggestion of better and brighter things. Simple and short are the annals of the poor; let them only be listened to.

And, after all, these are the English, who come into intercourse with and give to the people something more than an abstract idea of their rulers. On their discretion and knowledge of the language, feelings, and prejudices of the rural population, much must ever depend; of the Governor the people know nothing; he is a myth, more obscure than one of their cloud-enveloped deities. On his tour he is dimly seen in the morning on the public road, and his path is sometimes like that of a hurricane. The visits of the Provincial Higher Officers are as angels' visits, few and far between; they are here, and again they are gone. The Indian army is a bright sword, but it is carefully sheathed in the scabbard, until war bid it be drawn; the peaceful inhabitants are indeed aware of the existence of the large military cantonments, and may with awe and wonder have watched the evolutions of the regiments on the parade ground. Many the wild tale or the good joke they have among themselves with regard to the habits and manners of their conquerors, but in no way are they thrown into connection with them; the Collector and his assistants furnish them with their notions of the Englishman; they are the only members of the Stranger Nation, who hold personal conference with the subject people, who can ascertain their wants, make allowance for their prejudices, and, learning to like them, may receive the reward of being liked; and how soon they begin to love the green fields, to know the villagers by name, especially when the time draws near when they are to be left for ever; when, as the best and only return of long labours, unbidden crowds flock out to touch the feet of their ruler, and lament his departure! Such moments will never be forgotten!

In these migratory Courts we find none of the pomp and circumstance of European justice. No Judge in ermine chills the unfortunate litigants with portentous frown; no crowd of javelin-men obstruct the entrance; the matter at issue is soon disposed of, freed from the load of official technicality. Beneath the wide-spreading trees, the memorial of the times of the Moghal Emperors, the carpet is spread. No places are reserved for the privileged great, where all are equal. The village communities are there, the grey-bearded veteran, who had fought for his ancestral acres, acknowledges and appreciates the better order; round him are his sons and his grandsons, his kinsmen and belongings. Spirits, which would have

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exhausted themselves in bloodshed and outrage under a native rule, or debased themselves to chicanery in the Civil Courts, stand abashed in the presence of the Genius of Order, unpretending, yet absolute, as no king was before. A murmuring in the crowd, or a sudden move among those interested, shows how closely the proceedings are watched and understood. Truth, unknown in the closed and stifling Office, is spoken without an effort, since immediate conviction from the lips of the whole community would follow every falsehood.

Such, we may fondly imagine, was the judging of God's own people, when they settled in Canaan; such were the simple Courts, which we read of in the earlier ages of mankind; thus Abraham among his shepherds, Samuel among the twelve tribes, managed the affairs of simple communities. To some such source must be traced all the judicial systems of the West, ere the increase of population, and the growth of cities, complicated the relations of mankind.

Let any one ride through the deserted and ruined provinces of another ancient Asiatic empire. The writer of these lines made a tour through some of the Districts of Turkey, with the object in view of seeing how subject provinces are governed. He often reined up his steed at the unbridged stream, lodged the night in the half-ruined village, heard complaints all around him, was an unwilling witness of oppression in the city, of oppression on the plains. He found unbridled, unprincipled rulers; a reckless, weak, and careless Government. No voice was lifted up to admonish; no hand raised to save; no public opinion thundered through the Press. How much a thoughtful and benevolent man would wish that he had power to remedy some if not all of these evils, to pour oil and wine into the gaping wounds, to make straight the roads, to bridge the stream, to shorten the hand of the oppressor, strengthen the hand of the Judge, and scatter plenty over a hapless land! Transfer such a man at once to an Indian Collectorate. Bid him nourish those generous sentiments, and he will have a wide and noble field for usefulness; for, if philanthropy be the object, what trade so noble as ruling men! There are those who come to India merely to wear out an inglorious and unprofitable existence, and accumulate a competency; who look upon subject millions as so many black bodies without souls, for the treatment of whom by their rulers no heavy account will be demanded hereafter. These words are not for them. No system is without its defects. No men are born Judges or Collectors; but with a benevolent disposition, a trained experience, a kind heart, and a fearless independence, much may be done. And there is no fear of reproof from an Indian Governor of the present day to a subordinate for suggesting reforms. Let no wild theories, but practical schemes of amendment, be brought forward, and they will be welcomed. Progress is all around. Let the

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servant of Government float on the foremost wave, fearlessly attacking every existing abuse, warmly entering into and carrying out every new measure of amendment, uniting the true interests of the ruler with those of the ruled, and feeling that he serves his country best when he restores a ruined district to prosperity, or diminishes one of the hundred miseries to which man is heir.

There may be times and circumstances when such prospects appear desperate. Wonderful in an Indian climate is the power of passive resistance in defence of some cherished abuse, and many a plan of improvement is baffled by unsympathising antagonists, crushed by official delay, or put off till better times; but when a system is worked upon, such impediments are but mounds of dirty earth, which retard but do not stop the progress of the irresistible stream.

And after many years thus spent among the people, on terms of much greater intimacy than that of the English landlord with his tenantry; after years of devotion to the cause, cannot the Indian Official smile, when the tourist or newspaper correspondent, newly imported by the last steamer, pours out his diatribes, setting at nought carefully and dearly bought experience, talking about matters which he really does not understand, spanning the abyss of his own ignorance with the broad arch of assumption, and denouncing shortcomings, the causes of which he cannot fathom. It would be amusing, were the subject not so serious, for sometimes such critics dogmatise as legislators, and sometimes stand forth as champions of constitutional freedom among a people conquered by the sword. What care they for the sable millions? When their tour is completed, they take the first ship to the Southern Colonies, and, forgetful of the oppressed Hindu, are loud about the rights of the New Zealander, or rampant on the Constitution of Victoria. It is clear that the duties above described require men to be trained to do them, and, when trained, it matters not, whether the man was originally a soldier or a civilian. But the sword is not turned into a ploughshare in a day, the gallant captain often appears to disadvantage in the Civil Office; and when such vast interests are involved, such enormous sums of money at stake, can it be wondered that a Government insist upon some guarantee of capacity? India has no occasion for the checks of political wisdom, the elaborate Civil Court, or the popular representation, but a strong, well-informed, and independent Executive power, prompt to visit at once and severely the least oppression on the part of a subordinate, ready to support the really good motive, and to control and correct the wavering and timid. We want also an intelligent and able Press, to be the Argus-eyes of the Government, to expose temperately, denounce consistently, and stand fearlessly on the good ground.

Shall it be said that those, whose earlier and maturer years are

occupied in duties such as these, are passing a useless and unprofitable existence? Such labours are rewarded, not by official commonplace, but by the unsolicited approbation of the parties chiefly interested. Nor are the subjects so widely different from those, which interest and occupy the thoughts of the European world. It is only the mode of application that really differs, for simple are the real and essential elements of government, identical are the duties of every conscientious ruler to the people placed under him. The same general questions, which in England agitate the community on account of the entanglement of vested rights, are here calmly and dispassionately considered by a Government of absolute yet responsible power. The secular education of the people is admitted to be a foremost duty, and, as far as the finances permit, is extended to the whole community. Public attention is directed here, as in England, to the improvement of the judicial system, the simplification of its forms, the straightening of the channels, by which justice is to find its way to the people. In such investigations the Indian Officials have not been backward, and the least cumbersome, least expensive system is being sought after: the depth of European learning is to be combined with the simplicity of Asiatic practice. In questions of taxation, the Indian Collector, who has any due appreciation of his position, is led to reflect and form a judgment of the comparative expediency, or inexpediency, of fiscal measures. Next follows the question of expenditure, and the Collector is daily called upon to consider, what should be the charges, which can properly be defrayed from the public chest, of which he is the guardian. No false sympathy is extended to the sinecurist or the courtier; no family influences or prejudices are allowed to operate; no drones can fatten on the honey collected by the community; the principles of the school of economists have been reduced to stern reality.

In the dawn of life what visions float before the youth, at that halcyon time, when his intellect is expanding and the treasures of his mind are being unlocked! The world with all the good things, to be dug out by perseverance, to be ravished by talent, and proudly won by success, is at his feet. At one moment float before his fancy the quiet and lettered retirement of the manse, the porch covered with honeysuckle, the loving helpmate—*his* in his youth, before years have added to his material wealth, but diminished the intensity, the foolishness, of affection, for we love not in after life as we loved then. A vision rises before him of children, like olive branches round his table, his pride and his care; of labours of the week among his people in their homes, or in the church on the Sabbath; of a quiet, world-forgetting path, leading under the shade of trees to happiness and to God.

Or he may labour to win applause in the senate, or gain a name

in the forum; dearly, sadly bought: how many an hour of hope deferred, of drooping melancholy, of painful labour, of penurious want! But all forgotten? No! all fondly, thankfully remembered, when the name is won, or the eye is closing in death. Or he may abandon his native country, and go forth, as many have gone before him, to rule people and subdue them, to spread England's arts, and England's laws, and England's virtues. Thrice happy, could he but appreciate at its real value such a glorious vocation! We read in Tacitus and in Pliny of those Romans, who abandoned the smoke and wealth of imperial Rome, let fall the toga from their shoulders, flung the pila from their hand, turned their back on the Baths and the Circus, and went forth to rule the Dacians and the Egyptians, the dwellers on the far Euphrates and the Orontes; who bridged streams and composed the strife of nations, taught subject peoples to bow to the rod and find it a blessing. To have done thus, and died immaturely, was better far than to have spent long days lolling in their Bíga down the Alban Way, or drinking wine before sunset at Tibur or Baiæ!

Such are they who now labour in India. They envy not their contemporaries, who fill the curule chairs at home, or return exalted by bloody triumphs; for their profession is to be missionaries of Order and Peace. From their earliest day they learn

> "Certare ingenio, contendere nobilitate,
> Noctes atque dies magno certare labore,
> Ad summas emergere opes, rerumque potiri."

From their youth upwards they are in possession of that amount of moral and material power over their fellow-mortals, which falls to few in Europe. Power, patronage, the means of favour and disfavour, are thrust into their hands, under such circumstances, and over a people socially and politically so widely separated from themselves, that the meanest is never tempted to use the sacred trust to his own paltry benefit, and the more enlightened are able to indulge in the proud ambition of striving to be the benefactors of their species; for the elevation of their position enables them to look on power from a philosophical point of view, and to desire it for no other purpose than to be of use to their fellow-men, and no longer than when that advantage can be permanent. Man—vain man—dressed in brief authority, may indulge in capricious tricks; but such is not the case when, from the dawn of manhood to the period when the faculties commence to decline, that authority has been wielded, not as a thing desired, but as a necessity.

Thus is taught the art—the noble trade—of Rule, the power of swaying subject millions, the faculty of surmounting every obstacle, of meeting every difficulty, from the clamorous strife of a petty village to the dismantling of an imperial fortress; thus is acquired

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the readiness to open out any question, the grasp of details, the self-reliance and proud confidence, that a man in the full power of his intellect can sway and rule thousands. While his contemporaries in England are rejoicing in horses and dogs, the youth, sent out to India, has already held a responsible charge, and tried his own metal; he has felt his heart melt with pity for unredressed woe; his ambitions burn high, and has planned schemes of benevolence and reform, which sooner or later it may be his to carry out. There are moments of depression, hours of sickness and sorrow, disappointed plans, unrequited merits, the feeling of insufficiency for such things. But, on the other hand, even when yet in mid-career, and unattained as yet the half-way house of life's journey, he can feel that he has done something, that he has left some trace in the sands of time, and that in some distant Indian district his name is quoted affectionately as a household-word; that he has stood forth to hundreds, as the representative of his nation, as the embodiment of a great idea—the idea of Justice, the genius of Order; that he has been the teacher of equality betwixt man and man. While those things are most valuable, he has tasted the sweets of a proud independence, has emancipated himself from the shackles of parental economy; his eye has glistened with the power of the stern order, the rapid execution, the tremulous obedience, the feeling of control over other and weaker minds, the superiority of the intellectual and educated being over his fellow-creatures, untaught and unrefined.

Many have fallen by the roadside, though strong and eager for the fight; they have perished early, and sleep in some forgotten grave, marked by some voiceless obelisk; they were of the same English seed, but their flower was not given to blossom. Others have spent the best of their lives, and then fallen, as they were about to enter into their reward. Sleep they soundly, for their work is done; at the great judgment-seat it will be known, whether they have judged the folk righteously, who were prostrate at their feet, whether they allowed mercenary feelings, or prejudice of nation, prejudice of caste, prejudice of dogma, to warp the pure dictates of justice; whether they mistook their duty and allowed self to obscure them from the people, whose interests were confided to them. Round us, as we advance, the battlefield of life is strewed with the memorials of the departed. By that trophied urn lies one who was embalmed in the conventionally expressed regrets of the Government; beneath that thorn-covered mound sleeps one who made his solitary moan in the jungle, full of noble promise, which it was not his to fulfil. Busy memory recalls many sad tales: the assassin's blow at Delhi, the beleaguered hospital at Lakhnau, the stream, where with his young wife and child fell poor George Christian; the solitary outhouse, where Englishmen solemnly

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shook hands, and were led out to be shot like dogs; the nameless sack at the bottom of the Ocean.

Some few, strong in purpose and frame, climb to the summit and grasp the sceptre of Government, because no lordling from England happens to be available at the moment, or because the post appears too dangerous to be pleasing. But to them the elevation has often proved to be a burden too heavy for them to bear, a vanity and vexation of spirit, ending in an untimely retreat or an immature grave. Some return home, their labours done, the work of their lives exhausted, and find their contemporaries, their school friends, still on the lower rounds of life's ladder, as rising advocates and promising divines, and life appears to have moved snail-pace at home, while in India it has advanced with the speed of a railroad. They return home to wile out the remnant of their days, the residue of their faculties, ingloriously at the London club, or obscurely in the Highland valley; but often and often, in dreams of the day and dreams of the night, will they live over their past lives, and think of the dark people whose fortunes they have swayed for good or for evil, will regret much that they omitted to do, and much that they might have done better, and long for renewed vigour and fresh youth to devote to the same cause.

One man[1]—one only—in these last days retired amidst the plaudits of England and India, and, as on the eve of his departure the great Proconsul of the Panjáb resigned his sceptre, he received from his fellow-labourers an Ovation far transcending the vulgar strut up the Sacred Way, or the blood-stained triumph of the Capitol. He had no more favours to bestow, no more patronage to dispense; but he was the pilot who had weathered the storm, and he deserved the acknowledgments which he received. There he stood, firm on his legs, square in his shoulders, dauntless in his aspect, built in the mould of a Cromwell, ready to look friends or foe in the face, incapable of guile, real or implied, and yet so strong in his simplicity and straightforwardness that he was not easily deceived. Age had silvered his hair and dimmed his eyesight since, thirteen years before, the writer of these lines met him, as he crossed the river Satlaj, but nought had been diminished of his energy or of his firmness of purpose. Good fortune and a wonderful coincidence of events had seconded his exertions, and rising from the ranks of his profession, he had in his own rough way carved out a European reputation, received every honour which a citizen could wish for—the great civil Order of the Bath and the thanks of the Houses of Parliament; but amidst the applause of all parties he had not contracted one spark of conceit. Elevation had not spoiled him.

He was equal to all things; a good man and true; who did the

[1] John Lawrence.

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work that was set before him strongly and thoroughly; who, when experience failed, drew on his own judgment, trusted to his own firmness, and was never found wanting. Indomitable in adversity and restrained in prosperity, he has left a train of followers, who are proud to be deemed of his school. In the United States such a man would have been President of the people; in England, had the aristocratic element been less exclusive, he might have been, like the elder Pitt, a great War Minister; in the Middle Ages he would have carved out for himself a kingdom. He knew and remembered after a lapse of years the minutest details of the administrative system; still he grasped and at once adopted the general view of a subject which so many bureaucrats miss. Unrivalled in rapid despatch of business, he never tolerated delays in others, but he knew when to relax and when to slack the rein; and he was the master, not the slave, of his work, and never sacrificed ends to means. So great was his prestige that all, military or civil, older or younger, tendered to him the willing homage of obedience.

Such men have been, and doubtless circumstances will produce many such another, for we have confidence in the English character; and especially in India, no sooner is the want felt than the right man appears. It is a feature of the Indian Services, that so many have devoted themselves with success to scientific, literary, and antiquarian pursuits. In botany, numismatics, philology, and other specialities, there have been worthy representatives, and such labours are highly to be encouraged; but, when individuals devote their whole time and talents to such studies and neglect their prosaic duties, for the discharge of which they are paid, there can be no hesitation in saying, that they depart from the strict path of honour, and forget the reason of their being vested with power and guaranteed with salary.

BANDA, 1854.
LAHORE, 1859.

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CHAPTER VII.

CIVIL JUSTICE IN THE PANJÁB.

PEOPLE in England are becoming wonderfully intelligent with regard to India, but they are still apt to treat this vast conglomerate of nations, languages, religions, and systems as a unit, and to deduce conclusions with regard to one part of the country from facts ascertained of another. Some degree of inaccuracy may be excused, when we find the Government of India giving orders with regard to the disposal of certain Mahometan Sikhs imprisoned in the Fort of Allahabád. The Secretary should have been called upon to point them out, and he would probably excuse himself on the plea, that he had never left Calcutta, and was unaware, that a Sikh was as necessarily a Hindu, as a Baptist is a Christian.

It might be supposed at any rate, that the Laws Civil and Criminal, being imposed by the Conqueror, would at least be in some degree the same; but such is not the case, as may be illustrated by the following anecdote:—Two college friends entered the Civil Service at the same time, and had sat at the feet of the same Gamaliel, but chance had separated them, and one drifted off to the Northern Provinces of India and the Panjáb, while the other settled down on a judgment-seat within a hundred miles of Calcutta, and the following correspondence might have passed between them. The Bangál Judge would report, that he had been two weeks trying one civil case, with the assistance of barristers from Calcutta pleading on either side. Each lawyer had ten pleas, each plea ten subdivisions, each subdivision ten points, and each point ten headings. All current work was suspended, the lawyers dined alternately with the Judge and the Magistrate, talked against each other all day, joked with each other all the evening, and returned together to Calcutta after pocketing thousands of rupees of the unhappy litigants, perhaps to play over the same game in the Court of Appeal. The Panjáb Commissioner would report, that in the same interval he had decided fifty cases, civil or criminal, in Appeal; had held his Court of Assizes; had in his capacity of Special Commissioner hanged or transported to the Andamans ten mutineer sepoys; corresponded on every possible sort of subject with every possible sort of person, from the Govern-

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ment down to a poor fellow whose house had been plundered during the Rebellion; he had traversed in circuit some two hundred miles, disposed of many Revenue cases, and visited many spots requiring his personal inspection; he had allowed no lawyer, English or Native, to cross the threshold of his Court, and yet the cases, which were thus disposed of involved large sums; the Courts were popular, the people not ill-governed or complaining, and the Code of Law was in small compass and accessible to all. Such striking differences savour more of different races and kingdoms than of two Sister-Provinces of the same Empire.

What has caused this difference? People at home have never realised the vast expansion of the Empire. The same sword conquered, and it was imagined, that the same Laws might control the whole country; and so, when Lord Wellesley conquered the Northern Doáb from the Marátha and appropriated half of the Oudh apple, the Regulations, cast in an antique mould for Bangál, were re-enacted for Hindustán as far as the Jamná. Now the measure of esteem, in which anything from the swamps and jungles of Bangál is held by the residents of the imperial cities of Delhi, Agra, and Lahore was never very high; and it was very much, as if the laws of the Scotch settlers of the new plantations in Ulster had been re-enacted for the use of the people of Surrey and Middlesex, and in the twenty-five years following their introduction the burden of these alien Codes became intolerable, and all idea of extending them to newly conquered provinces was abandoned. They had been formed on the most narrow type of English Law, as it existed in the courts of Westminster before the days of Romilly and Brougham. In practice their object was to keep the plaintiff from meeting the defendant, to involve the issues, and to decide, if possible, on irrelevant and technical grounds. Their result was to spin out the case tediously, expensively, perversely, and fraudulently, and to make the Courts of Justice a curse and a lottery. Nor were the Judges unworthy of the machine, over which they were called to preside. The rejected Collector of Revenue, the dangerous Magistrate, the sickly man with a few years more to serve, the hard bargains of the Company, were avowedly the staple of the occupiers of the judicial bench, and it cannot be wondered at that the Courts had lost credit. From time to time the Legislative Council produced some new measure, some new variety of technical manipulation, and thus when the science was daily becoming more involved and the results more uncertain, the want of something in the way of a Code was universally felt. Thus it happened, that in all the provinces not under the yoke of the Regulations there were little flirtings with codification; but the object was laudable, being the confronting of the parties, the precise definition of issues, and decision on the merits. The Regulation-authorities looked on pityingly and sarcas-

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tically, until the great blow was struck in the Panjáb, and a Code of Positive Law enacted, which was adopted by all the newly-conquered provinces.

Since then a Code of Procedure has been enacted for British India, and the Regulations repealed. The Panjáb authorities did not resuscitate wholesale defunct Codes of the Hindus and Mahometans, which had no more living influence than the laws of Justinian; these laws were allowed just weight, when local custom did not run counter to them, or when they were not themselves opposed to the principles of an enlightened government. They consulted the wants of the people and their feelings, collated their customs, and on open subjects adopted the approved principles of English or Roman jurisprudence.

All laws are modified by an equity,[1] which is another word for "the common sense of the majority." Custom is the soul of all law in India, as it is of Agricultural Law in England. It had long been felt, that, unless the Regulation Courts were reformed, we must have Equity Courts, and this gave birth to the Special Commissions, and Settlement Courts, to do the pressing work, of which the unwieldy Civil Courts were incapable; for we had chosen to go back to the letter of the old Hindu and Mahometan law, which had long been practically modified by the consent of the people. It is more than probable, that these Codes were never in their most palmy days so rigorously carried out, as they have been in the framework of the Regulations; thus harsh law had in the new Code to be tempered by the equity of Custom, not in different Courts, indulging in different procedures, and surrounded by fresh shoals of sharks, but by the same Judge, who, after informing himself fully, could decide on reason and equity. As English Common Law is formed of the debris of civil law, so the Common Law of the Panjáb was formed of the debris of the Hindu and Mahometan Codes.

The Legislative Council of India had set up giants of their own invention, merely for the sake of knocking them down. How much has been written on the subject of the remarriage of Hindu widows! In practice it has always been the case among the ruling tribes in the Panjáb, and the new law quietly sanctions it. Then again, as regards the disinheritance on account of change of religion, and all the assertions about property in land being dependent on the fulfilment of funeral rites, notoriously in India land is the only real and tangible property, and owing to the weight of the land tax, and the interference of the ruler, that property is but a limited one; and yet it was presumed, that these punitive conditions were practically in force as regards land. The fact is, that they have not, since the invasion of the Mahometans, been

[1] Jus tacito et illiterato hominum consensu et moribus expressum.

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in force any more than the laws of Leviticus among the Jews, or the canons of the Church among the Protestants of England. The Legislative Council prided themselves on the abolition of all penalties in consequence of the change of religion, and the heathen furiously raged together within the cities of Madras and Calcutta; but in Upper India thousands of Mahometan Rajpút, Jat, and other tribes, enjoy their shares of their ancestral villages in undisturbed harmony with their Hindu brethren, with no remnant of any feeling of rancour, no reproach, and no debasement; on the contrary, they rejoice with each other on the occasion of their weddings, and mourn together at their funerals. A Hindu father would regret, if his son were to abandon the tenets of his ancestors, as an English father would to see his heir become a Mormonite; but the voice of the neighbourhood, and now the written law of the Code, would not tolerate his disinheritance.

If any traveller were to visit the Panjáb, and to ask, on what basis the civil rights of all inhabitants, of whatever lineage or persuasion, were grounded, a small volume, which he might peruse in one day, would be placed in his hands, and he would be informed, that this volume in English or the Vernacular was accessible in every district from the Khaibar Pass to the river Jamná, where the servants of the Queen of England represented English power and English justice to the people of the country.

The writer of these pages has during his wanderings stood in many Courts of Justice in different countries and cities, from the venerable halls of Westminster to the Athenian Areopagus, from the practical Courts of France to the disreputable and disorderly justice-shops of Turkey, and he states without fear of challenge, that in no Courts in the world have the poorer classes such ready access to their rulers, such a certainty of being heard, and of something being done to right them, as in the rude and sternly rapid Courts of the Panjáb. Much of this is owing to the unbroken chain of responsibility, which connects the head of the Government with the smallest Official of the lowest grade, but much more to the existence of the Code. What a picture of native life does the perusal of such a Code afford, for it must be remembered that it deals with realities, not with fictions. We picture to ourselves first the Court crowded with the parties themselves, the strange contrast of physiognomies, the endless variety of demeanours according to the age, the sex, or the religion and residence of the litigants. Mark the traits of individual character which come out. Some weak old woman takes up a cause, perhaps not her own, and with undying energies carries it day by day through every Court in the provinces, and has exhausted the bounds of justice before her fancied injury has been atoned. Some haunt the Courts and take a melancholy delight in processes. Some sue, as paupers, for fabulous sums, to which they have no

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manner of right, but to which their ancestors once laid an unfounded claim. In comes the sturdy yeoman fresh from his retired village, from his oxen and his jungles, and so oblique is his vision, so entirely convinced is he of his own right, that he denies everything, which seems to tell against it, and proves a great deal too much; in come the sharp-witted town-people, the disreputable fellow with curls down his back, the red-turbaned banker with books kept in a dishonest ambiguity and trimmed this morning for a purpose, and the rascally notary, reminding us of his type and representative in England by the cringe of his gait and the speciousness of his delivery. There sits a young wife with her boy, who has wheedled a dying old man to disinherit his children by the elder wife; and as a fair pendant, there is a trio of greybearded shopkeepers, who have a scheme to defraud a baby-brother, the offspring of their father's old age, of his share of the inheritance. Over the hubbub of voices is heard from time to time the form of solemn asseveration, which passes the comprehension of the rustic witness, for he will not repeat after the Court-Officer, and interrupts the form of words by blurting out the facts of the case with which he is full charged. Some, reminded that they are to speak the truth, repudiate as an insult the notion, that they could do otherwise. Sometimes by a mistake a Hindu is sworn as a Mahometan, or a heavy Sikh, who has been stolidly repeating, suddenly brightens up, when the form ends with the words of his own national salutation—"Health to the Guru," which he shouts out, as if he now thoroughly understood what he was after. Hundreds leave the court with a curse on their lips at not obtaining what they sought; but worse than the curse, which falls lightly, like a spent shot, to the ground, is the fawning blessing of the party, who wins, but who fails to recognise the stern justice of the decision, and only fancies that he detects the goodwill or the partiality of the Judge. Alas! alas! weary days, and sometimes weary nights, for the mind has to take in all the details of each complication in an intellectual grasp, and often in dreams will the odious skein of thought untwine itself again, and the night's rest be lost in trying to solve hopelessly involved intricacies, and to arrive at a decision which conscience can call just.

But the scenes suggested by these pages of the Code are not confined to the narrow walls of the Court. Busy fancy carries the thoughts into boundless space, and, as each class of cases or rule of law develops itself, the whole is enacted in the retina of the eye, for the actors and the local features are well known. We see the crowded bazaar, the very store, where the cloth was bought for the price of which the action is now laid; there: there is the house, where the foolish old man took home his second wife to be a very Helen to his family; those men sitting in council on the steps of the temple of Siva are planning the very scheme of fraud, which the

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morning was spent in traversing; in that shop the witnesses are affixing their seal to a deed; a few steps on two greybeards are trying to settle a string of disputed items betwixt two partners, who knew each other too well; that belted messenger has just served a process, and that crowd in the lane yonder is assembled for a sheriff's sale of the property of a defaulter; and far away from the busy market-place, in some distant village, beneath the branches of a wide-spreading pipal-tree, a contract of marriage between two children is being made. Seated on benches consecrated for that purpose by old custom are the notables of the villages; there are the dignified salutation, the conventional phrases, the distribution of sweetmeats, and all the details which custom may have sanctioned. A few years, and another scene is being acted. The parents of the betrothed refuse to adhere to their pledge; then come the wordy war, the appeal to their gods and the whole village, the vain attempt at reconciliation, the old greybeards trying to reason, the loud laugh of impetuous and contemptuous youth, the mutual abuse and recrimination, and then the rushing off of one or other to buy a stamped paper and file a petition in Court.

No wise man despises the customs of a great people, and no foreign Government can afford the waste of power in doing so; still the rulers of the Panjáb find themselves compelled to give decisions opposed to public opinion, and in fact try to mould it to a more enlightened form. Thus it happens, that many a respectable suitor goes home dejected, for we cannot restore wives forcibly to their husbands, or allow them to be sold like cattle; and it is a great blow to a man above fifty years of age to find for the first time of his life, that it is of no use being a Brahman, where all in the eyes of the Law are equal. Often are heard melancholy regrets on the part of those, who were a little elevated above their fellows, that the new Government had no respect for the respectable class and the respectable customs of the country. During the first year of occupation, a native friend was asked of what the people chiefly complained under the new regime. The answer was remarkable: "that we allowed the village trees to be cut by the camp-followers, that we did not compel every runaway wife to return to her husband, and, thirdly, that *we did the evil deed*," by which dark phrase he afterwards explained, that we allowed cows to be killed. On the other hand, at the assembly of the agricultural classes for the purpose of settling the land tax, the headmen of each village were told that, whatever Codes might subsequently be adopted, they must abandon three objectionable customs, which were "the killing of their infant daughters, the burning of their widowed mothers, and the burying alive of lepers." The promulgation of these dogmas, which each headsman was obliged to repeat, as a creed of faith, created a

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great sensation, and the landholders went home to their villages, chuckling at the considerable reduction of the Government demand, and chanting the first rudiments of the sixth commandment. As a further illustration of the depth of moral degradation to which the people, in spite of their valour, wealth, and independent character, had sunk, it may be mentioned, that the descendants of the founder of the Sikh faith gravely petitioned, that to them might be preserved the time-hallowed privilege of killing their daughters;[1] and, as if to show, how ridiculous poor human nature can be, while the Hindu petitioned loudly and longly that the slaying of cattle by the Mahometan might be interdicted, the Mahometan, in the flush of his newly-regained liberty, requested that the Hindu might be forbidden to cut off the heads of goats according to their practice, and be restrained to the more orthodox Levitical mode of cutting the throat of the poor beast, accompanied by a prayer.

A threefold decision of Civil suits has been humorously made among the natives, to which, being very comprehensive, we may conveniently adhere: money, women, land. We propose to notice each class separately. The cases under the first class are of endless variety, embracing the petty parole debt or loan, and the complicated accounts of bankers and merchants, extending over a series of years. The great system of credit in India is a real wonder, and the most striking proof of the high civilisation of the people, and the best reply to those, who accuse them of barbarism. Civilised they are, but in the Oriental type, and the extent to which credit is given, is partly owing to the laxness of their habits of business, and partly to the restriction of the monetary currency. In India, as in other Oriental countries, there is no recorded price to anything but grain, for everything else a bargain has to be made.

[1] It is scarcely necessary to add, that this privilege was not conceded to the Bédis, the lineal descendants of Baba Nának; on the contrary, they were warned that the practice would be continued at the peril of their lives and estates. At the commencement of English rule there was not a single female in the Bédi tribe; the relation of sister, aunt, and daughter was unknown. Year after year the census was taken. During the autumn tour in 1858 the writer of these lines held a review of all the little Bédi girls, amounting to nearly two hundred, who have been born under British rule at the single town of Dera Baba Nának; the children varied from eight years to a few months, and, should the British power be swept away, these ransomed lives would remain as a monument of our humanity. The males of the family were computed at two thousand, and the females scarcely exceeded three hundred; thus it would take thirty years or more to bring the two sexes to the proper equilibrium. Some of the little girls had been married, but no Bédi had yet attained to the honour of being a maternal grandfather. Yet these were the most sacred, the most powerful of the Sikh tribes, at whose feet Maharaja Ranjít Singh bowed, who were loaded with presents, and had become the curse of the country. Facts like these indicate the character of the people for whom we had to legislate. When the order was conveyed to the head of the tribe, Baba Bikraman Singh, he remarked that he should never enter his female apartments again; and he kept his word, and remained childless.

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In England the wholesale dealers have settled the price, and nothing remains to the honest retailer but to sell; in India every settlement of account is a complication, and there is a painful feeling in the mind of the Judge, that either party is trying to get an undue advantage over his adversary. Endless are the varieties of trades, the wholesale dealer, the travelling merchant, the banker, the broker, the tradesman, the great commercial houses, and their agents and correspondents, and step by step we descend to the miserable retail dealer of comestibles, or costermonger, but all give credit, and all fight to the last farthing. Money is the one and only fulcrum, on which Indian society turns; the revolution of the wheel of fortune has raised peasants to thrones, and reduced princes to the streets; the line between the unsuccessful felon, who is chained in the jail, and the successful freebooter, who, clothed in silks and shawls, is honoured by the British Government, is a dubious one. Rank therefore, or virtue, without money, go for nothing. No sooner does a man, of whatever degree he may be, get a little money, or a post under Government, than he improves his food and clothing, buys a horse, and goes about with a train of followers, raises his house a story, shuts up his wife behind brick walls, plants a garden, and becomes in common parlance "a great man;" the position of his children is altered, and, when the fortune is exhausted or the employment ceases, their future is embittered. A man of low caste, when he gets rich, tries to improve himself in that respect also. It is said that a Chamár, on whom fortune smiles, passes up into a Kalál, but with Hindus this is a matter of difficulty. Among the Mahometans it is wonderful, how the race of the man betters itself with his clothing; the poor needy Shaikh dealer in grain, in which denomination most converted Hindus merge, becomes a Koreshi or Ansári, and, if the market be favourable, he expands into a Saiyad. Of this there was a notorious case in the family of Núrúddín, a man of great note at the court of Ranjít Singh, who first cloaked his origin as a barber under the affected humility of fakír. As his descendants became wealthy, they became Saiyads. In the same manner Nawáb Imámúddín, after plundering the fairest provinces of the Panjáb, discovered, that his Hindu ancestors were Rajpút, and not dealers in wine.

The Civil Court becomes the favourite arena of the whole population; every kind of claim is brought forward; debts, that have run on for years in books of the rudest kind, are cooked up and entered with new dates; the release of mortgages is sued for, which have gone on for generations, while the house has been rebuilt frequently in the interval; one man sues for money lent by his deceased father to the deceased relation of another; claims of inheritance, according to law or custom, whichever suits the claimant;

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claims for jewels deposited or pawned; claims for arrears of wages, balances of account, injury to caste or honour; are all thrust in. The wonder is at first, how these matters were under the former rule disposed of, but a little reflection will show, that they were not disposed of at all. The Courts are at once a novelty and a curse; the period of limitation of suits has been reduced from twelve to six years, and, except for bonds, to three years, and eventually it may be still further reduced to six months in some cases. As liberty may degenerate into license, so too great facility for litigation rouses the worst passions. Like strong drink, it overpowers weak heads, and demoralises the whole population by the rancour and perjury which it produces.

The second great class of civil actions relates to women. It has been broadly asserted, that there is no case brought forward in the Criminal Courts, which cannot be traced directly or indirectly to that after-thought of the Creative Power, whose special vocation it has been to bring woe to man. There is no doubt, also, that a very large proportion of Civil actions arises in every country from this cause, simply because there has been from the beginning of human affairs an attempt to keep them down, and debar them from the equality, to which they are entitled. It is self-evident, that the Old Testament was written by a man; the tenth commandment was clearly reduced to that vehicle for ideas, which we call "words," by one of the male sex. Had Miriam been commissioned to legislate to the Israelites, she would probably have expressed herself otherwise. However unjustly trodden down, Nature will raise its head, and is generally triumphant; any unjust law of repression against the equity of things is sure to strike in the rebound. Thus it has happened as regards the law of women both in England and India. The wife has often been the ruin of the house in both countries. In England, though denied a legal existence while under coverture, though her property has been at the mercy of her tyrant, though unjust laws have prevented her being heard in the case, which affects her honour, her fortune, and her status, she has generally won in the end, or made her victor rue his success.

So also in India. From her earliest hour she has been oppressed; no congratulations mark her birth; her poor mother's heart fails her, and her groanings recommence, when she hears that a female child has been born; no care watches over her childhood to mark the budding beauty and to develop the dawning intellect. If by the mercy of the British Government, or the humbleness of her caste, she escape the opium pill, or the sly pinch of the jugular vein, designed for her to preserve the honour of the family, she grows up unattended, unwashed, uneducated, and very often unclothed. In infancy she is disposed of by betrothal, and so much cash, so much grain, so many trays of sweetmeats find their way to

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the family dwelling, as the price of her charms, and the barter of her affections. In her non-age she is married, but no honour awaits her even on this occasion; the bridegroom is the great object of the ceremony, but where is the bride? Hired courtezans are dancing for the gratification of the men, while the women of the family are huddled away in closets, or allowed to peep through screens. Poor hapless daughter of Eve! Love has no existence for her; she never listened to honeyed words; she knows nothing of the wild throb of being wooed, or of the glory of being won; not for her the indistinguishable throng of hopes, and fears, and gentle wishes till the hour arrived, when in granting favours she was herself thrice blessed. Nobody asked her opinion on the subject: her father arranged the transaction with the boy's father; her family-barber looked at him; his family-barber examined her, noting her defects and her merits; the male relations ate, and the Brahmans prayed, muttered, and ate also, and she had a ring thrust through her nostril, and was a bride. A few years afterwards, when she had arrived at a nubile age, amidst the conventional howling of all the females of the house, she was deported with a proportion, fixed by custom, of cooking-pots, clothes, and jewels, to the house of the bridegroom—a beardless lad, whom then for the first time she saw; and she was thrust into another labyrinth of dark passages, murky yards, and musty closets, resembling so far the paternal mansion, amidst a crowd of mothers-in-law, stern aunts, child-mothers, and widowed girls, who represent and make up the hidden treasures of an Indian home.

Nor in married life was her situation much improved. Owing to the universal habit of whole families herding together, and the comfortless arrangement of dwelling-houses, for years she never saw her husband, except by the light of the chaste moon on the flat roof of the mansion, or by an oil lamp in a closet. He was often absent for months and years; to the end of her days she never appeared unveiled in his presence before a third person, not even her children; she was never addressed by her proper name; if she proved a mother, she had at least the blessing of her children, and taught them to fear their father; but, if her husband's lust of the eye fell elsewhere, she had a hateful colleague thrust in, with whom life became one continued jostle of persons, choking of choler, and conflict of children, and, if she were childless, she mourned her hard fate and submitted. Her sin was not forgiven in childbearing, and she even cherished the child of her rival for the want of something to love. We pass over in silence the angry words, the neglect, the cuffs and even blows, that must be the case in some households in a country, where no shame attends the act of striking a woman. We pass over such outrages in silence; for in England not many years ago, a mother, in bringing a charge

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against her son, stated in evidence, that he beat her as much, as if she had been his wife. In England there are savages *still*!

But the Indian wife has her revenge: the time comes, and the woman. In the declining and obese period of life, when passion is lulled, and the only object of the male animal, who has become seedy and weedy, is to be respectable, when the wife has become haggard, wrinkled, toothless, and hideous, she can wring his heart-strings, she can expose him to the gossip of his neighbours and to the tittle-tattle of the Court. She sues him for alimony, or maintenance, or (that fertile source of vexation) dower, or for jewels, which she declares to be her separate property. She carries her wrinkled face into Court, and even lays bare her chaste bosom, rivalling a sun-dried mud bank more than the conventional snow-drift, denounces her husband, discloses his weaknesses, and derides his defects. She thus revenges herself and her sex for many a slight, many a cuff; and this must go on, and he must bear it, much as he looks forward to the day, when it will be his special privilege to expend a few copper coins in faggots to consume the carcase of the woman, who had been his torment, unless she outlive him, when she will not be behindhand in each detail of conventional woe. Still, in spite of all these disagreeable circumstances, the Courts are pestered with ridiculous claims of brothers-in-law, or cousins, to possess themselves of the persons of widows, in whom they imagine, that their family has invested capital, of which they wish to enjoy the interest. Many long fights have arisen, with regard to the hand of very undesirable ladies, betwixt the party who considers that he has a legal remainder and the party who is in actual possession, the one pleading a species of tenure of tail female, and the other a tenure "in corde."

The wicked novelist, Balzac, has somewhere written, that a man should not venture to marry, until he had at least dissected one woman. We would warn the Hindu to witness one such Civil action, ere he add to his family. As far as the writer of these pages personally knows such ladies (from acquaintance in the Court-house), they are apt to be unamiable, unguarded of speech, rather spiteful, and very unreasonable, certainly not the ministering angel, with whom he could wish to share the Arab tent. None so earnest in Appeal, none so unruly and obstreperous, and the Judge is fortunate to have a table and rail between himself and the litigants, and not to have a long beard to tempt insult, for the Sikh lady is apt to run to bone in formation, and would be a powerful enemy in conflict. Nor do they persecute their husbands or their male relations only; none so pertinacious against the world and its institutions at large, as the wretched widow, who has been tempted by some devil to waste so many weary days and weary nights for the possession of some miserable hovel, the value of which would

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never equal such an expenditure of temper, credit, words, or hard cash. A personal experience of some terrible widows, clasping the knees at every unguarded opportunity, shrieking at every corner, vexing the spirit at uncertain hours, has tempted many a Public officer to sympathise somewhat with the unjust Judge, who has been held up as an example to avoid.

And all this has arisen under English rule, all this trouble is authorised in the Code, and it exists in the necessity of things. It is dangerous to insult the feelings of a people, yet here we must run athwart their most deep-rooted prejudices, and the Judge, though satisfied that with a conscience and principle of rectitude he could not decide otherwise, returns daily to his home deeply conscious that he has wounded their feelings on the tenderest point. Their whole practice with regard to betrothals is iniquitous. Women are transferred like cattle; circular contracts are made, by which a whole series of marriages is arranged; grown-up women are tied to boys of tender years; little girls made over to old men; brothers sue for forcible possession of the widow of their deceased brother; the woman is treated as a chattel or a domestic animal, of which the joint property is vested in the whole family. The conscience of our jurisprudence is opposed to all such transactions, and they cannot be upheld. Great is the wrath and loudly muttered the dissatisfaction of many a middle-aged country gentleman, who from his age and turn of mind cannot see the drift of the policy. Moreover, the evil has been aggravated by the novelty of our rule, for no sooner had the British army crossed the river Satlaj, than it got about, that we were governed by a Queen, and that the East India Company was believed to be a female of some description. This gave birth to a feeling of independence among the womankind of the country; hence a quarrel and a miniature rebellion in every house. The astonished Sikh, worsted at the battle of Sobraon, at least honourably, had in his own home to carry on a disgraceful contest with a loud tongue, cased in a body which he no longer dared to chastise, craving for more jewels, more clothes, and threatening to avail itself of its newly-acquired liberty.

This dislocation of the domestic relations is brought about by polygamy and child-murder, which, by destroying the numerical equality of the sexes, has given women a money value in the market, as a thing to be sold, and when bought to be kept possession of. Polygamy may be dismissed in a few words. None of the respectable middle classes tolerate it. In extreme cases of childless husbands the privilege may be under a protest made use of, for to a Hindu it is a dishonour and sorrow to be childless. The poor cannot afford it. It is only among the wild beasts of the pseudo-aristocracy that the custom prevails to any extent, and they as a class are being extinguished. A law to place polygamy under civil disabilities

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might be passed without exciting a remark, for it is as unsanctioned by the feeling of the people as excesses of the same character, though developing themselves in the European form of profligacy and adultery, are against the feelings of the people of England. Indeed, now that the power of the whip and the fetter has been removed, the custom is not likely to be much practised. It is all very well for a chieftain residing in a fort with four bastions to indulge in the luxury of a separate wife in each tower, or a banker with two or three dwelling-houses might find it feasible, but for a man with limited means the experiment would be dangerous. In ordinary marriage-contracts tricks are often played. The barber of the bridegroom is bribed, and at a time, when it is too late to recede, the bride is found to be one-eyed, marked hideously with the small-pox, or imperfectly developed in mind or body. A contract based on misrepresentation and fraud is but a sorry start in life for the young couple.

Female infanticide lies deeper, as it is based not on individual passion, but family pride. It must have taken some years, or perhaps generations, to stamp the iniquity in its present complete form, to drown all feeling of humanity, shame, and manliness, and it will take some time to restore them. The subject has been misunderstood. It is not only the undue expenditure at weddings, that led to the crime, as this would not have induced the wealthy in some particular tribes to adopt a practice which their neighbours equally wealthy revolted at. The facts are these: Indian society is divided into castes, and each caste into tribes infinite. A man must marry one of his own caste, but never one of his own tribe. As long as these tribes are relatively equal, no trouble would arise; but as in process of time one tribe became conventionally more honourable than the other, and as it is a point of honour never to give a daughter to one of a lower tribe, there must be certain tribes who may have equals, but can have no superior; and if there should be no equal, as in the case of the Bédi tribe of the Khatri caste, there is no alternative but dishonour or female infanticide, and of course they choose the latter. Let us illustrate this position further. Suppose that the great caste of Smiths had from times beyond the memory of man being divided into tribes, the William Smiths, the John Smiths, and Andrew Smiths, and so on. Now by the necessity of the case a Smith must marry a Smith, but not one of his own cognates, and all would go on well, until the disturbing cause of relative rank happened to interfere. Unluckily one of the ancestors of the Andrew Smiths was said to have been a bishop, a lord mayor of London, a popular Low-church preacher, or a personage of some such distinction, as would lead his descendants, who were apparently equal, to consider themselves relatively better than the William Smiths. The sad consequences of this absurd distinction

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would be that the Andrew Smiths as a tribe, sooner than give their daughters to the William Smiths, or the other inferior tribes, would habitually practise female infanticide. "Hinc illæ lacrymæ."

But ever and anon, amidst this wilderness of the affections, flashes out on the part of that sex, who can forgive their tyrants every fault, even infidelity, with a bright light, some instance of the tenderest, because unrequited, love. The voice of the country, and tradition of the golden age, are against such treatment of the weaker vessel, and generation after generation have sympathised with the pictures of truth and fidelity, which have been portrayed so vividly and with such sweetness by Valmíki and Vyása, the great heroes of epic poetry, and gathered round many a fireside have young and old alternately wept and smiled at the tale of the sorrows and triumphs of Sitá and Damayantí. Still in spite of their social degradation lives the proverb, that, though a hundred men form only an encampment, one woman constitutes a home; still inconsistently the dearest affections and nicest honour of the great people of India are interwoven in the veil which shrouds their females. They plunder provinces to load them with jewels, and then complain, when restitution is demanded; they worship their mothers and elder relations, treat their wives as so much dirt, and ignore their daughters, yet will those wives travel long distances to visit them in prison, and sacrifice all to get them released, and scenes often occur, which reconcile us to the Oriental development of humanity. The neglect on the part of the selfish lord often displays itself in as ludicrous a manner as the devotion of the wife. It is the custom for a Hindu on the loss of a relation to shave his beard by way of mourning, and the writer of these lines once asked a Rajpút, who had lately lost his better half, why he had neglected this attention. The reply was, that a man would as soon think of shaving his beard for the loss of a pair of old shoes. On the other hand, he once overtook a lone female on his road towards the river Ganges, and she informed him, that she was journeying many a league to commit the remains of her lord to the sacred stream. He looked back, expecting to see some modest conveyance, on which these melancholy relics were deposited, but there was nothing; on inquiry she undid a knot in the corner of the sheet, in which she was clothed, and showed a tooth and a bit of calcined bone, which she had picked up from the cinders of the funeral pile, and which she considered to be a sufficient representative of her husband.

The third great class of cases relates to land. Ordinarily such cases are much involved, and in Bangál their decision is surrounded with almost insurmountable difficulties. But a wise policy has in the Panjáb set all these matters at rest, and from the confusion, which prevailed, order and certainty have been extracted.

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Many and conflicting were the rights to the possession of the fruits of the soil, and to the soil itself; all have now been reduced to three great heads: the rights of the cultivator, the rights of the owner in fee-simple, and the rights of the Assignee of the Government-share of the Rent. The amount of the share demanded by Government having been limited, property at once acquired a new value, and special officers were deputed to carry out the details of this great work; but, though the machinery is different, the Code of law is the same, and the right to enjoy and the power to alienate are guaranteed and defined.

The leading features of the Code are liberal and practical, opposed to useless form, and trusting rather to a strong and honest executive than to judicial check. The fiscal and executive officers of the Government are free from the molestation of civil actions, but let them abuse the power confided to them, and the strong hand, which set them on the curule chair, will be raised against them and destroy them. It is an absurdity, that the business, which is done by one department, should be reviewed and reconsidered by another; it sounds constitutional, but it is merely vexation of spirit. A sharp and strict appellate court prevents all abuse; a simple people are mystified by the conflict of departments, and wisely therefore in the Panjáb all functions are united. India has not yet got beyond the patriarchal period. Even the older provinces would gain by a return to the simpler types of Asiatic rule.

Every kind of evidence is received at its worth, and the Court judges of the value. Parties may be witnesses in their own cases, and the Court may itself seek for evidence from whatever source it likes; it will not accept at secondhand what can be obtained more directly. The rigour of the old written law is tempered by the equity of the custom of the locality and the tribe, the interpretation of which is neither left to venal arbitrators, to law-officers, or to ill-instructed Judges, but is embodied in leading principles, which are open to revision from time to time; and by degrees it is hoped, that this unwritten law may be codified, and a more precise line drawn betwixt the mutual confines of conflicting customs.

It would be rash in a word to condemn the ancient civil Code of the Hindu, and the more modern and wider-spread Code of the Mahometan. They represent the wisdom and experience of many generations, and were drawn from the same fount as the Levitical code and the Roman civil law, but are tinctured by the age and the clime, in which they were committed to writing; in some things they are in advance of even English legislation. In England we are but progressing by slow steps to the promulgation of the doctrine, admitted hundreds of years ago by the Hindu, that the wife's savings are her own. In India a natural settlement protects

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every woman. We are the savages and barbarians in this matter. On the other hand, the Hindu law is loaded with an intolerable weight of disqualifications, of which we have now purged it, and the courts are freed from the absurdity of making a man take an oath, which is not binding on his conscience, and the iniquity of depriving a man of privileges, because he happens not to be of the dominant persuasion.

In the Panjáb exist the time-honoured domestic institutions of polygamy and polyandry, though on the latter the Code is silent. Each is based on a similar iniquity, and is derived from the old patriarchal habits of licensed concubinage. There exists also that right of divorce, which the opponents of this measure dignify with the name of successive, as opposed to contemporary, polygamy. Of the laws of inheritance there exists every variety, every vagary of poor human nature, except the unnatural preference of one child among many, which European nations call Primogeniture; that law, denounced by English jurists as the most unnatural that legislation ever saw, but to which custom has hardened Englishmen, is in India confined to the succession to thrones, and as such unknown to this Code. But here we find legalised the Mosaic law, by which a man may marry the widow of his brother, and this liberty is outwardly symbolised by the casting of a sheet, as Boaz did three thousand years ago over Ruth. Obedience to parents is inculcated, but as a moral obligation only, and though a child of tender years will be restored to the possession of the parent, at the age of eighteen entire liberty is conceded; and if the child, although a legal minor, be of a mature and competent understanding, and a free moral agent, with the single exception of married girls, the power is conceded of making an election with regard to place of abode, mode of life, or religious persuasion. Such is the law, and, though no case has as yet occurred, such would be the practice. Liberty of conscience can go no further. On the other hand, the duty of mutual support between parents and children, and elder and younger relatives, is absolute.

The right, which Orientals claim of killing their infant children, deserting them, selling them, and all the harsh features of the "jus paternum," is distinctly negatived. Where the Code is weak, is in the matter of marriage; the religious sanction has been rudely torn away from the tie, and is in effect reduced to the status of an ordinary contract, without the formality of registration, which in civilised countries has been always introduced at this stage: this, coupled with the unlimited power of divorce, the admitted license of concubinage, and the absence of any reproach attached to general profligacy, has led to a great increase of immorality. Marriage in the eye of the law has thus sunk down to a voluntary and temporary cohabitation, and the advantages of legitimacy over illegitimacy

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are scarcely appreciable. One of the greatest nobles of the Panjáb, and a member of the late Regency, is the issue of a Jat father by a cast-off Rajpút wife of Maharaja Ranjít Singh, and yet he succeeded to his inheritance. Adultery is indeed punishable criminally, not from any abhorrence of the crime, but to anticipate the vengeful sword of the injured husband; and civil damages are also granted, and a neat distinction drawn betwixt breaches of contracts of marriage before or after the solemnisation of actual marriage. The root of the evil is in the practice of marrying children without their consent, and, as long as this exists, the evils described must follow in its train. What is really required is the establishment of a court of conciliation, that, when anybody complains that a breach of contract or of the marriage vow is about to take place, the offenders may be summoned and warned of the consequences, or, should the complaint be a ridiculous one, the law be explained.

Sad is the position of orphan minors in a rude state of civilisation, with rights undefined, and possession every point of the law. Homer must have been an orphan himself to have been able to tell so well the sad passes, to which the orphan even of a rich man may be reduced, with none to fight his battles but the widowed mother, who generally in such cases is fired with an unconquerable spirit. Over minors the Code has flung its protection most completely; but, as if to show more completely, how entirely matrimony is ignored, the well-known maxim of European law is reversed, and the Code adopts a strange but justifiable course of making over an illegitimate child to the parent most able or most willing to bring it up properly. A most difficult subject indeed it is in practice, how to deal with these little Ishmaels, who certainly ought never to have existed, yet they are found in most respectable families, have a status in native courts, and, as stated above, inherit. We have known instances of the child of a Mahometan mother taking up his position as a Hindu.

Another result of early marriages is, that the sons grow up to their prime, and their sons again, while the father is still in his manhood; children by different wives, long since deceased, press on their parents for subsistence; who, on the other hand, has just married a young wife, and is entirely under her influence, and is perhaps concocting schemes, by which the portion of his elder children may be reduced, for he cannot disinherit them. Then is the time for bringing forward obsolete family customs, so as to enable the father to divide "per stirpes," instead of "per capita," that is to say, to distribute his fortune in shares according to the number of his wives, and not of his children; oftentimes the father is induced, for the sake of peace, to make a distribution of his property before death, and this, under certain limitations, is recognised by the Code.

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The law of adoption has in India a peculiar weight owing to the earnest longings on the part of a Hindu for a son to carry on his name, and to perform certain religious ceremonies. In the Code of course the law is recognised as regards all chattels and allodial property, but not as regards Assignments of the State-revenue or pensions. It is painful to see how entirely this subject is misunderstood by the loud declaimers against certain orders of the Government. In Europe all successions in sovereign families are governed by peculiar laws, while the ordinary law of inheritance among the community remains untouched. In Germany and France daughters are excluded. In England, contrary to the common law, the eldest daughter inherits; so in India the eldest son succeeds to sovereignties, and among Mahometans the kingdom goes to the one most capable of rule. Following this analogy, it has been wisely ruled, that the succession to Assignments of Revenue should be ruled by its own peculiar laws, and adoption excluded; so in England, when pensions are granted for one or two lives, they are limited to lineal heirs, and in the rare instances, where the liberality of former Parliaments has granted permanent assignments on the revenues to distinguished servants, adoption is never dreamt of.

The way, in which natives of India live huddled together in one enclosure, sometimes sharing their food, sometimes separate, passes all description; no distinct accounts are kept of their domestic or their business expenditure. Jealous of any inquiry into their means, they throw a mist over every transaction, and, when a complication arrives, when a young widow and child are left to take their chance against the other greyheaded sons, who have long been in possession, then comes the struggle as to what is joint property, how much belonged to the elder sons as their personal profits. Sometimes a virgin widow, who by the code inherits all the property of her lord, is made use of as a weapon of offence by her own needy relations, to torment a wealthy relative. Generally speaking, there is no innate sense of right in any one; litigants can rarely be brought to one common standard; their pleas will be inconsistent with each other, each party will demand more than they have a right to, and support the same by appeals to God, to men, and the market-place.

The Code is free from that blemish, which pervades the practice of all the other Courts in India, and which from time to time is evidenced by acts of the legislature. No person or class of persons is exempt from the law or the processes of the Court. It would be hoped that Lord Macaulay, in his preface to the draft of the Criminal Code, had exposed this crying sin of the Indian legislation. Are the Courts evils in themselves, that the rich should be exempted? Is it any honourable distinction to be above the

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laws of the country, or an outlaw? and yet in all the towns of Northern India before the Mutinies, existed families who vaunted, of being able to incur debts without running the risk of being compelled to pay them. It is worthy of remark, how much the old class of public servants took up the cause of the Indian aristocracy, when their sympathies would naturally have been with the middle classes; but the fact is, that the rajas and chiefs could lend elephants, give shooting-parties, and be generally useful, while the annals of the poor in India, as elsewhere, are generally very dull, and their persons very dirty.

With regard to contracts, owing to the lax way in which business is conducted, the Code has been obliged to abandon all form, and writing is not even required. The Judge is required to look to the spirit of the contract, and the absence of consideration is not a defect. The Code has shirked the subject of fictitious holdings, which vex the souls of all honest men in the North of India, and yet are so akin to estates in trust in England, that the favour of the Legislature is on their side. On the much-disputed subject of pre-emption the Code is quite distinct, and has the merit of being the first to develop this doctrine, the creation of Indian jurists, to its full and logical conclusion. It is very true, that all such restrictions on the free transfer of property are utterly opposed to political economy, but they are approved by public feeling, and have a strange political significance, when we contemplate the state of the land-tenures. A man who wishes to sell, or mortgage his share of a hereditary coparcenary landed estate, must make the first offer to his partners, and can only call in strangers on their refusal, and to prevent collusion with strangers by fixing a fictitious and exorbitant price, the value of the share is to be ascertained by a jury. It is, moreover, extended to cases of sale of shares of houses in cities.

On the other hand, the Code is quite silent on an equally important subject. The Roman civil law lays down, that a man's right in his own property is limited by all the rights possessed by other persons, and what the law of pre-emption does for the neighbours, when a man quits his property, the law of servitudes or easements does, while a man occupies it. Houses in Indian cities are clustered together as they were at Rome. By the action of the law of inheritance they become divided and subdivided, the upper story falling to one share and the ground floor to another; hence arises a complication of rights of light, of access, of waterspouts, of gutters, and other details innumerable, and excellent grounds of quarrel they make, and well they are fought out. The same thing happens with regard to the shares of landed property, when the rights of water-course, of pathway, of driving cattle, are fertile sources of dispute. Every description of property is liable to its urban and suburban servitudes.

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On the law of mortgage also the Code appears to be very defective; it seems at first glance but fair, that no lapse of time should be a bar to the recovery of a property lent, deposited, pawned, or mortgaged; but, on the other hand, it is in the interest of the community, that there should be some bounds to litigation, and, when it is considered how terribly vague and lax the people are in their proceedings, how narrow the bounds betwixt pledge and mortgage, mortgage and sale, what confusion prevails on the fact of possession or non-possession, what difficulty there is to prove the deed, and to decide whether it was a condition, that the usufruct should clear the interest only, or go towards extinguishing the capital, whether the mortgage was a simple or a conditional one, we arrive at this conclusion, that lapse of time and publicity are elements in such transactions, and that periodical settlements publicly registered should be required, or the right allowed to die, for nothing is thought of mortgaging a miserable tenement for its full value, leaving the mortgagees for generations in possession, with right to repair and rebuild, and the time of the Court is possibly wasted on the suit of some distant descendant to recover.

In the law with regard to agency, bailment, and partnership, the object is to protect the public, and Notice is the hinge, on which the whole practice turns. Everybody is to suffer for his own negligence or fraud. If the partners give out one thing, and really are another, they suffer. Limited liability is allowed, if notice be given; if in spite of notice the public choose to think otherwise, the public suffers. So in bailment, greater or less care depends on the advantage gained by either party, and the duties of the agent to his principal and the public, and the responsibilities of the principal, are defined. The rules with regard to insolvency and disruption of partnership are good; the only difficulty arises from the absence of any public medium of notifying the fact, furnished in European countries by the Gazette. A great drawback to all settling of accounts is the careless way, in which the books are kept, the good-humoured confidence in the whole world's honesty, and in their own, which is evidenced. Procrastination is the order of the day, but, when a dispute arises, the most violent passions burst out, and the undue confidence is at once converted into unjustifiable suspicion, and leads to most reckless charges. Men, who yesterday believed everything, will to-day believe nothing. Such cases are most difficult to dispose of, but the Courts are armed with power to check all fraud and any kind of collusion.

The existence of a correspondence of bankers over the whole of India, in the form of bills of exchange, is one of the greatest proofs and greatest triumphs of the ancient civilisation of the country, and it is a marvel to contemplate, how well the system

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works, and how seldom bad faith is complained of. At first sight nothing is so easy as to effect a forgery, but in practice nothing is so difficult, for security is demanded before payment, and that is the keystone of the system. The responsibility of the drawer is maintained beyond what seems just in European acceptance, and he is bound to ascertain the fate of the bill, which he has drawn, and get the receipt of payment. This chapter of the Code is especially interesting, as it is the result of oral conference with the merchants of Amritsar, a city which rose to be the greatest mart in Northern India, in spite of Sikh rapine and misrule. Although the firms of this city have correspondents in Europe, yet they are still so far Asiatic, that they always keep a certain amount of specie buried in their houses to meet emergencies, as it would be the ruin of their credit to have to go out to borrow, and there is no great National Bank, in which they can lodge their reserve.

In favour of the heirs of deceased the severity of the patriarchal system is modified, and the liability of children for the debts of their ancestors is limited to the amount of assets received. In the matter of interest, which is positively prohibited by Mahometan law, and which has to a late period been restrained by usury laws of European creation, the Code has followed the prevailing sentiments of the age, that a trade in money should be as much unshackled by any legislative interference as the trade in any other commodity; but the Courts will not allow excessive interest, for under the old system the moneylender used to credit every payment to interest, and year by year brought out the same, or an increasing balance, while the unfortunate debtor, like the daughter of Danaus, found himself continually filling with water a bottomless vessel. The law of libel is based upon the most novel and liberal legislation of Europe, but in a country, where the tongue is quite unbridled, where men have no more sense of honour, and are as little restrained in what they say as women, the law is inoperative; the most scandalous and unfounded assertions are listened to, and apparently not resented. Side by side with such provisions as these, savouring of the most advanced stage of society, and next in order in the Code to the law of insurance and the law of copyright, by which the efforts of the brain and the results of learning are condensed into a possession and formed into a property, we come to two rights, the most ancient in the Asiatic system, and which flourished, and in some cases perished, before the existence of European society. In the dawn of civilisation the priest was the lawgiver, and it is not likely, that he would forget to provide for his own class, and the fees and offerings now sanctioned by the Code are of the same family as those, which were instituted by Moses in the deserts of Arabia. No sooner had mankind ceased to be migratory, and begun to dwell in cities, than some fervent or

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ill-regulated spirits were urged by some hidden fire to abandon the haunts of man, the honest modes of living, and the domestic law of nature; thus was founded the hermitage, which eventually expanded into the monastic institution. The relation of disciple to spiritual teacher, the spurious imitation of the natural relation of son to father, prevails extensively in both the great religions of India, and the idea of that relation can be traced back to the time, when Elijah left his cloak to Elisha. Nor has the Code forgotten to include caste, and, though excommunication for ceremonial defilement could not be legally recognised, the existence of the institution is recognised by securing a remedy to the party injured against the party who has injured him.

The rulers of the Panjáb, by departing from the cold and philosophic convenience of absolute neutrality, have here involved themselves in obvious inconsistencies. At the close of the Mutinies the missionaries were authorised to encourage their converts to qualify themselves for small posts in Government employ, as if sincere men would be tempted in this way, and forgetting that under the Roman emperors the early Christians looked forward to no prospect of provision in the court of the Prætor. On the other hand, we find the judicial officers taking sweet counsel with a band of half-naked or fantastically clad Bairági, as to the appointment of a spiritual leader, discussing with grave earnestness whether the deceased had a right to marry or not, and whether the precious blessing of the burnt Guru had fallen on this disciple or that. Such are the grave inconsistencies, into which all must fall, who swerve from the great principle of absolute neutrality of the civil government from all religions of every kind. Why should not the religious affairs of the heathen be treated by our Courts in the same cold contempt, that the Romans adopted towards the disputes of the early Christians? They are but questions of names and of law, and the servants of a Christian government should not be Judges of such matters; let us drive them from the judgment-seat, and, Gallio-like, take no care for such things. Who settles the affairs of the Jewish synagogues or Jewish institutions in Europe, or of the numberless Christian communities in Turkey? for the latter in civil matters would never have recourse to a Mahometan tribunal, and indeed Christians are specially forbidden to do so. The laws should not recognise the corporate existence of institutions, which it did not itself create; pleas should not be permitted, which are contrary to the conscience of the Judge and the Judicature. The existing municipal law as regards marriage, inheritance, and civil rights, is unobjectionable, but the line should be drawn there. Temples, shrines, and conventual establishments should be considered in the light of buildings of an ordinary nature. None of the preceding Governments recognised the existence of

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hostile religions, but they left such matters to be settled by the people themselves. But such is the liberality of modern times, that the erection of a mosque or a temple, used a few years back to be chronicled as a work of public utility, and public officers were found gradually to Hinduise, for, while one officer subscribed in a public-spirited way to the erection of a temple of Siva near his own office, another was not deterred from recommending to a Christian Government to endow a temple with a grant of land in perpetuity.

The writer of these lines is deliberately opposed to the propagandist policy of that party, which strives to bring the children of the people of India under their influence in the guise of State-Education, but he is at the same time the staunch advocate of the entire dissociation of the executive or judicial Courts from aught, that is connected with non-Christian Religions. It is admitted, that there exists a conscience in our laws, and that they refuse to notice certain contracts as contrary to public policy and morals; yet not only have we endowed the communities of the Sanyási, Udási, Yogi, Nánakputra, Bairági, Nirmala, Naga, and other euphonious bodies of very disgusting individuals, with large grants of land, but their status is recognised, the inheritance of the spiritual teacher is conveyed to the disciple, and the strong arm of the Courts is found supporting them. The Code recognises also the office of the puróhit or family priest, and the guardian of the mosque, or shrine of a Mahometan saint. These gentry are always talking of feeding the poor, as did the monks of the mediæval period, but in fact they are lazy drones, and, if report is true, lead loose lives. Some marry, some practise celibacy; if wealthy, they are quarrelsome, proud, and grasping. We found the Panjáb eaten up with the devotees of the Sikh sect, and we have secured to them their ample revenues. No doubt, when the Sikh power rose, all the ruined mosques and tombs of the Mahometans were flourishing and richly endowed. The Sikhs were wise enough in their generation to sweep them all away, and, when the long steps of Banáras, and the gorgeous tank of Amritsar, are falling to ruin, when people no longer visit shrines on account of the bad repute of the manager, when the priesthood loses its hold on their people, then will be the dawn of a new religion; but not while, as is provided by the Code, a man entering a religious order forfeits his property, while Christian Judges are called upon to decide upon points of ceremonial of entering Hindu monastic institutions, and while the corporate existence of those bodies is recognised.

It must not be supposed, that the practice of the Courts, in which this Code is enforced, has approached in any degree to perfection; they are confessedly rough institutions, have as yet scarcely taken

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root, are lax, irregular, and just what may be expected of the conglomerate, of which the judicial body has been formed; the young civilian, the captain of infantry, the country-born and half-caste Englishman, the Persian, Armenian, Sikh, Mahometan, Kashmíri, Bangáli, Bábu, Banjábi, Hindustání, a motley crew, who, according to the exigencies of the local Government, are always changing. Still progress is being made, and progress makes perfect.

Rapid are the decisions: sometimes too rapid, but the good, easy man, who has got his decree must not suppose, that he has got to the end of his journey; wilds immeasurable spread, and mountains upon mountains appear to start up. The bane of the Panjáb system is the license of appeal, which is unlimited, and the extraordinary fact, that many of the appellate courts are in the Himálaya, far removed from the cities and villages, where dwell the unhappy litigants. However, spurred by pique and a spirit of rivalry and a passion for the fight, the defeated litigant hopes to catch his antagonist in a net of appeals, remands, and modifications. He knows, that by a voyage to the cold regions at certain seasons he runs a chance of fever, ague, or cholera; but the spirit of litigation is like a taste for gambling, and, when it has once seized its victim, it does not leave him until exhausted and ruined. Should, however, the decree-holder turn the corner of appeal, a new arena is entered, for the defeated party tries by claims and counter-claims to defeat the execution of the decree. Cases of objection spring up hydra-headed, and nothing but a keen sense of the spirit of the game, like a foxhunter, would carry him through the toil, the weary delay, the daily disappointment; and sometimes, when he has his enemy fairly in his power, and is preparing to devour him, the vermin dodges, and wrings from a soft-hearted Judge an order to pay by instalments.

The contemplation of a machine formed for the express purpose of ruling men, controlling their bad passions, and defining their rights, such a machine as a civil Code, is always interesting, more especially among such a people as the people of India. It is dangerous to legislate beyond the requirements, or against the public feeling, of a people; for such laws will either be oppressive or a nullity. And it is a striking reflection, that so many can live together and yet differ so widely. The public officer in his tour is conducted to their boundaries by the headmen and notables, with whom he has been discoursing, and he is welcomed by another set, who use different phrases of salutation, call ordinary things by different names, believe different dogmas, name their children on different principles, have different notions of right and wrong, and invoke different deities; but all are equally devoid of a sense of equity, and utterly without God in the world. Some burn their dead, others bury. The Hindu will go out of his way

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to burn a dead Hindu stranger; the great horror of a Mahometan is to be burnt. The Hindu would not marry a member of the same tribe as himself, considering it incest; the Mahometans habitually marry first cousins. Their law of inheritance proceeds on entirely different principles, yet there is no sting, no recrimination, but friendly intercourse, and a courteous avoidance of certain subjects, and neither can cry back to the abstract rights of man, for both religions appeal to a Code, one made many thousand years ago for another state of society, the other made thousands of miles off for a very different kind of people.

Still in the Panjáb, in outward matters, the process of assimilation was going on. The Hindu might be taunted as being half Mahometan, as the Afghan taunts the Mahometan with being half Hindu; their dress and trimming of the beard are so similar, that all distinction of outward appearance had perished. The Hindus entrusted all their children to Mahometan teachers, and their infants habitually to Mahometan wet-nurses, which, considering their extreme particularity about cooking and eating among adults, is a singular phenomenon. The Mahometan character and forms of writing had been adopted, and phrases used in correspondence which sound ridiculous from a party, who did not believe in Mahomet. The offspring of Mahometan concubines were sometimes Hinduised by their parents, and some of the Panjáb nobles are so situated. In fact, the grand idea of the founder of the Sikh religion was in some small degree being worked out, a progress was being made towards the destruction of caste, and the social blending of the people, when the passage of the Christians across the Satlaj rolled the tide back. We have given a new life to Hinduism in its most ultra development; the Sikhs are gradually falling back into orthodox Hinduism, and all the irregularities, sanctioned by royal lust, or the license of powerful chiefs, and the general independence of sectarians, are now checked. It has been our unhappy privilege to give a new lease to customs, which were wearing out, and by the presence of our army of pure Hindus, and our numerous Hindu followers, to recrystallise into a compact form the fabric of ceremonial rites and spiritual dogmas, which had been gradually melting away.

For the Panjáb and its dependencies, the Code, which we have now noticed, is a great fact pregnant of promise, enlightenment, and order. Whoever wrote the Code, be he old or young, deserves the thanks of the people, for already fifteen millions of men submit to it, and it combines a wise tenderness for the common law of the people with a resolute opposition to antiquated, unjust, and time-dishonoured prejudices. When the Viceroy declined to give this Code the sanction of law, there was fortunately found a man in the Panjáb ready to give it a trial,

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and the name of Lord Lawrence must be inseparably connected with it; for we know from the long delay of the Criminal Code drawn up by Lord Macaulay, that the best of Codes are useless, if there be a deficiency of nerve and force of character in the rulers to take the responsibility of promulgating it. In the Panjáb a Justinian and Napoleon were not found wanting. Since then the Code has been introduced into Oudh and other newly-conquered provinces.

It is a warning to the rulers of those provinces, which still, in spite of experience and failure, remain under the yoke of the old system. They were urged and implored to cut boldly and be free, but to this they were unequal. Many an action of our European officers, many a proceeding of our Civil Courts, have in time past come under observation, which were calculated to rouse a people, who had any spark of spirit, into righteous indignation, but they bore it in silence; their cup was not full, and they bided their time, till at length a mutiny of the sepoy army gave room for an expression of the feelings of the mass, which had been pent up too long. It was then that the deep-rooted national dissatisfaction of half a century; the sullen rancour of a crushed aristocracy, mindful of the state of their ancestors but unconscious of their own degeneracy; the furious hate of despoiled priesthoods; the imprescriptible rights of dethroned and dishonoured dynasties; the honourable importunities of wounded self-respect and hopeless ambition; the plaintive lamentations of ousted landlords, and the causeless recriminations of ruined families; the scoundrelism of large cities and the scum of military bazaars: all these collected in one black cloud and overshadowed Northern India. On this generation fell the accumulated vengeance for the misdeeds of our forefathers; the people hated us with a hate exceeding the hate which they bore to each other; they abominated our religion as evidenced by our outward customs, and they writhed under our pride.

But it is past. Every nerve has been strained; the storm is blown over, and left the Government of British India materially more powerful than before; the strong man is himself again, has seen the struggle, tried his strength, and knows that his countrymen, if true to themselves, can still conquer and rule millions. But, in the hour of victory, let us think of justice, and if we wish to govern the country, we must learn much and forget much, and bear in mind, that no slavery is so wretched as that, where the law is capricious and uncertain, and where justice is obstructed by chicanery.

AMRITSAR, 1859.

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CHAPTER VIII.

AN INDIAN DISTRICT DURING A REBELLION.

NUMBERLESS have been the accounts of the general features of the rebellion which has devastated the Northern Provinces of India. The despatches tell us of the military disasters and successes. Private letters have told us of the hairbreadth escapes, the perils by land and by water, through which some escaped, and the noble manner in which some died. The object of these pages is to draw a more confined picture of the eventful details of one particular district, over which the storm burst heavily, but which was never abandoned by those, to whose charge it had been confided; but still in the history of that small tract the amazing features of the revolutionary crisis came out with a marked effect. Much there is to thank Providence for, much to regret, much that we rejoice to think that they were our countrymen who did it, much that we wish, for the sake of human nature, had not been done.

The district alluded to is that of Allahabád, one of the largest and finest in the North-West Provinces. It is situated at that point, where two of the greatest rivers of India unite their vast floods, and thus form one of the grandest streams in the Old World. It contains more than one thousand villages and towns, divided by the rivers into three great natural divisions: that to the left and right of the united floods, and that included between the two before their junction. It contains a population of nearly a million souls, and pays an annual Revenue to Government from the Land alone of two hundred thousand pounds sterling.

Conspicuous among its towns and villages is an ancient and venerable city, bearing, as is the custom of India, a separate Hindu and Mahometan name; for from the earliest period of traditionary legend this place has been associated with the history of the greatest of the Hindu demigods, whom they still delight to honour; and in the time of the Moghal emperors at the point of junction rose a noble fortress, which, since the time of British occupation, European skill has made one of the strongest in India; yet notwithstanding

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that it contained vast muniments of war, at the time of the outbreak there was in that fortress not one single European soldier.

To add to its importance, the development of inland steam-navigation had made this city the emporium of river-borne commerce, and at this place goods were transferred from the steamer to the bullock-train. Nothing could reach the cities of the North but through this outlet, for at this point river-navigation ceased; at this point the great trunk road was conducted over one vast river by a bridge of boats and a tramway more than a mile in length; and at this point had actually commenced the railway, and engineers were preparing to span the current of the second stream with a bridge of permanent construction. This city had once been the seat of Government, and has since become so again. It was the emporium of our inland commerce, the basis of our military operations, which failing this must have fallen back on Calcutta. It was a place of pilgrimage to millions of Hindu; it was looked upon with fond regret by that neighbouring Mahometan power, from whose ancestors it had been wrung by one of our peaceful Governors-General by a diplomatic juggle. Yet in spite of this, within a circle of one hundred miles from it as a centre, there was only one European regiment, destined itself to be beleaguered in a still greater and more powerful Mahometan Capital. And yet there are those, who still say that the Government of India has not failed in its duty!

The native force consisted of one regiment of that army which we had recruited from the provinces of Oudh and Bahár, which had helped us to win all our battles, which had hitherto maintained a character for soldier-like bearing in the field, and for tractability and general usefulness in the cantonment. No suspicion of their fidelity had ever entered human breast; they were encamped three miles from the fort, leaving one company as garrison; under their charge was the civil treasury, containing one hundred and eighty thousand pounds sterling in cash, opium, and stamps. They were officered by members of that Indian army, which has been justly described by no mean authority as a most accomplished service, and which never has been wanting in its supply of men suitable to the duties of the State. They were commanded by one of those Anglo-Indian anomalies, an officer, who had spent the best years of his life in the peaceful duties of paying pensions, till he was forced by his rank to resume his forgotten duties as a soldier. This regiment has obtained a disgraceful superiority even among the mutinous regiments of Bangál, for it put on a semblance of fidelity with a view of drawing its employers into a heavier disaster; they mutinied at the worst time and with the worst effect; their mutiny caused the abandonment of many stations; it hurried on the greatest of our catastrophes. They slew their officers, they plundered the

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treasure, but they did not gain possession of the fortress; and so great was the plunder, that they were obliged to call in the mob to assist them. They broke up, dispersed, and ceased to be a regiment. Their number is never heard among the legions fighting against us. They threw away their arms to carry away bags of rupees; in their turn they were plundered and murdered by the villagers, or caught with their spoil and hanged by the Magistrates of adjoining districts.

If this regiment under its commanding officer did its best to shake our hold on India, there was another regiment of another race of men, commanded by an officer of another stamp, to whom we are indebted for the safety of the fortress, and the averting of an evil greater than any that we have suffered. This regiment was composed of that long-legged, hairy, brave, and rough human material, which ten years ago had fought against us desperately to secure the independence of the Panjáb, but, once defeated, had enlisted under our banners and aided us in our further march of conquest. The fidelity of these men was trembling in the balance; their conduct was guided by the bearing of their captain and a keen sense of their own interests; upon plunder and drunkenness they were determined; whichever side they took they hated the race, of which the other regiment was composed more than they hated the European; and so they continued faithful for one twenty-four hours beyond the other regiment, and that interval determined the fate of the fortress. Fortunately also for India, there were at that station men in civil employ and in the civil departments of the army who were brave, fertile of resource, and determined, whose lives and health were spared, till the crisis was over. They did what was to be done, and did it well, and at their gate one day stood a man of men in command of European troops, and from that day, in spite of cholera, in spite of climate, in spite of every difficulty, all went well; the Sikhs were ejected, and the fortress became the basis of our future operations.

We now narrate how the crisis was heralded, how on the 11th of May the idea of their danger flashed on the European residents, who were doing their best to get through the long summer-day, and in the evening were driving languidly down the beautiful avenues, for which the station is celebrated, listening perhaps to the band of the faithful native regiment. No signs had warned the soldier of the coming mutiny of his men; not one man had stood forth to whisper a hint of the coming storm, yet it must have been a notorious fact in the ranks. The civilians were grinding at their accustomed millstone; the Judge, had he not happened to be absent on two months' leave, would have been dispensing indifferent law on facts still more indifferently discovered. The Magistrate and Collector was with one hand gathering in his Revenue-instalments then falling due, with the other was flogging petty thieves or wrangling with some other authority. The administrative machine of the

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paternal Government was in full play. Had any one suggested to these gentlemen, civil or military, that their service would be soon required in the full blaze of the mid-day sun, they would have remonstrated; if a voice had warned them, that a volcano was bursting beneath them, they would have scoffed. In the city was quiet, for the people were as ignorant as the rulers.

On the 12th of May the dread whisper of what had happened at Mirat came flashing along the lightning-line, and was talked over incredulously at the dinner-table. On the 14th, full particulars reached the European, and magnified and lying accounts reached the native portion of the community. Amazement and horror fell on the former, but a wild excitement raged in the city. Every man was conversing with his neighbour. Everything was believed by a notoriously credulous people, nor were there wanting the malicious dispensers of premeditated slander. A belief gained ground, that the Government had determined to make the whole community Christians, and that the personal servants of the civil authorities had already assumed Christian names to show non-resistance; a proclamation was issued to say, that this was false.

On the 15th this excitement abated, but the corn-market in India, like the stocks in England, is affected by every vibration of popular feeling, and the price of grain rose terribly, adding a real feature of alarm. By the 18th, the news of the progress of the mutiny at Delhi, of the political phase, which the mutiny had assumed by making use of the venerable name of the King of Delhi, had aroused the demon of anarchy and rebellion in the people, had convinced the soldiers of the regiment, that the time had arrived to act, and a meeting that day was held by the European residents to organise plans of defence, and to arrange on a signal for assembly. It is in such critical hours that the real character of men is displayed. Selfishness, weakness, cowardice, if they exist, then show themselves. Not every man bearded like the pard then displays the true qualities of a soldier; not every officer of character previously established for talent and efficiency comes unscathed through this ordeal. Men fall back then on the original metal, of which they were made; the adventitious circumstances of rank and age then fail them. Let us be tender in dealing with those who have failed, for who can say, how he would pass through the fiery furnace himself.

Worse and worse news daily arrived; it was proposed to move the treasure into the fort; fortunately that measure was opposed by those, who saw matters clearer, that the only chance for the fort was to keep the treasure away from it, and to array the feeling of plunder against that of rebellion; not to unite them. A small party of European invalids, rejoicing in the name of the "Old

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Cripples," were brought over from the neighbouring station of Chunár, more as a semblance of a European force :—

> "Non tali auxilio, non defensoribus istis
> Tempora nostra vacant"——

The storm was evidently approaching nearer, and on the 22d of May it was determined to send the women and children into the fort. Let it here be recorded to the honour of Englishwomen, that in this struggle there are no accounts of their hearts failing. Many have risen above the circumstances, and want but the pen of the historian to be considered heroines, but patient endurance, religious resignation, unselfish abandonment, have distinguished them all.

With a strange but noble infatuation, the Officer commanding the sepoy-regiment, and his subordinates, still trusted in their men; he believed what he wished, and determined to transfer his head-quarters to the fort; this caused a regular panic, and a flight of men, women, and children, removing articles of property, including even baskets of dirty linen. At the earnest request of the civil authorities this plan was abandoned, and a volunteer corps of Europeans formed to patrol the city and station. It was the conclusion of the Mahometan festival of Ramzán, and it was a known fact, that the Sikhs, and the sepoy-regiment, were plotting to seize the treasury. To the last some dying sparks of loyalty were exhibited by both corps, and spies exciting to mutiny were given up, and men promoted for so doing. The telegraph was still uninterrupted, but the news from the North-West was bad. The news from Calcutta was nothing.

There was however a lull, and the most sanguine hoped, that the storm might still be weathered. One or two European regiments would have saved the valley of the Ganges. The small parties, that were available, were pushed on as fast as possible, and the minds of Europeans were accustoming themselves to the new order of things, and the strong were nerved to the struggle. On the 27th, the civil offices were reopened, and the pension-paymaster recommenced paying his pensioners; for it so happened, that the station was crowded with upwards of one thousand loyal pensioners, men who had eaten the Company's salt during their whole lives, who in their own persons had had experience of the fidelity and honour of the Government, and yet not one of these came forward to assist morally or physically the representatives of their benefactors. They at least must have known, that their interests were bound up with the existence of the present Government, as no new dynasty would recognise their past services; but their eyes were blinded; it had pleased God to send forth false prophets, and to confound the wisdom of the wise. As the taint of infection cor-

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rupts the body, so had a moral epidemic corrupted the minds of men. There was no hope until the plague had worn itself out.

News came on the 31st of May of an émeute successfully put down by a strong and master hand at Lakhnau, and about this time the peace of the city was jeopardised by the wanton act of a railway official in deliberately shooting a cow. The offence seems to our notions ridiculously small, but it might have cost us a province, for it gave a handle to the Mahometans to rouse the Hindus on their side. The existence of a Mahometan conspiracy to exterminate the English was now a matter of notoriety. The lower rabble were excited by desire of plunder. The friends of the prisoners in the vast central gaol were anxious to liberate them; the quiet and well-intentioned were cowed; but the policy of the authorities was a sound one; to stave off the mutiny and the outbreak as long as possible, so as to allow of European reinforcements to find their way up, and to sacrifice the treasure rather than the fort.

Thus commenced the month of June, the most intensely hot period of the year, but the excitement kept men up to the mark, and exposure to the heat had wonderfully little effect on them. At length, on the 4th of June, came a message by telegraph from the next cantonment in the North-West, Kanhpúr, to stop all further despatch of Europeans. This was the last faint echo of the last words of a noble band of Britons to their countrymen, for the telegraph made no further sign; that same evening hot messengers brought in the news, that a great city and cantonment to their East was in flames, and that the mutinous sepoys were marching on them. The isolation from the world was now complete; the hour was come; the volunteer force was found to amount to sixty-four, and the "old cripples" to sixty; having cut the bridge of boats, every European went into the fort on the 5th of June, never expecting to leave it alive.

The night passed quietly away, and in the morning the doomed officers returned to the lines of their faithful regiment, then about 600 strong; fortunately the civil authorities were less confident, and at nine o'clock in the evening the sound of a volley of musketry announced to them, that a mutiny had broken out, and one or two survivors on fleet horses, or by circuitous routes, told them that all was over; nor did their word require confirmation, for soon the rabble of the town burst out; the whole of the native Police and Revenue-establishments joined the mutineers; the vast gaol was thrown open, containing two thousand desperate criminals, some of whom had been captured after the outlay of hundreds of rupees, and the labour of a succession of Magistrates. The inhabitants of several adjoining villages, men renowned for lawlessness and plunder, sprang forth, and the work of incendiarism, riot, and

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plunder commenced. God in His mercy had limited their power and opportunity for murder, for with the exception of one or two Eurasians, who in spite of warning had not repaired to the fort, and the unhappy officers, who stuck gallantly to their ship till it went down, no Christian perished. But they went through the whole, and more than the bitterness of death; from the walls of the fortress they all night long beheld the lurid light of their burning houses; ever and anon a new pinnacle of fire dashed on high, as a fresh thatch, dry as tinder in the month of June, caught fire; they had indeed escaped for the moment, but they felt like men under a sentence, for in the gateway was a company of the very regiment which had mutinied, and the whole regiment of Sikhs, upon whose conduct they could not depend, as their brethren in two neighbouring cantonments had joined the mutineers. It was in this crisis, that three brave men prepared a train to the great powder magazine, and silently and solemnly determined, that at the last moment no European should fall alive into the hands of the rebels, and that the blackened ruins of the Imperial fortress should record the annihilation of English power.

From the 7th to the 11th of June the crisis still continued. The company of the mutinous regiment was disarmed and expelled; the fort was closely invested; but be it recorded, that some few true-hearted natives still kept up some communication, in spite of the danger of being shot from the walls by the fiery volunteers. On the afternoon of the 11th two or three small boats brought across the great river Neill and his fortunes, and up the river-gate of the fortress entered the man, who has the glory of first stemming the tide of rebellion. The writer of these pages has visited since then the spot, and pictured the feelings, with which the beleaguered and still doubting Europeans met the bronzed and way-worn hero, who in a few weeks had transported himself and his men from a distant province, had already taught the lesson of disarming, and had discomfited thousands with hundreds. They felt that the battle was won, and it was so. The wild confusion and drunkenness, which had been going on in the fort among the Europeans and Sikhs, owing to the stores of plundered Commissariat liquor in their possession, was put a stop to. The Sikhs, by a union of force and management, were ejected from the fort and located in a native hospital under the walls. Daily attacks were made on the town and suburbs, which were at length entirely cleared of the rebels. The fanatic weaver, who had erected the green flag of Islam and assumed the Government, took to his heels; the civil authorities came out and re-established the externals of English power, but it was like standing on the edge of a crater of a volcano just after an eruption.

It was in one of these sallies, that two Christian men were rescued

from the hands of the rebels. Their history is one, that should be written in letters of gold; it is one of those deathless stories which will be handed down in the tradition of the Indian Christian Church. At the time of the massacre of their officers by the mutinous regiment there were six young officers just arrived from England, who were doing duty with the corps, until opportunity offered itself to them to join their regiments. On the night of the 6th June, when the officers were murdered on the Parade, these lads, who ought to have been in the fort, were left in the Mess-House, and there barbarously murdered; their screams were heard at some distance by those, who escaped from the Parade-Ground. Poor boys, they perished from the folly of their commanding officer! One of them, mortally wounded, crept down to a neighbouring ravine, and there prepared to make his solitary moan and meet his Creator. He was found there by some peasants, who conveyed him to the Mahometan fanatics in the town. In the place, where he was confined, was a native Christian minister and his wife, converted Hindus: the former a good, excellent Christian, long loved and honoured. But human flesh is weak. The Mahometans were urging him with threats and tempting him with promises to deny his Saviour; indignities offered to his wife were added to threats of mutilation to himself. He might have fallen, but God was watching over him; as an angel from heaven the dying youth was brought in, and hearing and seeing the good man's struggle, he successfully exhorted him not to buy his life at the price of his soul. Past all hopes of earthly honour—past, alas! all dishonour—pierced to the heart by the missiles of his enemies, dying among pitiless strangers, this young St. Sebastian made before God his Christian confession. He was still in the sacred innocence of boyhood; not as yet had the sweet unction of the blessing of his parents been swept away from his brow by the rude contact of his fellows; not as yet had he forgotten or learned to be ashamed of the prayers, which he had lisped kneeling by the side of his sister. Hard reason had not yet tempted him to doubt, indulged passions had not compelled him to abandon, the precepts of revealed religion. Of the many great and the few good men, who have passed away in this struggle, and who now stand trembling at the Judgment-seat, who can say that to this boy will not be assigned the first place in the kingdom of heaven, even before that Christian soldier, that Puritan hero, who died in the hour of victory?[1] Other parents may hear of their sons in India having climbed to the proud pinnacle of popular favour, of having saved great provinces, taken great cities, and having produced, as with an enchanter's wand, great armies; others may think tearfully and proudly of those, who fell nobly for their country, but the parents of this boy may say with old Ormonde, and thank God for

[1] Sir Henry Havelock.

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being able to do so, that they would not exchange their dead child for a thousand living heroes.

Our power in the fortress and city was re-established, and the Europeans returned to the smoking ruins of their houses. All thatched houses had hopelessly perished, and by heaping furniture together the mob had set fire to the rafters of the flat-roofed houses. The lofty church tower and spire had alone escaped. When order began to be re-established, when the villages most active in plunder and notorious for ferocity had been levelled to the ground, when it burst upon the people, that the English still maintained their ground, all became anxious to get rid of European plunder, and night after night the roads were covered with furniture, clothes, and stores, which had been plundered from the European community, hastily thrown there under the cover of darkness by villagers hoping to anticipate the search for arms and plundered property. There was much difficulty in restoring property thus scattered to the lawful owners, and many things got into the wrong place. Among others we may mention, that for many months subsequently the communion-table was used by the copyists of the Magistrate's office, and in the vestry of the church was a chest of drawers, clearly belonging to a lady. We must not suppose that plunder was the distinctive feature of the rebels. None were more distinguished in this art than the loyal Sikhs and the Europeans. One of the most surprising features of this rebellion was the complete moral debasement, which it brought with it, with regard to offences against person and property. Men counted their scalps, and boasted of their successful freebooting, but it remained to one most gallant corps from the Western frontier to earn the distinctive honour of returning to their homes from Delhi, taken by storm, "with every man a damsel or two." Thus it happened, that early in the day the Government-Stores, and the warehouse of goods, brought up by the steamers to be forwarded by the bullock-trains to the North-West Provinces, were plundered by loyalists. Property to the value of twenty-five thousand pounds sterling in this way changed hands; but the amount of property plundered and destroyed, during the interval of the 6th and 20th of June, by the united exertions of the rebels and loyalists, exceeded three hundred thousand pounds sterling. Among the plunder secured by the loyalists, were the supplies of law-stamps, which happened to be in great quantities waiting for opportunities of transmission to the North-Western districts. In this plunder and that of Government-stationery the crews of the river-steamers joined, for it was officially reported by the Magistrates of districts, that stamp paper was being sold at one hundredth of its value on board these steamers, the sale being superintended by an European; and, to illustrate, how far the moral contagion has

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infected our system, there is the recorded opinion of the head of the police in Calcutta, that the crew of the steamer could no more be prosecuted for plundering the stamps, than could the Regimental and Commissariat officers at the cantonment, whose history we are giving, for taking possession of the property of others. It was also stated by a worthy missionary, that his house escaped the rebels, and was sacked, in spite of his protests, by the loyalists. One ludicrous instance is also on record, of a gallant colonel on the retired list being charged with the appropriation of the pictures of a neighbour; his explanations, and the restoration of the goods, acquitted him under the circumstances of the time.

The city being under orders, the civil authorities had time to survey the state of the district. We have mentioned above, that there were three distinct portions, divided by large rivers. In that portion, which was situate betwixt the two streams, no vestige of Police remained. Every village had commenced the career of plunder, and shown such aptness, that it appeared incredible, that fifty years of peace and order had made no impression on their character. All those, who had lived in the days of confusion, which preceded our rule, had passed away or were in extreme old age; yet every village fell back on the customs of their forefathers, and, led on by notorious criminals who had escaped from gaol, commenced reprisals on their neighbours, paid out old scores, removed old boundary-marks, and ejected purchasers of land. Europeans were universally hunted down as wild beasts. No spark of attachment to our Government or our institutions, was shown; no instance is recorded of personal attachment to any individual officer. A small party of railway employés took refuge in a masonry reservoir, and, when the villagers found, that they could not capture them by force, they proceeded to roast them by setting fire to the building. The telegraph posts were torn up; the iron sockets converted into rude cannon; the wire into slugs, but the permanent way defied their efforts to raise it or to injure it. And this is a part of our dominions, on which our rule has fallen very lightly, which has had opportunities of seeing our power, for our European regiments and our guns have traversed this province year after year; and yet so determined was their hostility, that for a long time our power was not re-established in some of its villages, though the whole of our European reinforcements had passed within ten miles, and though the daily trains rushed through almost in sight of them. This gives rise to serious reflection, and shows, how alien our rule is to the feelings of the people, how entirely our vaunted justice, and the undoubted mildness of our administration, have failed to conciliate the affections or rouse the fears of our subjects.

Very different was the aspect of affairs in the portion of the district South of the united streams. One or two large proprietors

there exerted great and deserved influence, and they were wise enough to see, that a servile war, an uprising of the lower against the higher classes, as the war confessedly was, would not answer their purpose. When the establishments of Government joined the mutineers or dispersed, these great men offered to undertake the protection of their own villages, if subsidised by Government. We can see through their double policy, but the Magistrate accepted their offer, and it answered in every way; for, though the mutinous regiments of Dinapúr passed like a cloud of locusts through the villages, they ravaged but never shook our authority, and in due course of time the Magistrate reintroduced his own Police, and those, who served us well, were thanked, and remunerated, as loyal subjects. This opens out another and a serious question, whether our established policy of cutting off the heads of all the tallest poppies, and leaving nothing betwixt the Imperial Government and the cultivating owners of the soil, is a wise one. For we have been taught in this rebellion, that ignorance and credulity are two of our greatest enemies, and that we require a class between ourselves and the children of the soil, which is sufficiently wise to think, before it believes every report.

The situation of the districts North of the great river was totally different. They were adjacent to the frontier of Oudh, which was once an independent kingdom, and the annexation of which had fired the train, which had all but destroyed us. The feelings of the landed proprietors and inhabitants generally were in sympathy with those of their relatives and friends across the boundary, which was purely an arbitrary one; and, when the people of that kingdom determined to rise against their new masters in a national contest, and add a rebellion to a mutiny, the inhabitants of these districts, although they had been fifty years under our rule, made common cause with them. At one time they attempted to interrupt our communications with our rear, and, though that failed, they were long in open revolt; they were hopelessly committed against us, and taught us, how distasteful our rule must be to them, when, after fifty years of peace, they preferred a yoke, which was infamous for rapine and misgovernment, but which still had a hold on the affections of the people.

While the authorities were struggling for dear life in the disturbed provinces, the Council in Calcutta was forging legal weapons for the chastisement of the rebels, and was arming, with vast and irresponsible powers, those, whom they had hitherto jealously restrained by forms and hampered by appeals. We shall herafter notice individually these Acts of the Legislature, as they are strongly characteristic of the times. The Magistrate went into the fort a fugitive, with the ordinary powers of inflicting three years' imprisonment on certain offences, but he came out a full-blown

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Despot; and not he alone, for, since there was so much vengeance to be taken, it was not sufficient to arm the Commissioner, the Judge, the Magistrate, the Deputy-Magistrate, the Assistant-Magistrate with power of life and death; but two private individuals and the civil surgeon (Heaven save the mark!) were invested with this awful authority; and, when it is remembered, that these gentlemen had seen their houses plundered and burned, their wives and children hurried off to the fort in fear of their lives, when each of them had experienced domestic treason and household treachery, when all of them had been harrowed by a month of watching, of anxiety and anguish, we cannot be surprised, if they were not all in a judicial frame of mind, if every black man did seem an enemy of themselves, their country, and their religion.

We make every allowance for their excited state of feeling, and blame the Government for placing in their hands at such a moment the powers of a giant. No doubt severe examples were required, but it was still more important, that the right persons should be punished, that with so wide a field we should hit the great offenders. Zealously did the three volunteers use their new powers, and in the short time, which elapsed before their recall, one of the private individuals had sentenced sixty, the second sixty-four, and the civil surgeon fifty-four to the gallows. No record remains of the crime or the evidence, but we gather, that one man was hung for having a bag of new copper coin in his possession, presumed to have been plundered from the treasury, or most probably abandoned by the mutinous sepoys, who were surfeited with silver. More than a month after our power had been restored in the city, we find fifteen sentenced one day, and twenty-eight the next, for rebellion and robbing the treasury; but it does not appear that they were sepoys. Thirteen were hung another day for a similar offence. Six were hung for plying a ferry for the convenience of the rebels. The investigations of the Officers of Government, men trained to the consideration of evidence, and conscious of the necessity of supporting the character, as well as vindicating the authority of Government, were more deliberate. Forms were very properly set aside, careful lists and memoranda were kept of every offence and every offender on the day, that the occurrence was reported; and, when we consider the number and intensity of the crimes committed, we cannot be surprised that, in the course of the six months following the émeute, one hundred suffered death on the gallows by order of the Judge, and about fifty by order of the Magistrate; and it is characteristic of the times, that on one occasion the Lieutenant-Governor called upon the Magistrate to justify himself for not having sentenced one person to death, and having only condemned him to perpetual imprisonment. In fact, when death is the punishment of every felony, as it is by the special Acts, a man's life depends not

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on the intensity of his criminality, but on the feelings of the party trying him. A gigantic permanent gallows was erected in this, as in every town of the North-West Provinces, and we find, that the civil auditor retrenched the salary of a permanent hangman and sweeper to remove bodies, which necessitated a special reference to Government, and the explanation of the Magistrate, that it would be a saving in expenditure over the cost of ten rupees for each man hung. What a singular blending of red tape and red blood!

But a most lamentable, as well as ludicrous, record of the times is the correspondence, which then passed between the Authorities of the district and others. We find a violent letter from some one, accusing the Magistrate of having been the cause of the death of his mother and other female relations, who chose to stay behind, when the Europeans entered the fort. We have a pathetic and subdued letter from another, begging for some information with regard to a lost brother. We read of a Christian clerk turning Mahometan, and accused of siding with the rebels, on which the Government-Authority leaves him to settle his faith with the Creator, but calls him to account for his mundane acts; on which the delinquent reports, that he had only renounced Christianity as a temporary expedient. Occasionally we come, as it were, face to face with those, who have seen their families massacred, and who will listen to no reason, and accept no consolation. We have one Eurasian clerk betraying another about jewels plundered from a neighbouring city. We hear of an unclaimed girl forwarded in for medical treatment. We find an American missionary, when called upon to take out a passport under the new "Foreigner's Act," indignantly maintain, that he was an Irishman, and thank God for it. We find the European British subject, in spite of the massacre of women and children, standing on his constitutional rights, and daring the Magistrate, even under martial law, to send his wife and family, by the orders of Government, down to Calcutta; and, when the Magistrate used his powers under the Act for impressing artisans for the barracks of English soldiers, who are the stay of our empire, we find a cabinetmaker wishing the civil power to inform him, how he (the cabinetmaker) was to support himself, mother, wife, and two children, if his men were daily seized by the barrack-master.

Then, again, whenever the Magistrate could persuade the commanding officer to place a small force at his disposal, an attack was made by the civil authority on some village, which had been particularly obnoxious in the slaughter of some European fugitive, or the plunder of a mail-cart. In these forays it often happened, that tribes, hostile to the village, assisted the Officers of Government. On one occasion they surrounded a village and seized the rebels, but refused to allow them to be taken to head-quarters to be

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executed, and the Magistrate was obliged to compromise the affair by sending out a party of Sikhs to hang them on the spot. On another occasion, a military officer, lately arrived from England, was conducting a party of European soldiers up the trunk-road, when he was informed, that in a neighbouring village a rebel chief was entrenched with guns and sepoys. The intelligent officer planned a night attack, stormed the position, and captured the native Superintendent of Police and Revenue, who held his post, thinking on his side that he was attacked by mutineers. It is astonishing, how Orientals adopted customs of their country, of which they could have had no personal experience hitherto; for not only were European heads sent in as trophies to rebel chiefs, but occasionally the heads of rebel chiefs were sent in to the Officers of Government. The necessity of burning some villages was obvious, but the expedient was carried too far, for, when a village was surrounded at night with a view to secure the males, and fired, it is a sad truth, that the women and children were burned in the confusion. Moreover the destruction of a village maddens the peasantry, and throws the land out of cultivation, and this circumstance was most properly commented on by the Governor-General in his much-censured proclamation.

By subsequent special Acts the punishment of death was adjudged to all violent crimes, the only alternative being stripes, as many as one hundred lashes being freely administered. One woman was hanged for treason. No mercy was shown to mutineer sepoys by the civil authorities, and, as fast as they were caught, they were strung up; but at one time a strange difference existed between the practice of the military and civil authorities, and parties apparently in the same category were paid up, and discharged at the fort, instead of being hung up at the Magistrate's Court. So deep-spread was the disease in men's minds, so wide the contagion of revolt and thirst of plunder, that the guards plundered their own treasure, the record-keepers set fire to their own records, the table-servants of Europeans broke their own master's china, and stole their silver plate. All records of the past, English or vernacular, were hopelessly destroyed. Many timid persons, writers, and native doctors were, no doubt, hurried into rebellion by the example, and from fear of bolder spirits, and in one instance the whole of the native establishment of a sub-Collectorate were hanged for appropriating the cash; yet be it recorded to the honour of the natives of Calcutta, who have monopolised the English offices in the North-West Provinces, that, timid and pusillanimous as they notoriously are, no one instance of their having failed in their loyalty is on record.

All this time the whole district was supposed to be under Martial Law, and the natural impression was, that the functions of the

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civil power had ceased, instead of being magnified and multiplied, as was the case; one native Police officer petitioned to be furnished with a copy of Martial Law. All power seemed to be centred in the Magistrate, and he had, at the same moment, to strive to keep the lethargic Judge up to the proper pitch of hanging, and his own fiery subordinates down to the pitch of acquittal. On one occasion, just as a secret party was starting for a night attack on a notorious village, a couple of rockets from the city told them, that they were betrayed, and the alarm given. The Magistrate met this by imposing an enormous fine on the city, which led to the surrender of the offenders. On another occasion, European soldiers were charged with bayoneting wretched grooms, whom they mistook for mutineers, or for firing on some townspeople, who remonstrated with them for shooting their pigeons. The story is current, though we cannot vouch for it, that a European missed his water-drawer, and found his body next day on the gallows, as the peculiar cut of his whisker and moustache had led him to be mistaken for a mutineer. It was dangerous to have a martial bearing, or a whisker cut straight from the ear, for a long time afterwards.

In such times individual character came out, and the weak spirits gave way to the stronger. In some stations we find the Magistrate taking the lead; in another the Judge assumed the command, for which nature marked him out as the fittest. In a third District the Commissioner, by force of character, assumed entire military as well as civil control. So it was among the native employés of Government. The Magistrate soon found out, which of his subordinates could be depended upon, and in one remarkable instance the native Civil Judge, by capacity and valour, brought himself so conspicuously forward, as to be known as the Fighting Munsiff. He not only held his own defiantly, but he planned attacks, he burned villages, he wrote English despatches thanking his subordinates, and displayed a capacity for rule and a fertility of resource very remarkable for one of his nation. As a general rule, the higher officials were faithful, but there were lamentable exceptions. Old native Judges were bitten by religious fanaticism, for they could not allege ignorance of our laws as their excuse. On one occasion the Deputy Collector, the son of an Englishman and well acquainted with English, was hurried into rebellion; in fact, the line of separation betwixt right and wrong became at such moments very narrow. In one district the Police and Revenue district establishments insisted upon having two months' pay served out, and they were hanged for it. In another district a high Government-Officer served a rebel chief six months in the same capacity, and could not see, that he had done wrong. In another village the landed gentry appropriated the cash in the Government local treasury, and divided it among themselves according to their

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shares in the estate, and recorded the same in the books of the village-accountant.

In addition to flogging and the extreme penalty of the law, the Magistrate was armed with the power of confiscation of property real and personal, and, as this applied to those who had absconded, had died, or escaped other punishment, the extent of property which changed hands was considerable. Gardens, houses, shops, were attached; chattels, grain, and perishable articles were sold. Hindu temples and Mahometan mosques were blown up by gunpowder, as some return for the desecration and destruction of every church in the North-West Provinces. Bells were articles, which changed hands freely, for during the disturbance a Brahman appropriated the bell of the Presbyterian church, and gongs and bells were reserved as plunder on the destruction of Hindu shrines. Another feature of the rebellion had been the general employment of native Christians in the Government Offices; catechists had been transformed into orderly horsemen, and native preachers into evidence-writers. It cannot but be admitted, that during a reign of terror, which a suspension of the regular Courts naturally implies, the worst passions of men come out. Stories are told of false treasonable letters being tied up in the clothes of an adversary to secure his conviction, and it is notorious, that no one dared to file a suit in the Civil Court before the Judge, while the defendant had the power and will at once to charge his creditor with treason and rebellion before the Magistrate.

In a neighbouring district the rebels determined to destroy the church, the bell of which swung on a little cupola; as they were cutting down the bell, it fell and killed two of the plunderers; this awed the remainder, and saved the church. To the church of another station the writer of these lines had presented a large copy of the Scriptures, given to him when he left Eton; the church had been destroyed, but, when temple and tower went to the ground, the book escaped uninjured, and still occupies its old place. Two ladies were in the power of the rebels; at a time, when their hour was darkest, they petitioned a mutinous native doctor to give them some medicine; it was brought wrapped in a page of a mutilated Bible, and their wondering eyes read the message delivered by Isaiah, chap. li. vers. 12, 13, 14. A few days after they were rescued by a successful act of daring on the part of two officers. In another district the State-prisoners in the gaol rose up at night and killed their gaoler and his guard. The Magistrate summoned the troops to his aid; the gaol was taken by assault, and the ringleaders seized; in the dead of night a drumhead Court-Martial sentenced them to death by hanging; but no ropes are allowed in a gaol, so the sentence was commuted to shooting, and the offenders were massed in a triangular-shaped block against the wall in the

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limited space of the prison, and then and there killed by repeated volleys.

All this time the Executive officer of the district was not idle in his duties of Collector. Money poured in by every steamer from Calcutta, and poured out like water, leaving the tale of unadjusted items to be told in tens of thousands of pounds. There was constant payment of sums for saving European life or distinguished bravery, for it was then no light service for a native to stand by an Englishman, as he was liable to attack by the rebels for so doing. The terrorism of the rebels is scarcely appreciated by us to its full extent. There were compensations for losses or for wounds, or advances made to starving Christians or faithful natives, driven with only the clothes on their backs from out-stations. There were rewards to be paid for the arrest of notorious rebels and criminals escaped from gaol; spies and messengers to be paid handsomely for their services generally, by dipping their hands into a bag of silver, and securing as much as they could grasp; advances to be made to officers engaged in raising regiments of low-caste men; and reward for the restoration of Government horses, cattle, and stores. State-prisoners had to be maintained. Supplies of cash had to be furnished to every advancing column, or placed at the disposal of the commissariat and the ordnance department. No wonder that in these hasty remittances the tale of rupees ran short, that boxes of treasure were found violated, and, in one instance, a box of five hundred pounds was found missing. In the general moral debasement, we cannot be surprised, that the European sentry was not always trustworthy. In the treasure chamber also was stowed away the plunder belonging to the army, the spoil of captured cities, valued at hundreds of thousands of pounds, and fastened down in beer barrels until the end of the war. Among these spoils were the crown jewels of sovereigns, the gold plate of princes, earrings, and nose-rings, and jewels of women, ornamented daggers, and diamond necklaces, all the pomp and wealth of Oriental monarchs, wrung from a plundered and oppressed people, and now captured by the English army.

At the same time the Collector had to look after the Revenue of those parts of the district, in which his orders were respected. He had to suspend collections from such villages, as had been plundered, burned, or deserted. He had to determine, where he should remit, and where enforce the demand; as it is a grave moral question, how far a Government is justified in demanding the payment of taxes, when it has notoriously failed in its duty of protection, owing to no fault of the people. No sooner was the danger past, than red tape raised its head again, and a gentleman, sitting in comfort and ease at Calcutta, reminded the excited Collector of unattended-to forms and discontinued returns. With hundreds of

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boxes of stationery and stamps in his charge, directed to districts in the hands of the rebels, the Collector, without a pen or sheet of paper belonging to him, dared not use the consignment of his neighbour without special authority. As he returned to his half-ruined home from his morning-duty of hanging rebels, flogging rioters, and blowing up temples, he found letters from the Head of the Finance Department, reminding him, that he was personally responsible for every rupee missing in a treasury guarded by European soldiers in a fort three miles off. On his table he found notes from an Officer with the force of Jang Bahádar, requesting a daily supply of a hundred he-goats for the hungry Gúrkha; from the Postmaster, requesting him to hunt for a missing mail-cart; from the Commanding Officer, requesting him to close the grog-shops; from a Cavalry-Commandant, to know whose grass was to be cut, and where a farrier was to be found; from the Pension-Pay-master, requesting him to attend a committee on the confiscation of pensions. Telegraphic messages up and down were tumbling in all day long, sometimes announcing a victory, sometimes heralding a traveller, for, in addition to his other duties, he had to keep a Red Lion tavern for strangers, examine the passport of every native traveller, and ascertain the contents of every native letter.

Thus passed six months away, and if some grey hairs had shown themselves in his beard (for since his razors were plundered, he had remained perforce unshorn), if his heart sometimes palpitated from over-excitement, and his liver sometimes troubled him, no wonder. If his temper was somewhat soured, if he hated the natives with a deep hate, if he talked too lightly of cutting the thread of human life, and scoring the backs of poor devils, no wonder. He had had much to bear, and the rebellion had fallen heavily on his estate, his family, and his health. He was mentioned in no dispatches; the thanks of Government reached him not; and, when he saw that the tide had turned, and that the country was saved, he hurried to England, on the chance of quiet restoring tone to his body, and change of scene bringing back equanimity to his mind. During the past months he had seen a solemn procession of heroes pass by him, and he had met and held converse with all. Some had returned crowned with laurel; for others had been destined the cypress, and they had remained where they went. Henry Lawrence, Neill, Havelock, Outram, Peel, Clyde, and hundreds, who had lived and died in this struggle, had he seen. For this city being the gateway of Northern India, through it had hurried on the avenging force of Europeans, first in hundreds, and latterly in thousands; not by the usual stately marches, the daily parasang by parasang, with tents and camels, pomp and externals, but dragged by bullocks, pulled along by ponies, carried by elephants, at the rate of fifty miles per diem.

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But the man and the musket came alone, and provision had to be found him at each halting-place; so the local authorities had to prepare two hundred beds at each hut, lay in supplies of coffee, milk, tea, beef, mutton, biscuit, means of cooking, and means of eating. The road groaned and creaked night and day with trains of ammunition and stores, drawn by oxen, camels, and elephants, who themselves ate and drank, and required at each halting-place mountains of provender. The followers of the army ate and drank also, and the carts were at length counted by thousands, and bullocks by tens of thousands. The Magistrate and the Commissariat Officer, sometimes in concert, sometimes in competition, bought up horned cattle by hundreds for slaughter. It was officially reported, that all the rams of the year were exhausted, and the ewe with its lamb was served up as a substitute: tough eating no doubt, but strong were the teeth and keen was the appetite of the British soldier, longing to be at them, enchanted with the new way of marching, and, in their hatred to the natives, scarcely keeping their hands off the camp-servants who ministered to their wants, detecting a rebel in each miserable groom, and a mutineer in each waterdrawer. In the march of the earlier column men were strung up to the trees on the roadside, and familiarly called acorns by the soldiers. Black life was never so cheap as then. The vast supplies of food for man and beast, the hundred thousand mauds of forage, the thousands of tent-pegs, the hundreds of blankets, the scores of elephants and other beasts of burden, were the result of systematic labour. The resources of half-occupied districts were developed, and admirable indeed were the arrangements made and the instructions issued by the Government, calculated to secure the comfort of the soldier and the protection of the people. And while the avenging army was marching upwards, convoys of ladies and children, who had escaped the massacre of the innocents, the inmates of garrisons, which had held out beyond hope and gained imperishable glory, women who had fled with their children on foot under the full heat of an Indian sun, leaving the bodies of their slaughtered husbands rotting in some ravine, or eaten by dogs under the eyes of insulting crowds,—these had to be sorrowfully and respectfully conveyed down. These were they, who had gone through much tribulation, whom the hand of God had selected to expiate by their sorrow the sins of our nation. On them, though not more guilty than their neighbours, the tower of Siloam had fallen, and crushed their domestic happiness; for the power of England will spring up again, stronger from the blow, that was meant to dash it down; but the young, the strong of heart, the wise of council, the brave, the well-beloved, are treasures, which no time can restore! Who is there, who would not gladly buy back at the cost of half his fortune the life of one of those, whom, though

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unconnected by ties of blood, he had loved and respected, who had grown up with him from his youth, to whose loss he can still hardly reconcile himself? Who is there, who does not sometimes ask himself, why his own life had been spared, when many so much worthier —when Havelock, Lawrence, Neill, and Nicholson, and so many other noble spirits—had been called away?

And when the campaign was over the soldier had to be housed. Barracks had to be erected in unusual numbers and with rapidity. Every carpenter and every mason, all the timber, all the thatching grass of the district, had to be impressed and impounded. Contracts had to be made for beds for those brave fellows, who had not known what the thing meant for nearly a twelvemonth, from the time that they were blown out of the harbour of Portsmouth by the first blast of the Indian whirlwind. Vegetables had to be sown for these brave fellows' dinners; the grog-shops had to be closed that they might not make themselves drunk; foraging caps, accoutrements, knapsacks, left behind on the upward march, had to be stored and taken care of. Long discussions and wordy wars had to be carried on about the price of grain and supplies. The Commissariat Officer attacked the native Police as obstructing purchases; they retorted on him as a wholesale plunderer, and very often he was so, though they were not in a position to bring the charge. No English transaction can be carried through without a good fight. This has been sadly exemplified in the late rebellion, for while England was talking of our beleaguered garrisons as bands of brothers, we find in every instance, that violent feuds obstructed the public interests, that poor weak men, even in the hour when it seemed least valuable, grasped at power—

"Iliacos intra muros pugnatur, et extra."

We now turn to what may be called the Rebellion-Legislation, and take a glance at what the Parliament of India did, or thought that they were doing, to assist the Executive in the death-struggle with the mutineers and the rebels. The Government of India has from the earliest days shown the greatest tenderness for human life and the greatest jealousy of its Executive officers, and by legal forms and apellate courts has fenced round the lives, the liberties, and the property, of its meanest subject. Be it handed down to its honour that, unlike most Asiatic conquerors, its Code has never been written in blood, and that it has always recognised the equality of all its subjects in the eye of God and the law. No blood has ever fallen to the ground unavenged; the Courts are open to the meanest and the poorest, and the Government has fairly won the title of the mildest despotism that the world ever saw. It had been carried too far, especially in the army, where the power of the Commanding Officer had been paralysed. On the first tidings of the mutiny

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reaching the Council Chamber, summary and full power was given to Courts-Martial to deal with offenders on the 16th of May. By the 30th of May the respectable gentlemen, who composed the Council, only one of whom had been so far up-country as Banáras (for the representative of the North-West Provinces was shut up as a prisoner in the Agra fort), discovered that the mutiny was akin to a rebellion, and an Act revolutionised the country, for it swept away all the barriers raised up by the wisdom of our predecessors against hasty judgment; it did away with all appeals, all records; it placed the power of life and death in the hands of any one, to whom in the hour of confusion it might fall. It was like giving strong liquor to babes. Many, who used these vast powers, have no one to answer to but God and their consciences! Early in the day the Government tried to check their Commissioners. In the Provinces of Bangál, where the fire of rebellion was less violent, they succeeded; they asked not for forms and checks, for vernacular proceedings or depositions, but for full English notes of the trial to be kept for future reference, and for a monthly return of the number executed. But of many in the North-West Provinces, who were launched into eternity under a semi-judicial process, not one note remains to say why: a brief statement in the monthly return is their only epitaph. We ask no questions with regard to those, who fell in the battle or the siege, for their presence on the spot accounts for their death; and for those, who came within the compass of the halter, we doubt not, that they fell justly, for a rebellious epidemic had seized the community; but we wish that, after the excitement of the first weeks had passed, there had been more discrimination, a more leisurely and solemn judgment, and none have more denounced indiscriminate and hasty and unrecorded executions than those who in peril were vigorous and unsparing, but merciful in the hour of victory. The first, who began to strike, were the first to leave off striking.

It was not enough to punish the mutineers and the rebels, but those, who seduced and stirred up the native army or others, had to be met by special punishments; and on the 6th June another Act gave such powers, and on the 13th of the same month another Act made death the legal punishment of every heinous offence, down to receiving stolen property in districts where Martial Law was proclaimed. On the 20th June an Act brought the whole of the mutineers and deserters under the Civil Magistrates, and armed them with the power of life and death contained in the Articles of War. On the 8th August, confiscation of property was added to the penalty of death in all the above cases. This completed a Code unequalled since that of Draco, for every line is written in blood, and all protection to life, liberty, and property was removed. It is with wonder and awe that we peruse the unlimited powers conveyed in these

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enactments. Better, far better, would it have been to have suspended all the existing laws, and to have placed unlimited power in the hand of the Military or Civil Governor, than thus to let it go forth to the world, that death and confiscation of property were at one period, though a limited one, the legal punishment of every felony.

It is an illustration, how completely unrepresented the people of India were either in Council or in the Press, that these five Acts have elicited no remonstrance; no petitions were sent home to England praying for some better guarantee for life and property, though posterity will wonder what kind of men they were, who enacted such frightful laws. Were they fierce men of the school of the French Marshals, or the dragooning Governors of Austrian Italy, who thus by the stroke of a pen transformed King Log into King Serpent, who gave every white man the power to inflict, and every dark man the risk of suffering, death without appeal? But against one Act, which affected the interests of the Fourth Estate, and placed the Press under the control of the executive, was raised a howl, which reached, but was not re-echoed by, the Sovereign-Press of England. There were among the representatives of the Indian Press gentlemen, who had made it their profession, who united great ability to long experience and a lofty independence. Against such there were no law; they were important elements in the Indian constitution; they pointed out abuses unsparingly; they placed distant districts into contact with each other; they suggested amendments, and were instruments of unbounded good. Against such there should have been no law, and the mistake committed by the Government was, that they did not communicate to these gentlemen that the yoke, which the Council had forged, was meant for the necks of a very different class, which was not wanting in India.

On the 18th of July was passed an Act to regulate the organisation of volunteer corps, which became the germ of a permanent and more extended legislation, by which in the hour of danger every Christian can at once be made available to the Government. Living among strangers, and knowing now, that every hand is ready to be raised against us, every Christian should carry arms, be able to use arms, and belong to a legalised armed Association. But, as a complement to this Act, was required the disarming of the natives of the country; and on the 11th September was passed an Enactment which, if we were only true to ourselves, may be the saving of India. It has always been subject of amazement to thinking minds, that the Government of India permitted the unrestrained use of arms to its subjects, not only arms of defence, but of offence and of military organisation. Private individuals were allowed to possess forts, cannon, and companies of trained soldiers armed with musket and bayonet. No restriction was placed on the making of powder

or the importation of English firearms. In every town the Armourer-Smith held a recognised position, and the meanest servant carried his weapon. We sowed the whirlwind and we reaped the storm, and a mutiny of soldiers expanded into a vast rebellion. Wiser far were the authorities of the Panjáb. From the earliest day of occupation the population was effectually disarmed, and heavy penalties attended the possession of an unlicensed weapon. Every fort was dismantled; the manufacture of powder, the importation of sulphur and saltpetre, were controlled. In the hour of peril the people found, that their fang had been drawn; they could not, even if they would, play with edge tools. This had now to be done for Hindustán, and until done thoroughly the possession of the kingdom was not complete. No one, who knew the country, wondered whence came the cannon and the munitions of war, which seem endless. Every district had its shadow of royalty, the debris of ancient dynasties, bearing the name of the great town, with imprescriptible rights, sanctioned by usage and popular favour, always ready to spring up in hostility, to whom was allowed the privilege of being above the jurisdiction of our courts, who were thorns in the sides of the magistracy, who headed the disturbances on the annual festivals, and whom a pernicious system allowed to usurp the titles, the privilege, and the rank of the Sovereign of England. Englishmen looked on them disdainfully and pitifully, and smiled at their mock Courts; but to the people they were the reality, and the Sovereign of England was a myth.

By the 28th of November the Government were satisfied, that the number of mutineers exceeded their power of extermination, and an Act was passed for branding those, who escaped the extreme penalty of the law, reviving a practice which, only ten years previously, had been erased from the statute book. On the 5th of December an Act was passed to prevent any foreigner landing or travelling in India without a passport, the object being to prevent European adventurers of the free-lance profession introducing themselves among the rebels, and giving organisation to their efforts. One by one the characteristics which distinguished the dominions of England were effaced; and on the 23d of January a small particle of the great Habeas Corpus Act, which by accident had clung to the island of Bombay, and enabled a State-prisoner to appeal to the High Court of Judicature, was ruthlessly wiped out. There remained but to legalise the Slave-colonies, formed of convicted sepoys, in the Andaman Islands, and the Government of British India could take its place with Russia on the Caucasus.

As the storm of rebellion rolled back, and possession was recovered of the Province, new necessities for legislation occurred. Twenty thousand prisoners had escaped from gaol and were scattered over the country. Some were the most malignant criminals,

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whom nothing but the weakness of the Courts, and the idiosyncracies of the Judges had kept from the gallows, professional poisoners, hereditary murderers, druggers, and notorious highwaymen. An Act was passed, by which death or transportation for life was legalised for certain recaptured convicts, and a very necessary provision this was. At the same time the destruction of the gaols rendered it expedient to substitute corporal punishment for every variety of felonious crime, thus making another necessary though retrograde step in legislation, as it was only twenty-five years before, that stripes were legally forbidden as a punishment, though by subsequent enactment partially re-introduced for juvenile offenders and petty thefts.

Then came four Enactments, characteristic of the rebellion. Forced labour has been the prevailing sin of all despotic countries; it is alluded to in the New Testament; it is found to prevail everywhere, where the lower classes are in debasement; the poor man has but his broad shoulders and manual dexterity, but the rich and the powerful seize him for the erection of their palaces, the making of their roads, the carrying of their goods. It was thus, that the Pharaohs of Egypt made their Pyramids, and the Pashas of Egypt made their canal and their railway; it was this cause, that roused the French population against the old Feudal regime. The Indian Government has struggled against it, but the evil was rampant; it had been forbidden by legal enactments, but every officer of Government knows, that on every march that he took the evil existed in some form or other, either as impressment or purveyance. But the necessity of erecting barracks for the European troops compelled the Indian Government to legalise this enormity, and to sanction the impressment of labour, adding every possible condition of remuneration, and every check on abuse.

The second Enactment was to protect the interests of Government. Land Tax, Excise, and Stamps were the three sources of the Government revenue; and as vast amounts of stamp-paper were plundered, an Act was passed to restrict the sale of such paper, and by the introduction of a second stamp on the paper in store, practically to destroy the value of the plundered paper. No doubt the European captains of river-steamers, who enriched themselves at the expense of the Government, were deep though not loud in abuse.

The third Enactment was intended to secure the severe and discriminating punishment of the inhabitants of those villages notorious for plunder, and the destruction of European life and public buildings. Fine and confiscation were the penalties imposed and most justly incurred. If there was one duty more incumbent on Government than another, it was to punish severely the agrarian outrages of certain localities; for communities, who had for fifty years known

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nothing but peace and abundance, burst forth full armed into rapine and murder, sparing neither property nor person, neither age nor sex. Certain tribes were more conspicuously notorious, and some had already suffered; in one case all the males in a village, sixty in number, were hung on the trees in front of their own houses; a punishment frightful to record.

The fourth and last Enactment was to facilitate the recovery of land, of which possession had been wrongfully taken during the disturbances. Hereby hangs a long tale of Indian and English misgovernment. In the early days of British rule land was freely and often unjustly brought to the auction-hammer for balances of Land-Revenue, and decrees of the Civil Court. Before the attention of the Government was roused, a great part of the land of this province had changed hands, and the ancient communities of resident proprietors had been ousted of their rights by the stranger capitalists, and had subsided into the subordinate position of hereditary cultivators, paying a fixed rent. Smarting under a confused sense of injury, and of actual dishonour, ever and anon the brotherhood would rise up, and in a violent affray attempt to oust the intruder; but the strong hand of the civil power would then vindicate its own decree, and consign the offenders to gaol. But the disturbances opened the floodgates of passion long repressed, and the opportunity was too tempting. The stranger was ejected, or even slain, and the old community reinstated themselves. For long the Government was powerless to vindicate the rights guaranteed by their own acts, and, though deeply regretting the cause of the alienation, there was nothing but to restore possession, and this was the object of this special Enactment.

Lastly came an Act inflicting special penalties on parties found in possession of arms and other property belonging to Her Majesty, This was especially aimed at the recovery of the thousands of muskets, the hundreds of horses, the stores and the ammunition, which had been appropriated by the mutineers in the first blush of the outbreak. These Enactments formed the Code of Mutiny-legislation; it is but just to add that their term was limited.

We have finished our narrative, but the reality exceeds all description. Those only, who see with their eyes, and hear with their ears, can realise the extent of the social disorganisation. It is an instructive lesson, and it is good for those, who learn it earnestly and thoughtfully. Let the rebels be called patriots fighting for their country, enthusiasts fighting for their religion, oppressed sovereigns fighting for their independence, still they were emphatically the enemies of civilisation. The dark night of the Middle Ages would have closed upon this country, if in the end their cause had triumphed. After the English rule comes the deluge. In this unhappy province the Magistrates lived in an almost savage

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state, with a three-hooked gallows always ready rigged, and a platform always ready to drop. Along the road, formerly the highway of commerce, leading to the Northern Capitals, everywhere ruin was visible; unroofed houses, schools, hospitals, police stations, revenue offices, Courts of justice, gaols wantonly destroyed. Every monument raised to civilisation and order had been destroyed; the rebels had leagued themselves with confusion and disorder, and selected murderers as their chosen associates and leaders.

And let it not go forth, that the tyranny of English rule deserved this bitter chastisement, that there were none who cared for the people. This was not the case. There were missionaries spiritual and missionaries lay, men who devoted their lives to the great duty of caring for the people, who fed the starving, looked after the sick, succoured the oppressed, and protected life and property. And let it not be said, that the English were a godless people, and that nothing was done to promote the cause of Christianity, or that they were ashamed of their creed. In every district rose the Christian church; in nearly every one was the Christian mission, accompanied by its schools, its village preaching, and the dispersing of God's word. The Public Servants of the State in India have often been judged harshly as to their efficiency and their training, but in two particulars they have been conspicuous, in official integrity and in devotion and love to the people under their charge.

In the preceding pages the duties of the Collector of Revenue in the North of India are described. To a true philanthropist there is no more suitable destiny than that of being the earthly Providence of so many thousands. But how sadly altered is the position now! Every Englishman is not only a free man, but a missionary of liberty, and though the servant of a despotic Government, there was the consolation, that the Government was paternal, that political offences were unknown, and that the position of the subjects was happy. This can be asserted no longer. The waters of the Ganges will not wash away the blood; years will not efface the memory of 1857. Hundreds have perished violently. We have been surrounded, attacked, insulted, slain, and, in return, we have used a giant's strength and crushed them; but no longer can we hope to have friendly meetings and friendly greetings. No longer can we dwell among the people, like parents among their children. They have all, we have all, tasted blood. We fear them, and they hate us to the death.[1]

It is a dreadful feature in this war of races to contemplate the destruction of all pity, all sympathy, all the precepts of Christianity. Those, who arrived fresh from England, were amazed to hear gentle ladies talking of slaughter, of hanging, of revenge, devoting whole

[1] It is a comfort to record that the fear expressed in 1858 has not proved true, and that all things have settled down as before.

tribes, whole classes, to the gallows. The common ground of humanity was cut away from under them. They talked of the people as wild beasts, and yet had to live among them for the best years of their lives, to eat from their hands; and it will be well, if continuation of pressure does not convert them into assassins. It was well for India, that the leaven of English feeling gradually worked into the mass, and that a milder policy took the place of that indiscriminate revenge, which would have lowered us in the scale of civilised nations. The next generation will honour at its full value the clemency of Lord Canning, and the self-restraint of Lord Lawrence.

In our firm and undisputed Constitution at home, we know nothing practically of the necessity of charity and forgiveness, which every rebellion entails. A Frenchman, who has known the horror of a revolution in his own country, would see the necessity of shortening the sword of revenge. The people of India had seen us rise wonderfully and suddenly, like a star from afar, and they had worshipped us. They had admitted our prestige, and kingdoms had sunk before us; but now a lying rumour had gone forth, that our power was gone, that our time was up. We find this in every intercepted letter, not meant for European eye, that both friends and enemies had conceived a firm belief, that such was the case, and they acted according to the best of their judgment for themselves. Some sided with us, because certain hostile tribes in their neighbourhood had taken the other part. Some respectable landholders stood up at first for order, not for us, but their timidity at last compelled them to give way and join the stream. Many revolted unwillingly, having much to lose; many were compromised by their relations, or forcibly carried away by their dependants. Many shrunk from massacre or private crime; they considered the empire vacant, as effectually it was, when our native army revolted, and our European army was nowhere; and they tendered their allegiance according to their family predilections; or, if their local position permitted it, stood aloof to watch events; or, if they were wise, temporised with both parties. Their situation was peculiar, but history supplies parallels. Besides, their situation was critical, the representatives of effete dynasties were busy and active, the propagandists of violent religious wars were loud and powerful; and, as one potent landholder, who has the proud honour of having protected English life, and now reaps the fruit, remarked to his guests in the hour of doubt and uncertainty, "You may send ships and men and reconquer the kingdom, but they may arrive too late to save the lives of me and my family; it is that which I must think of." But for every Sepoy, who met us in the field, or who has fallen into our power, the sword, the cannon's mouth, and the rope, have been adjudged without mercy and without discrimination. Many went defiantly, like Spartans, to death, and looked

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about at the last moment with an air of triumph. The great Searcher of hearts alone knows what strength sustained them. None have craved life, or seemed to care to purchase it; reckless with the lives of others, they have not cared for their own. The writer of these lines, in April 1858, was passing through Kanhpúr, at eventide, on his road to Lahore, when his vehicle was arrested by a crowd, and at length drawn up in front of the gallows. On it were three Sepoys in the act of expiating their offence. As the rope was placed round their necks, they made a military salute with their right hands, uttered the words "Salám Sáhib," and were launched into eternity with no sign of fear, or shrinking, or religious excitement, or exclamation of defiance. Thousands continued in rebellion, because there was no alternative, no loophole for escape, until an Amnesty [1] could be passed.

Let our rulers pause and reflect, that they have a great and not uncivilised people under them, congregating in rich cities, scattered in innumerable villages: a people cunning in art, courteous in manner, brave in battle, fearless in death, and inflexible in religious convictions. It may be, that they have risen in righteous indignation against us, for our feelings are not their feelings, our gods are not their gods, the question of right and wrong is not decided in the same way by them and by us. We cannot exterminate this people, who count by millions, and re-colonise with Anglo-Saxons; we cannot make India a solitude, and then call it peace. Let us then confess, that we have committed great errors; that it is the hand of God, that has saved us, and still saves us; that He meant to chastise, and not to destroy us; and, confessing our own shortcomings, in spite of our power, our learning, the wisdom of our counsellors, and the vastness of our physical force, let us be indulgent and forgiving to the weak, the ignorant, the deluded, the so-called rebel.

LAHORE, *August* 1858.

[1] A few months subsequently the Queen published an Amnesty, and the rebellion subsided.

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CHAPTER IX.

A TOUR IN PALESTINE.

Books are not wanting, some of great merit, written by learned and pious men, with the not unwarrantable pride of pilgrims, who have achieved the object of their lives, and who desire to communicate to others, and to rouse up in them the deep interest which they themselves have experienced. Each year adds new facilities to the performance of what, half a century ago, was considered a feat to be talked about. Men, who had stood on Mount Olivet, or knelt at the tomb hard by Calvary, were proud to be pointed out during their lives, and to have this fact recorded on their tombs.

It is with no intention to add to this abundance that the pen is taken up by one who has realised his heart's desire in visiting the sacred spots of the Nativity and Passion of our Saviour; it is not to enter into the dreary field of polemics as to the correctness or incorrectness of the different localities. The object is simply to describe the Holy Land, to point out the facilities for visiting it, to awaken an interest in those scenes, and perhaps to tempt some one of those, who hurry from India through Egypt on their homeward journey, to tarry awhile and devote two months to a pilgrimage, the memory of which will rest to his dying hour. Some of those who are driven to seek health in the Himálaya, may be induced to avail themselves of the privilege to visit Judea, and seek for health in one of the sanataria of Lebanon.

There must be many to whom distant countries present a mere blank and void in their ideas; and the narrator is obliged to premise a description of the peculiar features of the soil, the ancient history of the inhabitants, their laws, customs, and religion; but who among us has not heard of Palestine? Whose earliest ideas of mountains and trees are not connected with the hills and goodly cedars of Lebanon? Who knows not of the hill country of Judea, to which Mary went in haste to salute Elizabeth, and the plain of Esdraelon, which has been the battlefield of nations from the time of Sisera to that of Napoleon?

It will be necessary to add, that it is with feelings of awe, and a kind of mistrust of the natural senses, that the traveller first

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places his foot on the shore of the Holy Land; that he first connects places of an historical and all but fabulous interest with the prosaic routine of his daily movements. Is it possible that I am to rest this night at Tyre; that I shall to-morrow stand with Elijah on Mount Carmel; that with my servants and mules I shall tread the sands between Cæsarea and Joppa, once trod by St. Peter, and go up with St. Paul from Lydda to Jerusalem? Such must be the feelings of the scriptural pilgrim; it is good for him to be there. Nor do the fatigues of the journey, or the discomforts necessarily attending travellers, diminish aught of his enthusiasm, while he plodes his way along

> "Those holy fields
> Over whose acres walked those blessed feet,
> Which eighteen hundred years ago were nailed,
> For our advantage, on the bitter cross."

It is some advantage to have travelled in Oriental countries previous to landing on the shores of Palestine, as there are many features of Asiatic life, which are common all over the Eastern world, but which astonish and perplex travellers on their first arrival from Europe; and in every work pages are devoted to a minute description, and to scriptural illustrations, of manners and features, which are not peculiar to Palestine, but are the characteristics of Asiatic life elsewhere. There is a tendency also on the part of devout and untravelled men to strain the prophecies of the Bible, to see the hand of God (unquestionably existing everywhere) in the minutest features in this country, and to arrive at unwarrantable conclusions. A volume published by some ministers of the Scotch Church particularly illustrates this. These excellent men had probably never left the jurisdiction of the General Assembly, until they started upon the mission entrusted to them. They saw everything through a microscope of their own. The Arab woman drawing water at the well to them was Rebecca, when met by Eliezer; every white-bearded and turbaned old man reminded them of Abraham; they found a scriptural interest in every object, which they saw and every word which they heard; their pages teem with scriptural quotations; the very mountains to them spoke outwardly of the avenging hand of the God of Israel: the stern bare hills of Judah, the wilderness-girt shores of the Sea of Galilee, the harsh and stern look of the valley of Jehoshaphat: yet these outward features of nature were the same in ancient days as now. The River of Jordan flowed down the same dreary bed into the Dead Sea, what time the walls of Jericho crumbled at the sound of the trumpet of Joshua; Jerusalem was encircled by the same hills, stood on the edge of the same natural chasms, when David danced before the Ark, when Solomon in the

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height of his glory received the Queen of Sheba, and when Titus razed the Temple. The face of nature does not change. Desolation certainly shows itself conspicuously, and we see reminiscences on all sides of a time, when the inhabitants of the country were numerous, rich, and flourishing; the mountains were once in Judea, as now in Lebanon, terraced with the vines and the mulberry; gardens once bloomed where now there is nought but the ruined well; broken columns mark the site of old cities now desolate; and the shattered arch shows, where once the torrent was spanned by the royal highway; but the traveller in Greece, in Asia Minor, in Mesopotamia, and all over India, knows that such are the features of all the ancient countries of Asia: ancient, since they saw the first civilisation of man, who learned to be rich, powerful, and ambitious, while the less fortunate countries of the West were occupied by savages and overgrown by forests. Thus to the resident of India all the features of Syria are at once familiar: the hedges of prickly pear, the sandy ill-defined roads, the large groves of pine-trees, the walled towns, the bazaars, the flat-roofed houses, the tapering minarets, the peculiar natural products, the people themselves, with sandalled feet, loose garments, flowing beards, and turbans, the trains of mules, and laden camels: all these things enchant the travellers of England, but to the Anglo-Indian they excite scarcely a passing remark, and he has leisure for the uninterrupted contemplation of what is remarkable and peculiar to the soil: the completion of prophetical denunciations; the mighty events, which have there happened; the traces of the different races and peoples, which have contended for, possessed, and lost, this narrow strip of land, between the Jordan and the Mediterranean; for Egyptians, Syrians, Assyrians, Babylonians, Persians, Greeks, Romans, Arabs, Turks, and Christians have all thrown away time and treasure for the possession of a country, in itself valueless, but ever destined to be the highway of nations.

And no feature is more striking than the comparative insignificance of the country in all the attributes of power, wealth, or means of support of a great population. David and Solomon at their best never could have been more than a petty Raja in British India. Jerusalem could never by its physical position have been a city of importance, nor could the Temple have in any way rivalled the great Pagan structures of antiquity. To those who, like the writer of these pages, have been in the habit of dealing with the details of the management of newly-conquered provinces, and considering practically the requirements of fiscal and police administration, the annexation of such a petty kingdom as Palestine seems a small matter, and the whole country from Dan to Beersheba would scarcely make up two districts of the size of the twenty-seven districts of the Panjáb. To the Jews were committed the Oracles

of God, and from this cause an importance, quite unwarranted by any other consideration, has surrounded them. Not a coin, not an inscription on stone or metal, has survived the wreck of ages; not an article of pottery or metal, not a brick tells of Hebrew art; and yet of the contemporary kingdoms in Egypt and Mesopotamia we have an abundance of evidence of departed greatness. God chose the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty, and was glorified in the insignificance of His chosen agents.

Let us commence then our pilgrimage, and traverse the length and breadth of the land from Dan to Beersheba. From whichever direction we come, the most convenient point of disembarkation is Beirút. Arrangements have been made for steamers to touch at Joppa and at Khaifa, beneath Mount Carmel; and the Holy Land can be approached from Suez and Cairo by the long and short desert routes; but both entail fatigue, loss of time, and the risk of a quarantine in an obscure corner of the country. The traveller landed at Beirút, if from Egypt, may have a quarantine in an excellent establishment, but he finds in that large and flourishing town the means of providing himself with the materials for his journey. Beirút can conveniently be made the starting-point and the goal of his pilgrimage, and should he have time for a sojourn in Lebanon, all the sanataria on the mountain are within twenty miles, and overhang the town, which is the commercial capital of the country.

Let us imagine ourselves thus prepared to go up to Jerusalem, with our baggage laden upon mules, our Arab servants (including interpreter) accompanying, and ourselves bestriding the strong hacks of a country, in which wheel carriages of any description are utterly unknown. The first stage is Saida, the ancient Sidon, and the road lies along the shore of the tideless Mediterranean; on the left rises the magnificent range of Lebanon, sparkling with villages, monasteries, and chapels, thickly sprinkled along its declivities. This is the country of the Pagan Druze and Christian Maronite, who live blended together, resembling each other in little but their character for independence and unmanageableness. Wonderfully picturesque and enchanting is this ride, between the green mountains and the deep-blue ocean, which, sweeping in on the coast, forms bays and headlands fringed with white foam to break the sameness of the landscape. The signs of life on the road are few, the road itself is but a pathway, and the mountain streams have to be waded through, though broken arches show where once, in better days, bridges had been; and crossing these streams is sometimes, when the volume of the water is swollen, at the risk of life and property: at no time is it pleasant to stem a rapid torrent just at the point where it rushes into the sea, knowing what the consequences of one false step would be. Travellers

have been known to have been delayed weeks on the banks. Sidon, when reached, presents little to admire, but much to interest; we remember that we are now in the land promised to, but never possessed by, the twelve tribes; that to the tribe of Asher was allotted the coast of Sidon, though, their strength being weakened by disobedience, the children of Israel never fully obtained their promised heritage. Hence went forth Jezebel to swell the crimes of Samaria; here were planted the first germs of commerce and navigation.

The next day's journey is to Tyre, now called Sur. The road is much the same as that of the preceding day, except that the mountain-ranges become lower and the coast more rugged. The river Leontes, which drains the valley of Cœlo-Syria between the Lebanon and Anti-Lebanon, is crossed by an old-fashioned bridge, which is fortunately in repair, or all communication would be cut off. On the road we pass Zarephath, the place of refuge of Elijah, where the barrel of meal and the cruise of oil did not fail, and the man of God raised the son of the widow. The houses of Tyre are seen far out in the sea, and the once famous island is now a narrow peninsula in the midst of ruins and desolation. Here, for the first time, we come upon the steps of our Redeemer, for it is in these coasts, that He miraculously healed the Syro-Phœnician woman; here St. Paul landed on his return from one of his apostolical voyages, and knelt down on the sands and took leave of his disciples in prayer; here, three thousand years ago, Hiram, whose reputed sarcophagus is still shown on the neighbouring height, shipped off cedars for the Temple at Jerusalem; and to the men of Tyre was Zerubbabel indebted, under the grant of Cyrus, for materials for the second Temple also. There are no cedars now within one hundred miles. Here flourished idolatry in all its abomination. Against this city were uttered some of the direst threats of the prophets, and never does prophecy appear more literally fulfilled. Tyre is indeed laid waste; her walls and towers are destroyed and broken down; she is made like the top of a rock, and a place for spreading nets in the midst of the sea. No place was more particularly selected by the inspired writers of the Old Testament as an object of their prophetic wrath than this queen of cities, and none is more prostrate. Still there is an interest attached to its very name, that cannot fail to attract. Recollections of all time press upon us; of Dido, in the earliest mist of traditional history, ladening her vessels to fly from her brother, and to found an empire on the coast of Africa; of the purple of Tyre, famous all over the world; of Alexander the Great. The name seems never forgotten. We find it in the early history of the Church and the romances of the Crusades, and it is only, when we stand amongst its ruins that we are aware, how indeed it has fallen. And to this city we are indebted for the greatest

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discovery wrought out by human intellect, a purely Phonetic Alphabet.

From Tyre the sea-coast is followed until the last and most southern spur of Lebanon obstructs the passage, and it is only by a dangerous but most picturesque mountain pathway round the headland of Cape Bianco, called the Ladder of Tyre, that entrance is actually made into the Palestine of the Israelites. Before us lie the undulating plains of Asher, described in the Book of Judges as on the seashore; to the left is the long range of the mountains of Galilee, the prospect being terminated by the heights of Mount Carmel. We pass by the celebrated fortress city of St. Jean d'Acre, the keystone of Syria, and destined to be three times the glory of England; thence, winding round the beautiful bay, the waters of that ancient river, the river Kishon, have to be crossed, and so deep is the bed and so rapid the current of this bridgeless stream, that the traveller has to urge his unwilling steed into the sea, describing a semicircle round the estuary of the torrent which swept away the host of Sisera. Thence we pass through Khaifa, ascend the side of Mount Carmel, and enter the Roman Catholic convent, over which waves the tricolour of France: It stands on the brow of the rock, and commands an unequalled view of earth, air, and sky. On this range Elijah vindicated the power of God over the priests of Baal, but the convent is dedicated to the Virgin, who is traditionally reputed to have visited the cave of Elijah from the neighbouring Nazareth.

The road still lies due South along the sea-coast, shut in to the East by the mountainous country of Samaria, until the traveller arrives at the deserted town of Cæsarea. Never was ruin so perfect, so solemn in its desolation, telling so distinctly its history, as these remains. What was the object of those massive fortifications, those castellated gates, that deep entrenchment? History tells us, that Cæsarea was the military capital of the province under the Roman emperors; and we find on the sea-coast a strongly entrenched military camp, looking for succours beyond the sea, and able to defy all attacks by land. When this power fell, their camp fell also, and became a ruin without an inhabitant. But time has fallen gently on the work of the Romans; the stones are fastened by cement as fresh, as if placed there yesterday; the towers, the gateways, the trench, and the roads are as clearly defined, as they were when Claudius Lysias despatched St. Paul by night from Jerusalem to the most excellent governor Felix. Tradition does not point out the Judgment Hall, where Felix trembled at the apostle's reasonings; but we know that it must have been within this fortified space, that St. Paul spoke of righteousness and judgment, and that here the Holy Ghost descended upon the first Gentile converts, in the house of the centurion Cornelius.

At Cæsarea the road passes round another headland, and enters the plain of Sharon, and up far Eastward are the mountains of Judea; the sea is still on the right hand, until the traveller takes a final farewell of it at Joppa. At this place again is a variety of conflicting associations. We are shown where the sheet was three times let down in the vision of St. Peter, where Jonah embarked to start for Tarshish (the whale disgorged him between Beirút and Sidon); hard by is the rock, from which Andromeda was liberated by Perseus, and the hospital where perished the wounded soldiers under Napoleon. Joppa has always been the seaport of Jerusalem; the cedars of Lebanon were here landed, and dragged up the intervening space of hill and valley to the foot of Mount Sion; here, in the days of the Crusades, the pilgrims used to disembark; and with such natural advantages, we cannot be surprised, that it is a busy and flourishing place, and under the new aspect of the country will daily become larger and more important. From here there is a regular service of steamers, and a regular communication with Beirút and Alexandria; and as the majority of pilgrims come for Jerusalem, and its environs, alone, Joppa is the favourite point of debarkation.

The seventh day is arrived, the line of coast between Joppa and Beirút has been traversed, our faces are now turned Eastward, and we rejoice to think, that this night our feet will rest in Jerusalem; but long and tedious is the way, footsore is the weary pilgrim, ere he salutes the Tower of David. The eye falls upon Lydda, where Peter healed the palsied Æneas: but we look in vain for the far-famed rose while traversing the plain of Sharon. Passing through Arimathea, now Ramleh, the residence of that stout-hearted disciple, who was not ashamed to acknowledge his Master even on the cross, we enter the rugged defiles of the hills of Judah, and struggle along a bad road, passing a succession of ranges with weary limbs, and eyes straining to catch the first sight of the hallowed walls; but it is not until he is within half a mile, that the anxious pilgrim first sees the long low wall of the Southern face of the town, and the heights of Mount Olivet towering immediately above it.

How many a weary frame and fainting heart has stopped and taken fresh courage at this point! How many a devout spirit has poured itself forth in song and prayer of thankfulness at having arrived thus far on the pilgrimage, the object of a life! Yes! knees unused to kneel have been bent at this place, tears have streamed from the eyes of hard and worldly men. Toil by land, danger by sea, hunger and thirst, captivity and separation, are all forgotten, and the heart exults at the thought of drinking in the natural features of a landscape on which fell the dying gaze of the Saviour, and achieving a pious task, the memory of which will live to the latest hour: the joy, which each man would feel at entering

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his home after long absence; the interest, which each man would feel at treading on the stage of the most illustrious events; the awe, which he would feel at entering the holiest of the holy;—such are the sentiments of him, who stands with a right mind in thy gates, O Jerusalem. Fifty generations have passed away, and the spirit of pilgrimage is still young; the hundreds of past times are now swelling to thousands. The passage of Tasso still charms, telling how the hardy Crusader reined steed, and the mail-clad warrior knelt at the sight of these time-honoured walls; but it is more affecting, more striking, to see the crowds of peaceful pilgrims, to hear their joyful shout, and mark their exulting eye; and the traveller, whom steam has wafted hither without fatigue, with all the comforts, the luxuries of wealth, should not disdain to kneel.

But do not now enter the city; rather pause, mark well her bulwarks, count the towers thereof, like the watchmen of Solomon; go about it, and see into how small a space it has shrunk, how its ancient greatness has perished. We are standing at the Southern gate, the gate of Joppa, under the Castle of David; turning to the right we come upon Mount Sion, the mount which God chose for His own possession; part of it is enclosed within the modern walls, but the chief portion is covered with olives, vineyards, and tombstones. Into that building on the left no Christian can enter, but within are the tombs of David and Solomon, deeply venerated by Mahometans. Our path lies still to the right, hard by the burial-ground of the Christians; and surely it were a privilege to sleep the last sleep on Sion. Thence we descend upon Mount Moriah. On that mountain-platform stood the Temple of Solomon; there in ages gone by Abraham is traditionally reported to have offered up Isaac; there the pestilence was stayed at the threshing-floor of Araunah; there the Most High was pleased to dwell in temples made with hands, while the cedar of Lebanon, the gold of Ophir, and the choicest things of the earth, were scattered in profusion. The old men, who had seen the first house, wept with a loud voice, when they saw the foundations of the second. The disciples heard incredulously the denunciation of their Master, that not one stone should be left on another; the Saviour himself wept, when he stood and gazed upon it from the Mount of Olives, on the opposite side of the valley of Jehoshaphat; thither for one thousand years the tribes of Israel went up, exulting in their being the chosen people, the sons of Abraham, confident in the inviolability of their Temple, their city, and their nation. How would those old priests of the first Temple weep now! Would those incredulous disciples believe their eyesight now, if they beheld the abomination of desolation in the holy place, the mosque of Omar occupying the site of the Temple, to mark the spot whence Mahomet, the son of Abdallah, is believed to have started upon his mysterious steed Borak, on his

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night visit to the Seventh Heaven! No Christian was until lately allowed to enter the confines; the Jew, though privileged, dares not do so unpurified.

We have arrived at the South-Eastern corner of the city, where the corner of the temple-substructure, remarkable for the vast stones of which it is composed, everhangs the valley of Jehoshaphat, and the brook of Siloam still flows fast by the Oracle of God; opposite to us is the mountain of offence, where Solomon built a palace for his idolatrous wives; did we continue along under the Eastern face of the city, we should pass the golden gate, and find ourselves at St. Stephen's gate; but it is better to descend by the rugged path into the valley of Jehoshaphat, cross the stream of Siloam by the pillar, which Absalom built in the King's Dale, climb to the heights of that mountain, which crowns the whole city, and bore in the time of David, as it does now, a name derived from the trees, which thickly clothe it even to the top.

It is the delight of all enthusiastic travellers arriving at any place of interest, to seek an eminence in the immediate neighbourhood, whence the whole scene can be commanded, whence the temple and the palace, the works of man, are brought by distance into their proper relative proportion to the surrounding hills, the work of God. There are those, who in the search over the world for the Beautiful have gazed upon the ruins of Athens and the Parthenon from the heights of Lycobettus; have seen an Italian sunset over the hills and ruins of Rome, with the Sabine hills in the distance; who have looked on Paris from Mont-Martre, on the romantic capital of Dunedin from the Calton Hill, with unbounded interest; but all earthly views, the Golden Horn of Istambúl, the network tracery of Venice, the Bay of Naples, yield to the interest — interest heartfelt and overpowering — the deep feelings of emotion, with which the view from Mount Olivet first seen is accompanied.

Carry your eyes across that awful chasm, the valley of Jehoshaphat; and, seated majestically with a curtain of black hills in the distance, you see all that time, war, human malevolence, and divine vengeance have allowed to survive of old Jerusalem; look down upon that embattled city, with its walls, its towers, and its gates, so beautifully stern, so romantically desert; the courts of the Lord's house are still exposed to view, as when they were traversed by long procession of Levites, when they sounded to the footfall of the rejoicing tribes at the annual festival; those courts echoed to the sounds of the Hosannah; that corner, where still stands the house of the civil governor, gave back the shout of "Crucify Him! crucify Him!" On that platform is now erected the mosque of Omar, of most beautiful and graceful proportions, covering the portion of rock projecting from the surface, on which Abraham is

believed to have offered up Isaac. Those who have looked upon the most beautiful specimens of Mahometan architecture, allow that this mosque of the second Kaliph yields to none in elegance and symmetry of structure; round it are smaller buildings of light and fantastic shapes, interspersed with a few stately cypresses; at the extreme end is the mosque of El Aksa, a Christian church of the Crusaders, appropriated by the Mahometans. So clear is the atmosphere, so immediately does the Mount of Olives overhang the sacred court, called "El-harám Es-sherif," that every action of the Faithful can be watched, and the contemplation of the white-robed figures glancing across the shining floor, or solemnly ranged in the attitude of prayer, adds to the interest of the scene. Outsides the walls of the sacred enclosure the whole of Jerusalem is exposed to the view; each minaret, each dome, the church of the Sepulchre and church of the monasteries, rise up distinctly and separately delineated, and in the extreme background the frowning Castle of David, by the Joppa gate, on the hill of Sion.

All, all the works of man have undergone repeated and entire changes since those feet stood on this hill, and those eyes wept at the contemplation of the scene, knowing by divine perception the miseries which were coming and have come. It is in vain, that monkish fiction points out with exactitude spots and buildings consecrated to the ignorant by holy associations. Reason rejects it. History tells us too clearly and distinctly what was repeatedly the fate of Jerusalem under Titus, under the Persians, under the Kaliphs. Sieges and sackings innumerable, religious persecutions without end, have been the portion of Jerusalem. Prophecy and divine revelation remind us, that one stone was not to be left on another. We cannot rest with satisfaction on any work of the hands of man, or say with confidence that "this is old Jerusalem." But different are the feelings with which, seated on Mount Olivet, we can look at the physical features which surround this mountain-city. Man and time have written no wrinkle on that stern circle of hills within which our redemption was worked out. Conquering armies have passed no ploughshare down the deep precipice of the valley of Hinnom; the fountain which gushes forth at Siloam is still blended with the perennial sources of Kedron. Though the descendants of Abraham have been uprooted, and severed from the land of their forefathers, we know that the olive which decks the slope of the mountain is of the stock of those trees which furnished branches to spread in the way of Him who came in the name of the Lord. Fancy carries us further back. We people the scene with forms and figures long since slumbering in the adjacent burial-grounds. That footpath which, like a slender line, leads down from the corner of the Temple, and the pool of Bethesda to Gethsemane, and crossing the brook Kedron climbs up the side of Olivet, and across its

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shoulder, conducts to Bethany and Jericho, in the days of Melchizedek, in the days of David, in the days when the High Priest went out with the Urim and Thummim to meet Alexander the Great, in the days when Cæsar Augustus commanded the world to be taxed, that footpath must have followed the same line as now down the natural declivity. We see in imagination the aged king flying before his rebellious Absalom, walking with his head covered and barefooted up the ascent of Olivet, and the people weeping as they went up with him. We see him return in triumph, encircled by the tribe of Judah. How many a time has the valley rung with the shouts of the exulting tribes as the shining pinnacle of the first and latter house first caught their sight! In all times, seasons of war or of peace, how many a solemn procession of elders and relatives have filed out to accompany some deceased son of Abraham to his last home in the Hebrew cemetery over against the Beautiful Gate of the Temple, to be in readiness for the sound of the trumpet in the last day, bidding him enter his heavenly Jerusalem! How often did our Saviour in His short ministry traverse that valley on His road from the city to the house of Martha and Mary at Bethany? We see Him standing to weep over the fate of the devoted city, and now descending the hill-side, over a path strewed with olive branches, amidst the hosannahs of His disciples. Tears obscure our sight, but the sad procession seems to be before our eyes, winding up the narrow pathway betwixt Gethsemane and the gate of St. Stephen. We see the menials of the High Priest, with swords and staves, dragging the Saviour of the world like a thief to ignominy and death, betrayed by His disciples and deserted by His followers. Darker visions press themselves forward, and these quiet hills resound with the martial clamour of a beleaguering army, and the smoke of the captured and burning city goes up in the dark cloud, which has enveloped the Temple and the people of the Jews. Rebuilt, redestroyed, a place of pilgrimage, a place of martyrdom, a new city springs up on Sion, but no peace within the walls, no plenty within the palaces. The Jew armed against the Christian, the Christian against the Jew, the heathen against both. In vain the piety of Constantine and Helena erected temples on Mount Calvary, and lined the tomb with marble. With the power of the Greek Empire fell Christianity, and the abomination of desolation again stood in the holy place when the Kaliph Omar took possession of Jerusalem, and placed his signet upon Mount Moriah. Then followed persecution, till the wrath of outraged Christendom was roused, and Jerusalem was again beleaguered; her streets ran again with blood. For a few years the symbol of the Cross floated on the Tomb and on Mount Olivet; a few short years and the reign of Antichrist was again restored, and the Crescent again triumphed over the Cross. And it adds no little to

the solemnity of the scene to bear in mind, that a time will come, when the most awful events will take place in the stern valley at our feet, that the heathen will be wakened, and come up to the valley of Jehoshaphat to be judged, for there will the Lord sit to judge countless multitudes in the valley of decision; that on the very mountain on which we now sit, which is on the left of Jerusalem to the East, He will stand, and the mount shall cleave in the midst from the East to the West, and there shall be a great valley, half of the mountain removing to the North, and half to the South.

If such can be the feelings of the Christian, what must be those suggested to the sincere-thinking and devout Hebrew, as he drinks in the landscape, as he looks wistfully and mournfully on his lost heritage, on the courts of the ruined Temple, which he may not enter, on the streets of the city of his ancestors, in which he finds himself insulted and scouted? Anguish inexpressible, burning shame, and murmuring against the inscrutable decrees of Providence, a doubting of the justness of the dispensation of so long and lasting a punishment against a race once so favoured. Still, though they are judicially blind to the whole series of prophecies, extending from Genesis to Malachi, against their nation and their religion; though they cannot open their eyes upon the curse, which fell upon them, they cherish a fervent conviction, that God has not entirely deserted them; that the time will come, and even now is at hand, when they will be restored from their second captivity; that the promised Messiah will still come, and in the form of an earthly potentate gather them from the isles and restore them to Judah from the river of Egypt to the river Euphrates, to the land of the promise, which God promised to Abraham and his seed "for an everlasting possession." Despised and contemned by the Christian, persecuted and robbed by the Mahometan, as avarice or fanaticism tempts him, they still proudly feel, that to the Hebrew the religions of both their persecutors are indebted for their doctrine and much of their ritual; they still look on Sion as their own loved and lost possession; willingly they pay to be permitted to approach the walls of the Temple-basement, so as to touch with their hands the desecrated stones, and to wail over their disinheritance; and, as age creeps over them, they leave country, comfort, and kindred, to sojourn awhile in the holy city, to bear persecution in sight of Sion, and leave their mouldering bones to rot in the valley of Jehoshaphat.

And what is the present state of this celebrated, this holy city, which lies stretched at our feet, no corner of which can escape our gaze, as our eyes travel round the walls that enclose it? Who are the people who inhabit this sacred spot? Surely the very air must be purifying of the evil affections of the human heart; this, at least, is not a place for pride or for enmity, for religious rancour,

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where the hand of God has been felt so visibly, where men have suffered so heavily. Alas! it is a city divided against itself; within this small space are gathered together, are fondly nourished to a degree of intensity unknown elsewhere, the worst passions of mankind: envy, hatred and malice, religious pride and intolerance, slanderous imputations and corrupt intrigues. One quarter of the city is inhabited by the Mahometans, who are masters of the country, and whose religion is dominant; but their power and prestige have perished, their buildings are tottering and out of repair; the spirit of intolerance is as strong and willing as ever, but the fleshly arm of persecution is weak; they are inferior in number, wealth, and influence to their Christian fellow-citizens; and it is with difficulty that they can preserve the inviolability of their sanctuaries from the profane step of the Giaour. This city is almost as sacred to them as to the Christians; it contains the tomb of David, and his son Solomon: the throne of the latter, that subject of a hundred legends, was once established there. Within that city is the rock of Es-Sukhrah, whence Mahomet, according to their legend, started on his celestial journey. The city is called by them El-Kuds, or the holy place. As the pilgrims enter the city, they cry out "Allah Akbar!" It is not uncommon to meet Indian pilgrims, who have wandered so far; they have their own hospice, and by a very singular coincidence, the trade of pedlars of small goods, including Christian relics, at the very door of the holy sepulchre, has fallen into the hands of the natives of India, who claim, and are admitted to the privilege of being, subjects of the British Empire.

Another quarter of the city is occupied by the Jews, who have two great divisions, the Sephardim or Spanish, and Iskanazim or German Jews. In their own city they are despised and insulted. As an instance of petty annoyance, it may be mentioned, that the shambles of the city are forcibly located in the midst of these houses, in the same spirit which has led to a house immediately adjoining the Sepulchre being converted into a tanner's yard, merely to annoy the Christians. But few of the Jews are settled or born there: the majority are those who come on the pilgrimage, or who come to die, and leave their bones in the valley of Jehoshaphat. Much of the former persecution, which assailed them, has been stayed, and to England they are indebted for political protection. Missionaries labour for their conversion, schools are opened for their education, and hospitals under an English surgeon for the many who arrive on their long and last pilgrimage sick and in beggary. Every means is taken to conciliate them; those who minister to their wants are chiefly Jewish converts; the male wards of the hospital are named after the patriarchs; the female wards after the wives of Jacob. Still they generally spurn the hand

which wishes to minister to their wants; they dread the spirit of conversion, a proof of which may be found in their address to the head of their faith, Sir Moses Montefiore, praying him to found schools and hospitals to counteract the baneful effects of the Anglo-Protestant establishment.

Another quarter of the city is occupied by the Armenians. Though Christians, they are distinguished as being Asiatics from their fellow-religionists, who are generally known as Franks, and occupy the fourth quarter, divided among themselves into Greeks, Roman Catholics, and Protestants, as religion here usurps the place of nationality elsewhere. Each denomination has its churches or convents, hospices, hospitals, schools, its priests, and its pilgrims, and, in late days, its Consuls to protect it against the civil power, and its printing press to wage polemical war against religious antagonists. So bitter is the feeling, that parties live for years within a few paces of each other without acquaintance, without even mutual acknowledgment, who elsewhere would have, in a few days, ripened from acquaintance into intimacy. Travellers, who are welcomed by all, and who flutter like butterflies from patriarch to bishop, from the monastery to the synagogue, from the shrine of the Virgin to the seraglio of the Pasha, are surprised to find, that at each door they enter a distinct world, that the few yards of the Via Dolorosa, down which they have paced, is indeed a wide gulf of worldly and spiritual ideas between fellow-men. It is not the language only that is changed, but the social and moral sentiments, the rooted ideas of right and wrong, the prejudices and dogmas of centuries. The traveller sits smoking the pipe of a kind and hearty Christian, discussing the locality of a sacred spot, but his views of the Trinity are such that without doubt he must perish everlastingly according to the rooted and proclaimed creed of the equally amiable and obliging fellow-religionist, whose hand has just been clasped, and who is openly alluded to as an idolater, as the Antichrist, as a deceiver of men's souls, by the next preacher of the words of peace, who may be called upon. The Mahometan, with a smile on his face and cringing civility in his manner, curses the Nazarene dog in his heart: the Hebrew, in the bitterness of his spirit, prays earnestly and deeply for the time when he may wreak his cherished vengeance on all whom the city contains, for to him they are all persecutors as well as insidious benefactors, unclean Gentiles, and an abomination.

Turn back, ere you leave the mount, and survey the country in your rear, and ask yourself, if your eyes have ever fallen upon a scene more desolate. The most striking objects are the grey waters of the Dead Sea, and the awe-inspiring hills of Moab and Ammon, as if the dark features of the history of the inhabitants of the plain, and the unnatural origin of the inhabitants of the hills

were written and indelibly engraved on the natural features of the country as a lesson to mankind. To the North is the deep valley of the river Jordan, which winds the length of two hundred miles through a wild and uninhabited country, from the lake of Tiberias to the Dead Sea, into which it pours a perennial stream, without any visible increase to the body of collected waters. All the hills have a desolate and solemn appearance, no forest verdure, no trace of the habitation of man, but all lifting up their bare heads in a sad and melancholy appeal to the spectator to ponder upon the works of the chastening hand of God in ancient time. We turn away oppressed by the sight, and we again feed our vision upon the beautiful outline of tower, minaret, and dome, and ask whether the old inhabitants of Jerusalem, ere the chastening hand of God fell upon them, ever stood to look on the signal memorial of the vengeance of the Almighty on the inhabitants of the cities of the plain, before the race of Abraham began, while Sarah was yet childless; whether they ever reflected upon the possibility of the threats conveyed by the voice of Moses and the prophets being fulfilled?

But it is time to descend, to enter the gates of the holy city, and to kneel at the Sepulchre, to pass from the contemplation of Jewish misfortune to the scene of Jewish crime. But ere we descend let us remember that we stand near the spot, where the mission of the Son of God was completed, where, for the past, prophecy having been completed, for the future a new dispensation announced, the stone being cut out of the mountain without hand, Jesus, son of Mary, parted from His apostles, and was taken up into heaven. The place is not fixed by any passage of the Evangelists, but we have universal and uninterrupted tradition and strong probability; and the place thereof is worthy of the event. Look, therefore, once more on the physical landscape, on the union of mountain and valley, on the green terraces of Sion, on the platform of Moriah, on the solemn circuit of undulating and olive-crowned hills; picture to yourself the glorious edifice of the second Temple, the fortress of the Romans, the palaces of old Jerusalem, as they presented themselves to the Saviour, when the cloud received Him out of the sight of His apostles; then descend, and following the path which leads down the hill, remark without scorn, if without belief, the different spots between the Mount and the Sepulchre, which pious tradition has sanctified. It is the peculiarity, perhaps the defect, of enthusiastic piety, to desire to give to every act, every discourse of the object of veneration, a local habitation and a name; and thus it happens that the short space to be traversed presents a succession of traditional memorials for the edification of Christians. We are shown the spot where the Lord's prayer was first pronounced, though it would be inferred from the Gospel of St. Matthew, that it was in the neighbourhood of the Sea of Galilee that Christians

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were first taught after what manner to pray. Farther down the hill-side we are shown, with no confirmatory proofs, the ruin, in which the Apostles assembled to compose the Creed which still bears their name. Lower down we come on the spot whence Jesus looked and wept over Jerusalem, and where, a few years after, the tent of Titus was pitched, when he came and cast a trench, and compassed the devoted city on every side, leaving not one stone on the other; an awful coincidence, supported so far by probability as well as tradition, inasmuch as it commands a view of the whole city, on the turn of the road from Bethany, and history tells us, that it was the place of encampment of the Roman legions.

We are now on the edge of the Jewish burial-ground, which contains the ashes of the multitudes and multitudes, awaiting the sound of the last trump in the valley of Jehoshaphat, over against the Temple, where, according to Mahometan legend, at the last day Mahomet is to stand. Opposite to us, but separated by the deep ravine, is the golden gate leading to the Temple, but kept jealously closed; as tradition has it, that by that gate the Christian will enter and take final possession of the city. Below us the eye falls upon the pillar in the King's Dale, built by childless Absalom, to keep his name in remembrance, and which every devout Hebrew still curses, on account of his rebellion against David. And now we are at the bottom of the valley, on the brink of the brook Kedron, standing amidst eight time-honoured and venerable olive trees, which compose the garden of Gethsemane; we look up on the Mount of Olives on one side and the walls of the Temple on the other; the whole scene comes visibly before us, the holy calm, the prayer in agony, the sleeping disciples, then the confusion of the capture, the glare of torches, the clamour of rude voices, the treacherous salutation of Judas, worse than the maledictions of the priests, and the vulgar sneers of the rabble, exulting in their triumph. This is indeed the spot on which was committed the most grievous of human crimes. The crucifixion, the scourging, the insults, were the acts of foreigners, of hirelings, in a moment of excitement, on the person of a supposed criminal; they emphatically knew not what they did; but for the apostle to betray the Master, to whom he had spontaneously attached himself, who had been witness of His acts of benevolence, for the priests to capture, and on no just cause make over to slaughter, one of their own kindred, religion, and royal race, one who had done such mighty works, would surpass belief, as being beyond human baseness; but it was written, and it must needs be fulfilled. Standing here, we feel the agony of the moment, but we cannot wish that the cup had passed away, for upon it hangs our salvation. We see the blow of the enthusiastic Peter, giving birth to the last of a long course of miracles, an act of kindness to an enemy; we see the

shepherd stricken and the sheep scattered! The venerable olive trees in the garden are, by some, supposed to be the very trees of Gethsemane; they are certainly anterior to the Mahometan conquest, and sprang from the same roots.

A few paces on we enter upon a spot hallowed by tradition, as sanctified by miracles not recorded in the Bible, and from some circumstances unique in the world. The tomb of Abraham at Hebron, the tomb of David and Solomon at Sion, and the Temple of Jerusalem, are spots at which Jew, Mahometan, and Christian would kneel side by side; but the latter are prevented by religious fanaticism, and the first are debarred by ceremonial impurity, from entering the precincts. Close to the garden of Gethsemane is the supposed tomb of the Virgin, the mother of Christ; not that her body rests there, for those who believe in the tomb, believe also that on the day of her death she was miraculously taken up into heaven. Her cenotaph is one of the most holy spots to the Greek, Roman Catholic, Syrian, Copt, and Armenian Christians, and, strange to say, the same roof covers a Mahometan shrine dedicated to "Siti Miriam am i Nabi Esa," the Lady Mary, the mother of the Prophet Jesus; and pilgrims from India do not think their pilgrimage completed without visiting the rock of Es-Sukhrah and the tomb of the Virgin. There is, perhaps, no parallel in the world. Who would imagine that a place existed, where the worshippers in St. Peter's at Rome, and St. Sophia at Constantinople, could kneel side by side?

We now ascend the steep side of Moriah, and passing by the graveyard of the Mahometans, arrive at the spot, where was shed the blood of the earliest martyr of Christianity. The entrance of the city is on the edge of the precipice, in a line with the straight wall of the Temple, and must be identical with the Eastern gate at any period since the time of Solomon. This gate is still known as that of St. Stephen, and here standing he saw the heavens open; here they stoned him, while calling upon his Master and praying for their pardon; here, from the ashes of his devotion and holiness, rose up, like a phœnix, the great Apostle of the Gentiles.

Bow your head, and enter the sacred precincts, and you stand on the edge of the pool of Bethesda; no angel, as traditionally reported, now troubles the pool; no sick are healed. The angel of ruin and desolation has passed over it; the sheep-market and the porches have perished. Pass along the road in silence; even to look to the left exposes the Christian to insult; to attempt to pass down the three narrow ways, through which a peep is gained of the courtyard of the Temple, used to bring down a shower of stones and outrage from the guardians of the enclosure and the loiterers among the faithful; but these days have passed away. At the farthest extremity of the Temple is the house of the Pasha of Jerusalem,

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occupying, unquestionably, the site of the Turris Antonia, erected in order to overlook and command the Temple, the official residence of Pontius Pilate, the Civil Governor of Judea. Here commenced the series of outrage and insult, which terminated in the Cross; it was but an affair of a few hours, though the consequences were to be the condemnation of one nation for centuries, and the redemption of the world unto eternity. It was not till the evening of Thursday that the feast of the Passover was eaten (the room is supposed to have been on Mount Sion, and is still shown); after which came the scene in Gethsemane. The capture was at night, and until morning, when the cock crew, counsel was held in the house of the High Priest on Sion, which ended in the Prisoner's being conveyed to the Civil Governor, at the house where we now stand; here took place the scourging (marked by a small chapel), the indignity of the crown of thorns and the purple robe. Tradition even points out the spot, where Jesus was shown to the people, where Barabbas was preferred to Him, where Pilate washed his hands of the blood of the Just, which remains, as invoked, on the head of His persecutors and their children. It is sad to think, how soon the innocent are condemned; when the account of the rapid condemnation, the absence of charges and of witnesses, the brutality of the Roman guards, and the recklessness of the Civil Governor, are thought of on the spot where these outrages took place, the blood boils with indignation and sorrow at the iniquity of human rulers in the case of any man, any innocent man; and how much more so in this case?

It was still early in the morning, when the order to crucify was given, and the melancholy procession commenced from the palace of the Governor to the place called Golgotha, outside the walls of the town; so artfully had the priests arranged, that between sunset on Thursday and nine o'clock on Friday, their plans were carried out and completed, before even the news of capture had reached the hundreds of Galilee and of the villages of Judea, who had known and seen His works. The street between this point and Calvary is called the Via Dolorosa, and a superstitious piety has marked out as many as twelve stations, at which the cortege stopped and at which some action took place. Many a town in Europe still exhibits specimens of the piety of the Middle Ages in commemoration of this mournful procession. The pilgrim is shown the spot, where, at the meeting of the Damascus road, Simon the Cyrenian, coming out of the country, was laid hold of to carry the cross; farther on, where the Saviour stumbled, where He met and accosted the daughters of Jerusalem, for, be it recorded, even then He was followed by a great crowd of people and women, who also lamented Him; at length He approached Calvary, and on that spot He was crucified, and buried in a garden near unto the place.

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It is mournful to think that learned and good men should have waged such bitter war on the identity of this spot. Eighteen hundred years have elapsed since, on a mound outside the gate of Jerusalem, a then obscure religious enthusiast, as He was deemed, accompanied by two malefactors, was put to an ignominious death. His followers, undismayed, formed themselves into a society, increased and multiplied in spite of opposition, and were scattered in distant parts of the Roman Empire, when a storm burst upon the city of their persecutors, which ended in the utter destruction of their Temple and city, and violent uprooting and dispersion of the nation. But the Romans saw no distinction between the Jew and the Christian, and, when the city was rebuilt under the name of Ælia Capitolina, a statue of Venus was erected over the Tomb of the Saviour, and some other mark of insult on the site of the Temple of the Jews. But the stone, that was cut out without hands, became a great mountain; and the lapse of three centuries saw stately edifices rise to cover Calvary, and the Tomb was lined with marble. How much more edifying, could we stoop down and look in, as the disciples did, and that no gorgeous ornament had violated the quiet beauty of the garden! Since then Jerusalem has been sacked, plundered, and burned by Pagan, Mahometan, and Christian armies; not, perhaps, one stone stands on another of the building erected by the mother of Constantine. But are we to set aside, on the casuistry of modern travellers, who cannot reconcile the contour of ancient cities to suit their notions, the uninterrupted tradition of fifteen hundred years, based upon careful investigation, made by the Ruler of the time into the history of the past three hundred, with regard to the identity of a spot, the most cherished, most honoured by a sect of increasing power, number, and importance? Yet there are those, who wish to uproot the history of the past, to remove the tomb anywhere or nowhere, by a capricious fancy, in spite of the tradition of centuries; but with them we have nought to do. Entering Jerusalem as pilgrims, we stand before the door of the building, which contains under one roof the Mount of Calvary and the Tomb hewn out of the rock. On these let our attention be fixed in pity, not in ridicule. Let us pass by the numerous spots, which enthusiastic piety has marked out for observation upon little or no authority, without any physical peculiarity. So entirely transformed is the whole scene from what could have been expected, that it is some time ere we recognise Calvary in the elevated chapel to which we rise by wooden stairs, and the Tomb in the narrow stone chamber hard by, into which we enter with difficulty, amidst crowds of weeping Christians. Of all churches and chapels in the world, this is the one the most interesting, but suggesting the most painful reflections, both as to its past history and present position. The style is barbaric, but magnificent. A circular opening in the dome,

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like the Colosseum of Rome, allows the sun and rain to descend upon the Tomb; but our eyes are pained by seeing, that the church is in the possession of Mahometans, that the gorgeous processions of Christians, which sweep with banners, and pictures, and trappings round the Tomb of the Prince of Peace, are guarded by infidel attendants to protect them from the attacks of sectaries of the same faith. The whole building is portioned into fragments, possessed and guarded jealously by priests of the Greek, Syrian, Roman Catholic, Abyssinian, Armenian, and Coptic Churches, some members of whom are locked in every night by the Mahometan guards, to prevent surprise or outrage upon the shrines in their possession. The Protestant Church, in all its various sects, may be proud in not being mentioned in this category, in having no visible portion in this partitioning. Having no square feet of pavement to protect, or altars to lament, as torn away from them, or to guard jealously as having been lately surreptitiously taken possession of, Protestants can give themselves up to the *religio loci*, and kneel without reserve on Calvary and in the Tomb, mindful of the sufferings undergone on the former and the triumphs won in the latter.

Yes, let them not hesitate to kneel. All around are kneeling, all in prayer, save those two Anglican or Trans-Atlantic Franks, who, like the Pharisee, are too proud to confess themselves sinners, and, like the impenitent thief, can be sarcastic and splenetic on Calvary. They stalk round and about, but they excite no attention, for the humble-minded crowd are kneeling and in prayer. Look around, as perhaps your eyes never fell upon Christian pilgrims in such guise before; in a more holy place you will never see them again. Whence do they come? Many a far-distant shore, many a mountain unknown to fame, the sunny climes of Italy, the fair islands of Ionia, the vast steppes of Russia, and the snowy mountains of Caucasus, have sent forth their hundreds to undergo perils by land and by sea, hunger and fatigue, to obtain the privilege of kneeling at the Tomb of the Saviour. Look around, tender women, fair-haired children, old men built after the mould of Abraham, young men such as were the sons of Jacob, maidens such as Ruth and Rebecca, differing in language, in dress, in country, and in ritual, they kneel side by side, actuated by the one common feeling of veneration for the scene of the Passion and Resurrection of their Redeemer. And will not each of that numerous crowd, on their return to their distant hamlet and humble home, to their latest hour talk with fervour and pride of their successful pilgrimage? And though we cannot sympathise with the spiritual advantage which they are supposed to gain, we can in sincerity believe, that none return without a strengthening of their religious impressions, and a firmer faith in the Christian dispensation.

And what is the state of Christ's Church, catholic and undivided,

as represented in the Metropolitan Church of the earliest bishopric of Christendom? Each Church has its representatives in the city; they keep their high days and holidays; according to their means and the number of their communicants, they lead forth their processions, and follow out their rival rituals, to the scandal of Christendom, and to the delight of the followers of Islam. Unless seen and admitted by all, the fact would appear incredible, that the different sectarians should perform their rituals in the same circumscribed building, in hearing and sight, and to the manifest disturbance of each other. As the stately Armenian bishops and venerable clergy in their magnificent trappings are proceeding round and round the Tomb, they have, escorted by the Mahometan guards, to manœuvre and file off at the sides to prevent collision with the rabble procession of the Greek Church, issuing suddenly with tapers, censers, banners, and pictures from the chancel, which is their private possession, to go through some prescribed ceremony in the Tomb of our Lord, which is common to all. The organs and musical instruments of the rival religionists clamour in irreverent confusion in competition with each other: a Nunc dimittis of the Latin Church, perhaps rudely interrupting the Kyrie Eleison in the responsive litanies of the Greek; while again at the next solemn moment of the elevation of the Host, in the Roman ritual, while all are silent to the tinkling bell, a dense crowd are driven violently over the kneeling worshippers by the passage of a Greek column sweeping triumphantly by with pipes and cymbals. And such to be the state of things in the church of St. James the Apostle, who was the first to inculcate the mild precepts of mutual forbearance and concession in religious differences!

It may be not uninteresting to detail the separate Churches which are represented in Jerusalem. First in rank and in antiquity is the ancient Greek Church, the mother of Churches, the Patriarch of which still, in spite of the claims of Rome, sits with an uninterrupted spiritual succession on the throne of St. James. The members of this Church are numerous, and scattered over Greece and its islands, the Empire of Turkey and Russia, to which last it looks for political support; but to what a pitch of degradation and ignorance have the professors of this ancient religion fallen!—a low, ignorant, and stubborn priesthood; the great mass of the worshippers uneducated and superstitious; the services in Greek, all spirituality having long since given way to empty and vain ceremony, to chanting of litanies, lighting of tapers, and kissing of pictures. It is true that, owing to the fervour of the iconoclasts of former times, nothing approaching in shape to the conformations of the human body is allowed, no statue, or even alto-relievo, is seen in their churches; but the redundancy in number, and the degradation of the worship of pictures, appears to have been inflicted as a

special punishment upon the followers of this Church, especially encouraged by the priesthood: it is, indeed, the outward and visible sign of their worship.

And here, in sorrow, shame, and sinking of heart, a statement must be made with regard to this and the other Syrian Churches. It must be allowed that the purest and most elevated of faiths become degraded and distorted in proportion to the ignorance and social degradation of the worshippers. Let those, who have been accustomed to witness the Christian religion, as practised by an educated and civilised people, with all the prestige, that wealth, station, and learning can bestow, seek an obscure village in the Syrian mountains, inhabited by Christians of a degraded Church, in extreme social depression under a non-Christian government; let them converse with the minister of that religion, enter the spot dedicated to the service, and witness the ritual and worship of the crowd, the hideous and unsightly paintings or images of the Virgin and of the Saviour, the grovelling prostrations of the ignorant worshippers, the kissing of the ground, of the hand of the priest, the superstitious and senseless adoration of the idol, which are paralleled, but not surpassed, by anything seen in a Hindu temple. Take those worshippers apart, and inquire of them searchingly concerning their feelings with regard to the past, their faith, their hopes or fears for the future, and it will be found, that the purest faith can be corrupted into a resemblance to the degraded superstitions of heathenism. Nor is Jerusalem itself free from this reflection, when we see the mitred archbishop lie down prostrate to salute the supposed stone of the Unction, and pilgrims blindly led round to kiss each spot in methodical routine, and lay down their copper coins, according to the usages established by a rapacious priesthood.

Next to the Greek is the Armenian Church; the hierarchy and ritual of a people who have been swept from the list of nations, and whose existence, like that of the Jews, is only perpetuated by the peculiarity of their tenets, and who, like the above-mentioned people, are scattered among all nations, but are universally wealthy, thriving, and respected. Their original country is now included in the Empire of Russia, under whose protection the Church flourishes at Erivan in Armenia, and at Jerusalem. They seceded, in early days, from the Greek Orthodox Church, and are now a distinct and acknowledged Church. As wealth pours in, they have become more enlightened, their worship is less degraded, their priesthood more respectable. Without seeking for converts, they encourage education, and have a printing-press at Jerusalem, to distribute the Scriptures and religious tales to the pilgrims of their faith, who crowd in thousands to their spacious and magnificent hospice and convent on Mount Sion.

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In communion with the Armenian Church, as being opposed to the Orthodox Greek Church, are the three National Churches of the Syrians, the Copts, and the Abyssinians, all poor, degraded, and ignorant; but they are ancient and numerically important Churches. The head-quarters of the Syrian are at Mardin in Diarbekr, in the Turkish provinces of Central Asia; of the Coptic at Alexandria, and of the Abyssinian somewhere in that province. Under the dome of the Holy Sepulchre shrines are shown, served by the dusky priests of each ritual, and they have their convents, their chapels, and their relics outside. Two other Eastern Churches, though not represented at the tomb of their Saviour, must be mentioned to complete the category of the ancient and degraded Churches, the Maronites and Nestorians.

These are the Asiatic Churches; it is among the followers of these Churches, that the Anglican and American missions have commenced a crusade, being restricted by the law of the land, which makes death the punishment of the renegade Mahometan. For the last three hundred years these Churches have had to resist the attacks, more or less vigorous, in late years, systematically and ardently prosecuted, of the Church of Rome. At the time when the Crusades first gave the Latins an ascendancy in Syria, the dissent of the Protestants had not come into existence; the religious hold, obtained by Rome through the agency of the arms of Europe, has never been waived, and has always been under the special protection of France, and has of late years been converted into a ground of political antagonism against Russia, the patron of the Greeks. In no place is the attitude of the Romish hierarchy more dignified than at Jerusalem. Represented by a Patriarch, a man of learning, dignity, and intellect, supported by a chosen body of devout and devoted missionaries, furnished by the Propaganda, there under the dome of the Sepulchre sits in pride the unchanged, unchangeable Church of Rome, smiling at the divisions, the doubts, and differences of its adversaries, and affecting the externals without the reality of universal dominion. One-half of the Nestorians have seceded from their own Church, and, acknowledging the See of Rome, are known as the Chaldeans. A portion of the Syrian Church has seceded in the same manner, forming a Syro-Roman establishment. The Maronite Church was from the commencement under the guidance of Rome; and the Greek Church has been more than decimated by a seceding Greek-Catholic Church in every town. All over Syria and in many parts of Asia are scattered Roman Catholic monasteries, at which missionaries are stationed for certain periods of years, each the centre of educational measures. The printing-press of the Franciscan convent at Jerusalem throws off selections from the Bible, tracts, treatises, and catechisms in Arabic and Italian; and the girls'

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schools at Bethlehem, Nazareth, and Jerusalem show that the importance of female education is rightly estimated. But much as we wonder at the steady and silent determination of these arrangements, we find greater cause for wonder in the plastic adaptation of their methods to all degrees of civilisation; unto the Jews they become Jews, to them that are without the law as without the law. In the Eastern Churches we find no celibacy enjoined upon the priesthood, no denial of the cup to the laity; they are allowed their own liturgy in their own language, their own ministers and forms of worship; the only indispensable necessary is the acknowledgment of the supremacy of the Pope, as head of the Church, and the rejection of the error of the Greek Church as to the Procession of the Holy Ghost. But a formidable rival has sprung up to the Papal power, and is now wrestling with it for the remainder of the old Churches, and even for its own flock, in the Evangelical Missions of England and the United States, who in late years have begun to develop themselves, and have thrown down the gauntlet deliberately against Rome. The unhappy local Churches, which have survived the domination of the Mahometans, will probably disappear in this struggle.

This renders necessary a short mention of the different Protestant denominations, which are represented in Syria. First in order stands the Anglican bishop. The anomalous position of this Episcopate is scarcely sufficiently understood; here we have a bishop without a clergy, a flock, or a diocese, in the usually received meaning of those words. The first bishop was a converted Jew, and many imagined, that this ought to be a necessary qualification for the office. However, the second was a Gentile, a native of Calvinist Switzerland. Employed many years as a missionary in Abyssinia, he was appointed to the see by the Lutheran King of Prussia, the joint patron of the Episcopate. To enable the Archbishop of Canterbury to consecrate him to this so-called Anglican bishopric, he was naturalised as an Englishman. His cathedral church is considered a portion of the British Consulate, and is only tolerated in that light by the Turkish authorities. The building was erected at the expense of the Society for the Conversion of the Jews. One of the subordinate clergy was ordained in the English establishment; but, as a portion of the Protestants connected with the mission were Lutheran Germans, there has been also a Lutheran minister under the nominal orders of the bishop, but not under his ecclesiastical control. Services are performed in Hebrew, English, and German. The Church Missionary Society occupies several points in the country. The Presbyterian American Mission has long been established, and has been prosecuting the labours of education and proselytism from the ancient Churches with success. They are labouring consistently and well, and are extending their

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operations; they have normal schools to supply pastors and teachers, boys' and girls' schools, and churches, and are preparing to found local independent Churches, as the number of their congregations increases. It is an interesting and edifying reflection, that the pious Christians of the distant United States are labouring to repay the debt of gratitude they owe to the land of the Gospel.

Jerusalem is so small, that in one short hour the traveller can walk leisurely round its walls; from any one point he can survey the whole city; yet it is emphatically a city divided against itself. Let us pray for the peace of the Holy City, that no religious fury may pollute the streets with the blood of Christians, that the Saviour be not crucified again on Calvary; but it cannot be doubted, that the withdrawal of the Mahometan rule would be followed by outrage; that in proportion as the privileges and immunities of the Christian sects have increased, so have the bitter rivalries, the smothered hatred of centuries, begun to burst out; the chosen battlefield, the tomb of the Saviour; the chosen season, the anniversary of Easter. Let us pray, then, for the peace of Christian Jerusalem, and leaving the sacred walls proceed on our journey.

Every spot round Jerusalem has its story and its associations, and days would be consumed in visiting them. The history of former days is written on the face of the country; and on entering Syria the traveller is at once aware, that he is upon the theatre of great actions; the rocks gape with tombs; the heights are crowned with stone sarcophagi; the roads are tesselated with pavement; ruins of ancient cities, solitary arches of long-disused aqueducts, broken bridges, fields teeming with columns of granite, standing amidst the waving corn, old reservoirs of magnificent proportions, harbours choked with sand, walls covered with seaweed,—all tell the same tale, and hold up their silent hands in confirmation of the truth of History. At one narrow pass, where the Dog River flows into the Sea, there are memorials carved on the rock, recording some of the numerous conquerors: there is the Latin Inscription of the Proconsul, as fresh as when Antonine widened the road; the Arabic Inscriptions to record the building of the bridge; and far above, dimly delineated, the figures of Assyrian and Egyptian monarchs. Round Jerusalem the interest becomes more intense. The pilgrim visits the tree under which Isaiah was sawn asunder, the cave of Jeremiah, the tombs of the kings, the field of blood, still called Hakal-dama, and used within a few years for the purpose of burying strangers. The tombs in the gardens round about have a melancholy interest; there no superstition or piety interrupts the chain of preconceived notions. You run with Peter and the other disciple—you stoop down—you look in; there is the stone-shelf, where the body but just now was lying; there is the outer chamber, where the angels announced that "He is not here, He is

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risen." Do you not turn round in awe? do you not expect to meet the women on their mournful mission, or to be confronted with your newly-risen Master?

A favourite excursion is to visit the convent of St. John in the Wilderness, where Mary saluted Elizabeth, and the babe leapt in the womb at the voice of the mother of its Lord. Here was transacted the first scene of the new dispensation. Farther to the South, through the mountainous country, is Rama, but a little way from Ephrath, which is Bethlehem. Here Rachel travailed; here, as her soul was departing, she named her second-born Benóni; here she was buried, and her tomb is here unto this day. A few steps onward the traveller enters Bethlehem, and understands why Rachel is poetically described as weeping for her children, and refusing to be comforted, for the servants of Herod must have passed by her grave on their inhuman mission.

Softly beautiful is the scenery of the environs of Bethlehem; pleasantly situated is the village on the slope of the hills. The Christian looks with delight on the fields in which Ruth was gleaning when she was chosen to carry on the line of Judah, and where her ruddy and beautiful great-grandson was keeping his sheep, when he was called to be anointed by the aged Samuel. In those fields, one thousand years after, shepherds were still watching their flocks, perhaps beguiling their night-watch with the legends of that boy of Bethlehem who had exchanged the crook for the sceptre, perhaps murmuring at the fall of his dynasty, when a new wonder was announced to them, that in the village of Bethlehem, of the line of their hero, was born the Child, the Good Shepherd of the world, whose kingdom should know no end. Go with the rejoicing and wondering shepherds, go in haste, and gaze reverently, not doubtingly, on the spot where the Saviour was born. Marble and precious stones, and the wealth of this world, now decorate it; golden lamps hang from the ceiling, incense overpowers. Think of the manger, as the shepherds saw the babe lying in it; think of the meek and lowly-minded mother, as she heard their tale, and pondered upon what was going to happen. Scarce are the shepherds departed to spread the joyful news, when the star-directed Magi approach the same lowly abode, and fall down and worship the King of the Jews.

A few miles on, the traveller enters Kirjath-Arba, which is Hebron, the oldest home of the Jewish nation. Here settled the wanderer from Chaldea, on the plain of Mamre; here was conveyed to him the first promise, that the land should be given to him and to his seed for ever; here the faithful patriarch built the first altar to the Lord; here he and his son, and his son's son, and their wives, sleep in the cave of Machpelah. At this point the three rival religions, for which the civilised world is indebted to the Semitic race, converge. Here David was crowned king, and reigned seven years

over his own tribe of Judah, ere he took the hill of Sion from the Jebusites. It is still a flourishing town, and one of the especial residences of the Jews. Though debarred by Mahometan jealousy from visiting the field of Ephron, we can follow the simple-minded pilgrims to the ancient oak-tree, under which Abraham is said to have made the purchase of the children of Heth; we can with much greater satisfaction climb up the heights overhanging the place, and look down on one side upon Gaza and Askalon, the country of the Philistines, and the blue dancing Mediterranean, or Eastward towards the dreary mountains, for here Abraham strove with his Angel visitants on behalf of the ten righteous in the midst of a wicked city; here, on the following morning, he saw the smoke of the cities of the plain go up like the smoke of a furnace.

Our faces must be turned, like the Angel guests of the Patriarch, towards Sodom; we leave the land of Canaan, and follow the herdsmen of Lot towards the well-watered plain of Jordan. As we proceed Eastward, crossing the intervening valleys and ridges, at one point the embattled walls of Jerusalem come into sight; another moment they are lost, like a fairy vision; soon we enter the stern Wadi al Nar, or valley of fire, the continuation of the same valley of Jehoshaphat, which opens under Moriah, down which Kedron and Siloam pour their tribute to the Dead Sea. In the early ages of Christianity hundreds of pious men, having sold all and given to the poor, retired hither to devote their lives to prayer and ascetic privations. The most distinguished was St. Sabas, whose name is still recorded by the convent, which is conspicuous in the valley. The privations of these worthy religionists must have been very great, as the holes which they occupied, and with which the side of the rock is still pierced, are indeed receptacles only for foxes or wild beasts; hundreds of them perished on the occasion of the invasion and capture of Jerusalem by the Persians, and the practice expired under the Mahometan rule. The same feeling of asceticism developed itself in the early history of the people of India. The great bell of the convent is almost the only sound heard, floating morning and evening over the dull dead waves of the accursed sea. It is a pleasing and yet melancholy sight to attend service in the chapel of St. Sabas; old and white-bearded men carrying out day after day, night after night, the unbroken chant of Kyrie Eleison in the wilderness, where John preached the coming of the Saviour, hard by the most ancient visible testimony of the wrath of an avenging God.

The dire signs of this wrath are written in the bare verdureless mountain, in the river chasms, in the desolate features of the landscape, in the motionless dreary expanse of water, which now opens upon us. No bird flies across that space; no fish people those depths; no boats skim the surface; there is no habitation of man

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or beast on its borders; no signs of the bounteous gifts of Nature; no tokens of the laborious hand of man; yet it once was a pleasant and well-watered plain, when Lot turned his steps thither, when as yet brimstone and hailstones had not rained from heaven. At the head of the lake are the supposed sites of Sodom and Gomorrah; over against us are Zoar and the land of the Ammonites and the Moabites. We turn away, for the prospect falls heavy on our sight, and we gladly descend upon Jericho and Jordan. This stream has been surveyed by a party from the United States, and to them we are indebted for the unravelling of the secret of the Dead Sea. Theirs was the first boat that successfully ploughed these waves; they were the first who traced the waters of the Jordan from their fountain-heads in Lebanon until they lose themselves in this inland sea. Hard by is the spot, visited by pilgrims and travellers, which is pronounced by the voice of tradition to be the place, where the Israelites crossed, and St. John baptized; indeed, it is the only locality where the banks slope down to the water, and how many incidents of interest happened here! Here was the end of the long wanderings in the desert, of the longer captivity in Egypt; here, by a miracle, the waters were held up to enable the people to pass over into their heritage: hard by, at the sound of the trumpets of Joshua, crumbled the walls of Jericho; here David passed over in grief in his flight from rebellious Absalom, and again returned in triumph; here Elijah was taken up into heaven, and Elisha smote the waters, which separated to allow him to pass over; here Naaman the Syrian washed, and was clean. After the interval of centuries, here the voice of one crying in the wilderness was heard, proclaiming the baptism of repentance and remission of sins. A cleansing of the ills of the soul was here commenced, and the Son of Mary was acknowledged from heaven to be the Son of God, and announced by His precursor as the Redeemer, that was predicted from the beginning of the world. How can the interest of the Tiber or Ilissus compete with the solemnity and sanctity of the Jordan? All has been changed; the destiny of the Jewish people has been worked out and accomplished; the city of the Jebusites has been captured; the Temple has been built and has been restored; one religion has succeeded to the other; one dynasty has subverted its predecessor, but the Jordan still pours down its volume from Gennesareth to the Dead Sea, as rapid, as muddy, as when the now deserted valley rang to the shouts of the tribes, or re-echoed the warnings of the Baptist.

Of Jericho little remains but a ruined tower and a few huts of the Arab cultivators; but the fountain of Elijah still gushes forth with sweet waters, and as yet no marble has violated the verdant turf. In such a spot we look with jealousy on the hand of man, for above is the range of hills guarding the wilderness, into which

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the newly-baptized Saviour was led up to be tempted; in the early days of Christendom the spot was a resort of the Anchorites, but it is now a solitary waste, uninviting, untrodden by the steps of man. Thence we retrace our steps to Jerusalem, by a wild mountainous road, over which life and property are, as in the days of the good Samaritan, insecure without the payment of the prescribed blackmail to the Bedouins, who feed their cattle in the environs. Stop and glance at the circle of their black tents, the fine manly figures of these sons of Ishmael, the women ill-clothed, the children not clothed at all, but all busy in their encampment; the she-camels with their young, the cattle, the sheep, the goats, scattered far over the hill-side amidst the flowery verdure; and some hitherto unappreciated charms of this kind of life suggest themselves. Such was the life of Abraham, when he emigrated from the country of the Chaldees, the life which was predicted for, and is realised by, the roaming descendants of Hagar. As we again approach Jerusalem, we pass by Bethany, which contains the residence of Martha and Mary; and we descend into the deep and ancient cave-tomb, where Lazarus is supposed by tradition to have been laid; thence passing over the Mount of Olives, and coasting the Holy City, we take the road to Samaria. One elevated knoll, about five miles on the road, enables the pilgrim to take his last view of the dome of the Sepulchre, and utter the deep heart-felt exclamation, "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem! may my right hand forget its cunning; yea, if I prefer not Jerusalem in my mirth!" and he then plods along the great road to Damascus. Jealous tradition, or topographical zeal, has not failed to note the village, where Joseph and Mary missed their Son on the return from the Passover; Bethel, where Jacob saw in his dream the angels descending and ascending, and received the promise of the land; and Shiloh, where the Ark of the Covenant and the Tabernacle abode previous to the building of the Temple. We soon cross the boundary of Judea, and, entering Samaria, find ourselves in the village of Shechem, betwixt Ebal and Gerízim, in a beautiful valley, as rich with the olive, the vine, and the pomegranate, as when Jotham spoke the parable of the trees, as sweet to be dwelt upon in recollection, as when Joseph bequeathed his bones to be buried there in the parcel of land acquired by his father Jacob; the eyes fall upon as yellow lines of an abundant harvest, as when Jesus discoursed with the woman of Samaria at the well of the Patriarch. We seem to hear in imagination the solemn voice of Joshua, the blessings and the curses floating in the air over the assembled Israelites in Ebal and Gerízim. Here were the altars erected ere Sion was chosen, while Jerusalem was still in the hands of the Jebusites; that temple on Mount Gerízim, in which the Samaritans worshipped, has utterly perished; a heavier fate has befallen the rival Jerusalem; the time

has come, when in neither place is the Father worshipped; still round the threshhold of their fallen faith and greatness have clung, with a pertinacity and a good fortune which were denied to the Jews, some portions of the Samaritan people. Unchanged in their hatred to their rival sect, asserting to themselves the name of the Sons of Israel, they unfold with reverent hands the volume of the Pentateuch, said, in spite of all probability, to have been written by the grandson of Aaron; for them the history of the last three thousand years has been enacted in vain. The restoration from the captivity in Egypt to them is the realisation of the promises of God. With them Scripture history ends with the Pentateuch. Joshua, the son of Nun, of the tribe of Ephraim, was the prophet to be raised up like unto Moses, who completed the restoration, and, like his ancestor Joseph, protected and saved the line of Abraham. They know, they expect, no other Messiah; no mention is made of captivity in Assyria; but as regards Jerusalem and its far-famed Temple, they are spoken of contemptuously as the result of the machinations and groundless claims of the tribe of Judah and rebellious Benjamin, against the lawful rights of Ephraim, representing Joseph, the eldest son of Rachel, and inheritor of the birthright of Jacob, forfeited by Reuben. As to the dying prediction of Jacob with reference to the greatness of Judah, they read Shiloh or Shelah to mean Solomon, and declare, that on the death of that monarch the sceptre was rent from Judah by Jeroboam the Ephrathite, for they have no portion in David or inheritance in the son of Jesse. To such arguments, meekly and deliberately delivered, no answer can be made, for, hearing such things in such a place, we exclaim, "Verily, it is the land of miracle!"

Passing along this beauteous valley, we find, that it is indeed a land flowing with milk and honey. Sebaste, the ancient Samaria, though striking in position, and still reminding us of its ancient greatness, has little to arrest the traveller. Not so the grand view of the Mediterranean, the plain of Sharon, and the coast betwixt Joppa and Cæsarea, which bursts upon the enchanted eye, when the highest ridge of Samaria is surmounted. A few hours and we have turned the lofty spur of Carmel, have emerged from the mountains of Samaria, and stand at the edge of the great plain of Esdraelon or Megiddo, in Galilee of the Gentiles. In those distant hills is Nazareth; and we are on the path trodden by the Saviour on the occasions of His going up to the feasts at Jerusalem. On our right is Carmel, and in the centre of the plains is Esdraelon, the ancient Jezreel. The palace of Ahab and the garden of Naboth have both perished, but are not forgotten. Over this plain Elijah ran before the chariot of Ahab. Our horses stop to quench their thirst at a stream; we learn that it is the ancient river, the river Kishon. Here, then, was the triumph of Deborah and Barak; here

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the tent of Jael; but it appears that these plains were destined to be renowned in all ages, and in all times, for here was fought one of the fiercest fights of the Crusaders, and one of the earliest victories of Napoleon. If this plain is traversed upon a bright sunny day, the effect of the light and shade falling on the side of the mountains, the clouds reflected on the plain, or shrouding the height of Mount Tabor, the varying and rich colour of the crops, the distant snows of Lebanon and Hermon, present such a combination of interest and of the picturesque, as will not easily be effaced. But the beauties of Nature are forgotten, the memory ceases to ponder upon battles and victories, the transitory triumphs and unstable pride of men, as we enter the quiet and peaceful dell, and are told that yonder village is Nazareth. Can any good come out of Nazareth? Rather ask, could anything evil ever have approached this quiet and retired spot, nestled in the hills? We look with interest at the sweet faces of the Nazarene damsels, if haply one could realise the ideal features of the most blessed among women; yet here, where peace should have vindicated her undisturbed reign, where at least Christians might have followed the principles of their Master,—here evil passions, fanned by religious fanaticism, have disgraced the Church Catholic. The Protestant and Romanist congregations have been led into outrage towards each other, and, to their greater shame, have had recourse to Mahometan tribunals. The painful sight has been witnessed of ministers of Christ's religion pleading against, perhaps calumniating each other, before a follower of Mahomet, who drove them from the judgment-seat, refusing, like the Proconsul Gallio, to be a judge of words, and names, and such matters.

At Nazareth a Protestant Church has been planted. It is an affecting exercise in such a place to share the prayers of these simple-minded Christians. With their children and women they assemble in a large upper room, and read the Gospel in the language of their country with devoutness. It has been at no slight sacrifice of worldly comfort and reputation, that these worthy men, resembling the early Christians in their act, as well as character and appearance, have come out from what they conscientiously determined to be errors in the Churches to which they belonged. They have heard themselves formally excommunicated at the altar, where they had previously knelt; their names have been written up as castaways and reprobates on the gates of that Church, which they must never again visit; they have been debarred from those services which their religion and that of their persecutors alike prescribe; their dead are not allowed to rest in the consecrated spot, where their forefathers have gone before them. Until the interposition of the English representative at Constantinople, they were subject to civil disqualifications and heavy oppression. Let a por-

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tion of that sympathy which is felt for the early followers of the Saviour be extended to those poor and lonely, but brave-hearted men, who have conscientiously taken up the Cross; and may the blessing of God be with them!

And it will surely be! for the hills around have known the feet of those, that bring good tidings; here angel-messengers have saluted the most blessed among women, revealing mighty mysteries, and accomplishing things foretold from the beginning of the world; the spot is still shown, where the Word was made flesh. Over it is a Roman Catholic chapel, but the Greek Church, with a perversity scarcely intelligible, maintains that Gabriel met the Blessed Virgin as she was drawing water from the well outside the town, and conducts her pilgrims thither. This is the last of a long series of shrines and places sanctified by the greatness of the acts traditionally stated to have been performed there. Many of them are painful instances of unprofitable credulity or impious mendacity, which nothing but the degraded ignorance of the Oriental Churches could tolerate; but there are in Judea some few spots, where events happened such as have never happened elsewhere, over which the tradition of centuries, and the piety and faith of millions, have uninterruptedly watched, in favour of which probability speaks loudly, and which the simple-minded Christian would wish to believe as true. There is sufficient evidence for a faithful and humble believer to warrant him to kneel at Bethlehem, Nazareth, and on Calvary, to look with pious enthusiasm on Mount Sion and the Mount of Olives, and with wonderment, not unmixed with awe, at the ruin of cities once flourishing, and the desolation of plains once teeming with abundance.

Galilee is now before us, and Mount Tabor is in the centre of the plain, and from its verdant summit we can survey the kingdom of Israel. We are seated upon the throne, as it were, of Palestine, and the country is spread like a map at our feet, from the blue Mediterranean to the valley of the Jordan. The eye catches with rapture each object, now resting on the snowy front of the greater Hermon, now on the quiet waters of the Lake of Gennesareth. There is the plain of Jezreel; hard by Endor recalls to our recollection the offences of Saul, and the mountains of Gilboa his punishment. Tradition, but unsupported by Scripture writ, assigns this spot as the scene of the Transfiguration. It were a fit scene for so wondrous a drama, for Carmel on the right speaks of Elijah, and distant Nebo on the left of Moses; all around of the beloved Son, His ministry and His power; for at our feet is Nazareth, and Cana, the scene of His first, the Sea of Tiberias, of His last miracle. Crouching under the sides of little Hermon is Nain, where the son of the widow was raised; and hard by is Solam, where many centuries before the son of the Shunamite was raised by the hand of

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the Tishbite. Along that plain, where the Arab and his oxen are faintly visible, like beetles on the face of the earth, how often, in His journeyings to and fro from ungrateful Nazareth to His own city of Capernaum, the Saviour must have passed with His disciples; farther on there are thousands seated in the wilderness to be fed with food from heaven, or listening with strained eyes and fixed attention to the words, such as never man spake, on the Mount of the Beatitudes.

But the whole Bible history explains itself, and is rendered clear, as we are here seated. Tabor and Hermon attest the wonderful history of this hapless and devoted land. Its whole breadth, from the sea to the Jordan, is laid open to us, and we watch with awe the solemn procession of nations, which have uninterruptedly poured themselves down this narrow strip of country, the scene of one eternal struggle in all times and ages between Assyria and Egypt, the inhabitants of the valley of the Nile and the Euphrates. We hear of different races and names, of Assyria, Babylon, and Damascus, of Greeks, Persians, and Romans; at one time the phalanx of Alexander, at another the legions of Titus. As the battles of nations were to be fought here in the ancient world, so in later days were to be fought the battles of religions. If on one side we could have seen from Mount Tabor the triumph of Napoleon, on the other the heights of Huttin, the scene of the Sermon on the Mount, tell a sad tale of the last and final defeat of the Crusaders. In late years the struggle betwixt Egypt and Asia again commenced, and this devoted country has but a few years back been relieved of the miseries of foreign occupation and civil confusion.

Our pilgrimage is now drawing to a close, and we stand on the banks of the Lake of Gennesareth, and, looking into its smooth mirror and upon the mountains which surround it, we rejoice to take our farewell of the Holy Land at this place, where all our remembrances are of a soothing nature, all our associations are of peace. The thoughts naturally fly back to the many miracles that took place there, the destruction of the swine on the opposite headland, the stilling of the tempest, the Saviour walking on the waters, Peter sinking and upheld, the miraculous draught of fishes, as depicted in the cartoons of the greatest of painters. The painter Raphael seems to be with us everywhere, whether at the Beautiful Gate of the Temple, or at the Transfiguration on Mount Tabor, with the fishermen on the Sea of Galilee, kneeling with St. Peter to receive the keys at Cæsarea, or standing boldly with St. Paul on the Areopagus at Athens! Bethsaida and Chorazin have utterly perished; it has already been more tolerable for Tyre and Sidon, for, though stricken, they still exist; the feet of men tread their streets, the voices of men pro-

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nounce their names; but Bethsaida and Chorazin, which saw the mighty works and believed them not, are forgotten; they are as Sodom and Gomorrah, the cities of the lower lake of the Jordan; and where art thou, Capernaum? Thy fishermen have indeed caught men; words spoken in thy houses, acts performed in thy streets, have echoed through the wide world; in many hundred languages the wondrous works are told which thou sawest; but thou art not! The scenery of the lake is stern, and, but for its associations, we should not find pleasure in it; but a poetry surrounds it far exceeding that of Loch Katrine, and a beauty which makes us forget Como. In one view, from the roof of the Roman Catholic chapel, we take in the whole scene; we people the shores with towns and villages, we see the fishermen toiling in their boats, the crowds are collected on the banks to hear His words, and derive advantage from His miracles; but He cometh not, for He is gone up to the Passover, and the heavy news is brought back from the feast, that He who spake as no man spake, to whose powers the devils had been witness, has been crucified, and they shall see His face no more.

We turn away mournfully, and ascending the hill to Saphet, the city that is built on a hill, we take our farewell look of the Lake of Tiberias and the plains of Galilee. Every mountain now raises a familiar head; we seem to know each village and trace the path of yesterday; and think with regret of the friends parted from at Nazareth; yes, friends, for with the gentle and sociable people of this country kind words soon ripen friendship, and their unpretending hospitality is open to all. With a simple dignity not unworthy of the patriarchs, the old man receives the traveller as an angel, after the manner of Abraham; his knowledge of the surface of the globe is perhaps confined to Galilee, and the history of his country is contained in his Bible. No more shall we hereafter be received in this unpretending way; the Arab tent or the terraced roof will be our resting-place no more; never again perhaps in our evening circle shall we recognise sweet winning faces, with manners free from the reserve of the West, or the social degradation of the farther East, or hear little voices read in lisping accents from the Arabic Bible, how Jesus came walking on the waters of the lake that flow beneath our windows; no more tiny Miriams or Rachels to conduct us to some spot sanctified by tradition, and known to us by name from infancy, now for the first time seen in its reality. We seem waking from a pleasing dream; we begin to wonder at the blessing to us conceded, to have stood where we were but yestereven standing, and we take our last look of the mountains and the plains, as they fade away in the distance, with the feeling of one who watches a dying friend. We have much to inquire of those faithful testimonies of what they have seen done since the days that their foundations were

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established. Each dweller of those blessed fields seems one whom we might envy. But the road descends into a deep valley, and the last height of Palestine is lost; our pilgrimage is over, and perhaps in many an after day will the memory of it come back; as often as we open the sacred book we shall be thankful for the opportunity granted to us, and gratefully admit that it was good for us to be there.

The pilgrimage is indeed over. From Beersheba to Dan we have traversed the Land of the Promise; we have stood at the point, where the Jordan flows into the Dead Sea. Here is its source on one of the green slopes of Lebanon, and through those double ranges and along the beauteous valley which they enclose must be our course to the Sea. We find ourselves amidst a hardy mountain people, confident in themselves and their mountain recesses, differing in religion, but generally united against the stranger. The line of hills, the villages, the soil, even the dress of the inhabitants, show but small distinctive signs; but in these mountains we have specimens of every variety of religion which has agitated and disturbed the world. The Ansariyeh is said to worship the Devil, that primeval religion; the Druze is an idolater, who worships he knows not what in high places, the remnant of the idolatrous tribe who troubled Israel; the Metáwileh is a Mahometan of the Shiáh sect; the Maronite, an Oriental Church, subject to the Pope. These are the great sections, but interspersed are Jews, Mahometans of the Súní sect, Greeks, Greek Catholics, and Protestants; and on our road we pass the encampment of the Gipsies, and in these Syrian mountains are surprised at being able to recognise some of the vocabularies of India. The mountains are studded with churches and convents. It is pleasant in a Mahometan country to hear at sunset the Ave Maria bell sounding in each hamlet, to see the picturesque crowd of women mixed with men entering their village places of worship; but the ritual is degraded, and renders Christianity doubtful. The highest ridge of mountains is covered with snow, and in the adjoining villages are springing up houses, in which the merchant and missionary from Beirút take refuge in the summer. The mountains of Himálaya are more grand; the scale of Nature is more exalted; the mountains of Switzerland are more romantic, and art has done more to render habitation agreeable; but neither have the blue Mediterranean washing their base, with such a breeze as would seem fit to bring back life to the dead, nor such a sky. On the Indian hills you would look in vain for the green rows of mulberries, and the luxuriance of the vine; but it is sad to think that Lebanon has been robbed of the cedar, once its glory. In one only spot, in the neighbourhood of Tripoli, are these patriarchs of the forest to be found, and a visit to them is one of the many delightful excursions of the Lebanon summer. It requires a certain degree of activity

to reach the highest pass of Jebel Sunnín, the loftiest point in Lebanon; but, when reached, it amply repays. All the lower ranges and the quiet sequestered valleys lie exposed to the view; the mulberry-crowned hills, sloping gently from the clouds and the snow to the blue sea, crowned with sparkling villages and convents; here and there a deep gorge betrays the hidden course of a snow-fed torrent dashing down. As the eye becomes more accustomed to the scene, it follows the mountain paths along the declivities; now up to some rude headland, where Fancy sits gazing on the magnificent prospect, now down to some slender bridge spanning the foaming flood, which tears away to the sea, discolouring the waves for many a league with its purple waters, for the stream is the yearly wounded Tammuz. In these valleys Venus wept her lost Adonis. On the Eastern side of the range we delight again to see the glittering Hermon, and the range of Anti-Lebanon overhanging Damascus, but separated from us by the fertile valley of the Bekáa, along which we trace the river Leontes, like a silver line, until the eye rests with astonishment on the Temple of the Sun at Baalbek. Time, earthquakes, and religious rage have failed to destroy this wonderful and stupendous work. Christian churches have been erected from its materials; they have perished; mosques and the tomb of the great Saladin have been constructed in the same way, and have shared the same fate, but these ruins still raise their solemn front to heaven with much of their original grandeur. The granite columns must have been brought across pathless Lebanon. The mechanical means for moving the vast stones, which form the platform, can only be guessed at, but a visit to the neighbouring quarries proves that, wonderful as was the performance, the genius of the builder was planning greater things, and stones were being hewed out, destined to surpass any of the existing wonders of Baalbek.

We turn with awe from these memorials of the power, wealth, and genius of men in ancient days, and our sight falls upon a few green specks or shrubs far down below us on the side of the mountain. As we approach them through the snow, we find that they are the giant cedars, the last remnants of that family which furnished timbers to the Temple, the glory of the forest. Twelve venerable patriarch trees have stood the blasts of centuries, and we would willingly lend ourselves to the belief, that they are contemporary with those which were felled by Hiram. Some of them are forty feet in circumference, and they are surrounded by hundreds of their race, younger and more beautiful. Whatever be their age, the sight of these venerable trees is calculated to arouse the deepest emotions, and we forget the ruin of Baalbek, the triumph of human skill, in contemplation of these, the work of God.

We have faintly described the charms of a sojourn of a few months in this enchanting land. Other countries may have raised

their heads higher in the history of war and empire; more favoured climes have left us the legacy of breathing brass and living marble; it is not here that we must look for the triumphs of the orator, or track the starry mazes with the divining rod of the astronomer; but to this soil we are indebted for higher and better things, for the germs and for the triumphs of poetry, legislature, and history. What poems are lisped in earliest childhood, and murmured by failing lips, but the Psalms of the sweet songster of Israel? What law forms the basis of every code of guidance for human conduct? What history is entwined by a golden cord with our most secret thoughts and our earliest ideas? Reflecting upon this, let the pilgrim start with a devout and subdued spirit, the Bible his best companion and handbook of the way; let him remember, that he is on the soil of miracles, and that it is a privilege for him to be there, if he believes anything at all. On his road he will meet with men of all religions, nations, and kindred, and will derive, if he be willing to receive, instruction from all; he will hear subjects discussed calmly and clearly, which, in his own country, have been obscured by ignorance and prejudice; he will hear of ancient cities, known to him only in childhood's tales or dreaming fancy, spoken of as household words by those, who have there lived, and there hope to die. Chance may throw him for days in company with some unknown yet eloquent stranger, whose words, pregnant with truth, and rich in associations, will have charmed away the mountain-route in Judea, or lent a new zest to the beauties of Galilee.

Thus let him wander, and surely some blessing will be upon his track, some strengthening of Faith by treading the very scenes of the great mysteries of our salvation, some enlarging of charity, by seeing how degraded poor human nature, whatever be the creed, can become. Thoughts will be suggested by the place, which might never have risen in the mind—thoughts of holiness; convictions may be strengthened, and attention drawn to subjects which the world had before shrouded from the view; the enthusiasm, the inspiration of the moment, will invest the doctrines of Christianity with a halo, which will last many a year; such recollections will, in after life, soothe the hour of grief. Such associations will ward off the fiends of infidelity and doubt, and bring peace at the last; but if one link be added to the chain of his Faith, one particle to the drachm of his Charity, he will not have gone in vain; for a simple Faith is better than riches, wealth, and rank; and Charity never faileth. Thus let him go, and if a single slumbering spark of kindred enthusiasm is ignited, not in vain have been worn the sandal shoon and scallop shell; these pages have not been written in vain.

BANÁRAS, 1852.

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CHAPTER X.

MESOPOTAMIA.

In 1850 Colonel Chesney published the first volumes of his survey of the rivers Tigris and Euphrates. They contain much more than their name implies, adding to the existing stock of knowledge, and containing a precis of all previous information. He does not confine himself to the narrow boundaries of Mesopotamia, but, as an active and intelligent traveller, he has run over great part of Asia. He began his career by traversing the battle-field of the Turks and Russians in Bulgaria in 1828, and the publication of this book was delayed by his being ordered on service to China. The circumstances, which led him to Mesopotamia, were connected with India. When first the Overland route began to be more than a dream, and public opinion was still divided as to the advantage of the Red Sea or Euphrates route, he was deputed to test the practicability of the navigation of the Euphrates. He had already dropped down the stream on rafts made of hurdles; he was now to conduct two steam vessels from Aleppo across the desert to Bir, and thence by the Euphrates to Bussora. The expedition left England in February 1835, and commenced the descent of the river in March 1836. We cannot gather from these volumes, when or how the expedition terminated, for the narrative of events was deferred to the last volume; the author narrates most piteously, how fortune and those in power appeared determined to oppose him. His lithographer played him false, and it was only after five years that a Court of Law restored him his plates. The Indian Government refused to make good their promised contributions. Just as the first portion was in the Press, the author was ordered to proceed for four years to China, and on his return an incident not narrated deprived him of a large portion of his manuscript. This was indeed hard, and the details of the loss are a warning to authors. With his papers in charge, he proceeded in a hired cab to call upon a young lady. Forgetful of time, of place, of manuscript, and cab, Indico-pleustes urged a suit, which we trust was successful, but the cabman, indignant at the delay, and suspecting some trick, drove off exasperated, and, though diligently searched for, was

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never heard of again. The place of these manuscripts had to be supplied, and hence another cause of delay.

The first volume is geographical. It contains a succinct but complete description of the natural features of the countries betwixt the rivers Nile and Indus, and a more particular account of the rivers Tigris and Euphrates. Mesopotamia, Armenia, Trans-Caucasia, Persia, Afghanistan, Asia Minor, Syria, and Arabia, all pass under review. No volume tells so much, and tells it so well. The accomplished traveller and the intelligent man of the world speak throughout; not the dull book-writer or plodding map-maker; and attached to this volume is a most complete map, with all the information available up to the year 1850.

But greater praise is due to the second volume, which is historical. There are signs of the greatest research and the most praiseworthy industry in chronicling the annals of this country from the days of the Creation to the present time; for the tracts betwixt the rivers Euphrates and Tigris have the reputation of being the cradle of the human race. Twice is the world said to have been peopled from that narrow strip of land; within its boundaries have risen and fallen three of the four great kingdoms of Daniel; it has been for centuries the battlefield of the world, where dynasties, religions, and ideas were fought for. For three thousand years the struggle never ceased; city after city arose to be the capital of Western Asia, and then sank beneath the power of a younger rival; conquerors from all points of the compass strutted their little time on this stage, until three hundred years ago a thick cloud fell over it: unknown, untraversed, uninhabited, the garden of the world relapsed into a howling wilderness.

At length a great nation in the West thought that the navigation of the Nile or the Euphrates might suit their merchants as a means of transport of goods to a still greater dependency in the East. How are the mighty fallen! It was not for themselves; no intrinsic excellence of these ancient rivers drew forth the exertion. The two great streams, on the banks of which mankind had learned to be strong and wise, to build vast cities, and raise lofty monuments, in their old age were honoured by being looked at on the contingency of their being of use to transport piece-goods from the Thames to the Ganges! If Kings Nebuchadnezzar and Pharaoh, when they met at Carchemish, could but have thought of this! Their kingdoms are indeed departed for ever.

There is something in the geographical features of the countries betwixt the Euphrates and the Tigris, that recalls the great Mesopotamia of Upper India, those rich and favoured plains watered by the rivers Jamná and Ganges, the prosperity of which is but still in its youth, and which have a great future before them. In both cases two sister streams spring from adjoining sources in the

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same range of mountains, running parallel for many a league, until they meet in one broad stream, in the one case feeding the Gulf of Persia, and in the other the Bay of Bangál. On the right of each river basin is a dreary desert; on the left a range of mountains. Along the banks of either stream had sprung up city after city, to give law to the surrounding countries; but now little more than the memory of the great names remains, a shadow of former greatness; while fickle Fortune, or more fickle Commerce, has transferred her favours to other quarters, bidding new cities spring up, obedient to new interests. Canals have connected the two Indian streams, as they once did the Euphrates and the Tigris; but here the resemblance ceases, as the Doab of the Ganges is one of the most flourishing tracts in Asia, traversed by railroads, studded with cities and villages and a teeming population, while the unhappy Mesopotamia, described by Herodotus as exceeding in fertility any part of the world, has become a wilderness, is unsafe for the ordinary traveller, and beyond the walls of decaying towns has no inhabitants but the wandering Arab.

Both the Tigris and Euphrates spring from the high ranges of Mount Taurus in Armenia, the early part of their course being in the mountains, the latter through sandy plains. Tradition fixes the site of Paradise in those mountains, and the earliest seat of mankind, whence they naturally spread into Mesopotamia. Four rivers are noticed in the Bible narrative as going out of Eden, of them the Euphrates is recognised by name. Concerning the identity of the Hiddekel and the Tigris there is no doubt, as it still bears the same name from its swiftness. The river Pison is identified with the river Halys, which flows northward into the Black Sea, and the river Gihon with the river Araxes, which empties itself into the Caspian, flowing eastward. This, then, is the remarkable tract of land, in which mankind were first located according to the Hebrew tradition.

Geology in late days has become a science, and, based upon careful induction, tells us in words, which cannot be gainsaid, that the earth has seen many a cataclysm, many a long subsidence of the outer crust beneath the Ocean, many a subsequent rearing of the mountain-ranges, during periods which can only be calculated or appreciated by geologists. The Deluge, chronicled in the Bible, lasted but one hundred and fifty days, and could have done little to alter the face of the tracts submerged. The words are, "The waters prevailed exceedingly over the earth, and all the high hills, that were under the whole heaven, were covered." It is unnecessary to suppose, that the whole world was submerged, or even that all the portions inhabited by man were affected; nor does the universal tradition of a Deluge in every part of the world necessarily prove, that the whole world was included, but only that all mankind

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drew their legendary tales from the same source; for every nation, that chronicles the Deluge in their own land, tells us also of the man who was saved being their own countryman, and points to the mountains where he escaped, which would suppose so many different arks and so many separate families preserved from destruction. Many difficulties are removed by supposing that the Deluge extended over Mesopotamia only. In the Acts of the Apostles "every country under heaven" meant only a portion of Asia and Europe, and at a still earlier date the expression must be taken in a still more limited meaning. The Hebrew writer's conception of the physical features of the world was that which was shared by Homer, a flat surface surrounded by an Ocean. At the time of St. Luke it was well known, that the world was a sphere, and Strabo informs us precisely what the extent of the habitable portion of that sphere was. In both cases the expressions of the narrators must be accepted in the sense justified by contemporary knowledge. Were it a fact that the whole terrestrial orb has been submerged to a sufficient height to cover so lofty a peak as Mount Ararat, we have to suppose gigantic miracles, first in the production of so much water, and then in its ultimate disposal; for science has taught us, that the fountains of the deep are not unfathomable, that beneath the Ocean is the crust of the earth; that the clouds are but receptacles of the condensed moisture extracted from the Ocean, and to be again restored. So vast an increase of the globe's diameter would have disturbed not only its rotation, but that of the other heavenly bodies and the whole Solar System; so vast an addition of fresh water would have caused the destruction of all the salt-water fish, and the collection of animals from all quarters of the world would necessarily have caused the residents of the colder climates at once to perish, as to man alone and a few other animals is conceded the privilege of living in all climates. If however the limits of the Deluge are considered to be more restricted, all such difficulties vanish, and we cease to wonder that the Ark with its freight, instead of being blown about the world on a boundless sea, found itself, when the water subsided, in the slopes of the range, and not necessarily on the highest peak of Mount Ararat, not very far from the spot, where it had been launched; the waters produced by excessive rain, and obstruction of the mouths of the Euphrates and Tigris, were then drained off into the Persian Gulf, in the strata below which will be found the skeletons and material remains of the antediluvian creatures, and the plains of Shinar reappeared to be the scene of new events.

According to the same tradition, the three families of Shem, Ham, and Japheth spread East and West, North and South, to multiply upon and people the earth. Some, in these days of speculation, are bold enough to claim for man, what is conceded for the animal.

creation, several distinct, separate, and local creations. Those, who oppose this theory, must reconcile to their judgments the processes by which the children of Noah, during a few centuries, were bleached into Caucasians by the cold of the North, blackened to the swarthiness of the Negro, toned down to the yellow of the Chinese, or reddened to the tint of the American aborigines; how some human forms have so advanced in beauty, as justly to be compared to angels, and others have become so degraded, as reasonably to be mistaken for monkeys, while the ancestors of all were originally fashioned after God's own image: this is a mystery, which it has not been given to man to solve. Colour is only skin deep, and perhaps not even that, and we have therefore to imagine the slow steps, by which skulls were flattened or elevated, stature elongated or reduced; when did the straight profile first stamp itself as the characteristic of the Caucasian race, and when did the first instance of dorsal protrusion differentiate the Hottentot? Has the progress been one of improvement or degradation of type? That certain types were soon arrived at, and have not materially altered during at least thirty centuries, is proved by the Monuments of Nineveh and Egypt, and by the manner of men whose acquaintance we make on the first unfolding of a mummy.

To avert the calamities of a second Deluge, the ambitious Tower of Babel was being erected on the banks of the Euphrates, when by the confusion of tongues (whatever was the great event thus described) the builders were scattered. Of the history of one particular tribe, the Hebrews, we have information that their great ancestor, Abraham, left Ur of the Chaldees, now known as Urfah, and proceeded to Haran, also in Mesopotamia; thence, by a second impulse, he crossed the Euphrates, and proceeding Westward across the Jordan, founded a nation at Hebron, to the annals of which we are indebted for the history of the world. Of the struggles of the favoured people during their long sojourn of four hundred years on the banks of the Nile, of the reconquest of their heritage, of their division of the land, of their mode of government, we are informed; but of the country beyond the Euphrates, for the space of one thousand years, from the call of Abraham to the death of Solomon, we know little or nothing beyond what is darkly gathered from the interpretations of Assyrian and Babylonian Inscriptions, except that they had already been afflicted with the curse of Tyranny, by which the happiness of the many is sacrificed to the few, as we find that iniquity started by Nimrod the mighty hunter. The Hebrews were long spared this chastisement, until of their own freewill they chose one of their own nation as king, of the nature of which they were warned by Samuel. That there were good men in Mesopotamia, who feared God, is disclosed to us by the Book of Job, who, from many convincing reasons, is shown

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to have been a resident of Upper Mesopotamia; and tradition connects his name with the neighbourhood of Ur of the Chaldees. This book shows no mean state of civilisation. Arts and sciences are alluded to. Mankind, as therein described, had advanced far in artificial luxuries, and the intellect, that could produce such profound argument, had been not slightly cultivated. Babylon had long before come into existence; Damascus, its sister, beyond the Euphrates, was a city before Isaac was married to Rebecca, while Shem, the son of Noah, was still living. By this time Nineveh had begun to raise her head on the banks of the river Tigris, and commenced her long struggle with her two elder rivals. The ancient scroll of her history is now being unfolded, not written on the perishable leaves of papyrus, but carved on the walls of her palaces, and stamped with a pen of iron on her stone-monuments. They tell us but one tale, that kings were as selfish, as reckless, as inhuman, and as faithless then as they are now. Man, weak man, is as unfit to wield the sceptre of absolute power, or to be armed with the strength of a giant eighteen hundred years after Christ, as he was the same period before. The licentious and selfish Raja in British India is not worse than his ancestors in the days of Rama. There is little to choose between the merits of the autocrat of modern days and Pharaoh; it is the same monster reproduced in different ages, to strut his little time on the stage till the cup of vengeance is filled, and he is overthrown in the Red Sea of his own crimes.

The kingdom of Solomon extended to the Euphrates, but there is no doubt that the Assyrians ruled Western Asia for many hundred years, and at the time that they had arrived at the summit of their glory, they built the magnificent palaces of Khorsabad, Kouyanjik, and Nimrud; and, availing themselves of the weakness of the Israelites, owing to their intestine divisions, they crossed the Euphrates, swept away the kingdom of Samaria, laid waste Shechem and Jezreel, and besieged Jerusalem. Both in Isaiah and the Book of Kings are affecting accounts of this memorable beleaguerment, the address of Rabshakeh and his haughty threats, the appeal of Hezekiah to the Most High, and the scornful defiance, with which the Virgin, the daughter of Sion, met her antagonists. The whole of the Assyrian army was destroyed. Herodotus attributes it to the destruction of their arms by an irruption of field mice; at any rate Sennacherib returned discomfited, and perished in his own palace. The spot where the army encamped, and the identity of the fountains stopped by Hezekiah, are now traced out in the outskirts of Jerusalem.

The country of Palestine was invaded as a stepping-stone to Egypt. This was one scene of the long struggle for supremacy betwixt the inhabitants of the basins of the Euphrates and the

Nile. Both these nations rose to power contemporaneously, and alternately conquered each other, making unhappy Judea the scene of their contentious rivalry. Some of the Egyptian kings overran Mesopotamia; Nebuchadnezzar defeated the Egyptian host at Carchemish, actually on the Euphrates. At length the tide turned, and Cambyses, son of Cyrus, subdued Egypt, which remained tributary, until both the conqueror and the conquered fell before Alexander the Great.

The great secret of maintaining dominion over conquered provinces in those days seemed to be to transport the inhabitants to another part of the empire, and recolonise the land. This plan was tried extensively by the Assyrian monarchs, Shalmaneser and Tiglath-Pileser. The Israelites were bodily removed, and located on the banks of the river Chebar, the site of which is now satisfactorily identified; and here Ezekiel saw his wondrous dreams. He had no doubt stood at the gateway of the Assyrian palaces, and had seen those gigantic monsters with the face of a man, the body of a bull, and the wings of an eagle, which astonish us in the British Museum. It was the wicked Nineveh, that Jonah cried against, having in vain tried to flee away to Tarshish, or anywhere from the presence of the Lord. In the Book of Tobit, we find the history of one of the captive and transported Israelites; it is a peep into the private life of those days, and a journey to Ekbatana, and the great city of Rages, in the neighbourhood of Ispahán. But the Book of Judith gives still more interesting information. Here we have details of a great military enterprise; the march is carefully detailed, we can trace the steps of the host, we learn the mode of warfare of the Assyrians, the number of their forces, and their organisation.

But the time of the First Kingdom was passing away, the great city on the Tigris was entirely destroyed, and the seat of empire was for a short period transferred to Babylon. Under Nebuchadnezzar the Second Kingdom was established, the rising power of the Medes was for a time kept back, the Egyptians entirely discomfited, and the Jewish nation swept away into captivity; and this last act, though perhaps little thought of at the time by the proud monarch, has given him an individuality in history, and made his name familiar to posterity. Daniel is the chronicler of the last days of the Babylonian kingdom. Before his eyes the golden head was dashed down, the threat written on the wall was worked out, and with the advent of Cyrus the country of Mesopotamia was transferred to the Persians.

His destiny was an enviable one. Writers, sacred and profane, have handed the name of Cyrus down in letters of gold. The voice of prophecy had pointed him out as the restorer of captive Jerusalem. He succeeded in whatever he undertook. He founded a greater Empire than the world had seen before, dividing it into one

hundred and twenty provinces. Xenophon has painted his character in colours too brilliant to be believed, and we cannot trust him, nor refuse credit to the story of the tragical end of Cyrus in a great battle on the borders of the Caspian Sea. His tomb still stands to this day at a place called Murghâb, in the neighbourhood of Persepolis, known as the "Madri Suliman," but with the Inscription, "I am Cyrus, the King of the Achæmenians." It was plundered by a satrap as early as the days of Alexander the Great, and nought now remains but the walls. In the literature of his country, Cyrus has been as favoured as in that of the Jewish and Grecian people, and the name of Kay Khusru is known as one of the Paladins of ancient Persia.

Cambyses followed Cyrus, and reduced Egypt to subjection, destroying the temples and insulting the religion of that ancient people. To him followed Darius, known to us by the pages of Herodotus and in the Book of Daniel. In these last days the rock of Bisutun has been made to speak out, and tell us more distinctly of the achievements of this king, which had been forgotten in history. Not in vain did this proud man make the hard rock his tablet. Ormuzd has befriended his faithful worshipper. He first thoroughly organised the government of his vast dominions, extending from the Nile to the Indus. Why did he covet the petty provinces and paltry cities of the Grecian peninsula? In his reign we hear first darkly of India; that wondrous country, shut in by lofty mountains and the unpassable Ocean; rich in spices, in gems, and costly productions, more magnificently thought of because so little known. Something had they heard of the noble rivers which flowed out, nobody knew where, of a people mighty and strong, who shunned rather than sought communion with the rest of the world; of vast plains peopled with animals, such as the tiger and rhinoceros, unknown elsewhere. Wishing to know further, Darius employed a Greek mariner to sail down the Indus. In this enterprise he succeeded, and returned by sea to the Arabian Gulf, bringing back accounts of so marvellous a nature, that the Periplus of Scylax became in the next century the parent of the expedition of Alexander the Great.

Under Darius the kingdom of the Persians reached its height of glory. He was the great King of the world; to his kind offices the Jews were indebted for the restoration of the Temple. He ordered the original decree of Cyrus to be searched for, and it was found at the Median Ekbatana; and, as those decrees were written on cylinders of baked clay, and many have been found existing to this day, it would be no matter of surprise, if the original decree were still found, and add another confirmation to the truth of Scripture. Persepolis in all its glory sprang into existence under Darius; he established a system of posts over the whole of his Empire, and

defeated the Scythians on the Danube; but he unluckily came into contact with the Ionian Greeks, and suffered the defeat at Marathon, which led to the downfall of his Empire.

He was succeeded by Xerxes, who has been handed down to an undesirable notoriety by his achievements at Salamis. He was the husband of Esther. Making allowances for the effect of climate and customs, and the lower standard of Asiatic morality, it could have been wished that a Jewish damsel had possessed more self-respect than she showed. Owing to the chance of a fair face and a debauched sensualist's fancy, she became a Queen; but the path which she trod, the six months with oil of myrrh, the six months with sweet odours, after the manner of the purifying of the women, was not that which ought to have been trod by a daughter of the seed of Abraham and the tribe of Benjamin, and which would have been trod by her contemporary, the Roman daughter of Virginius, who would have preferred death to a shameful life. It is too true that the Asiatic Prince, even to the present day, looks too much on his subjects as things that may at his pleasure be carved into eunuchs or polluted into concubines; but even the safety of her father's house and her people was dearly bought at the price paid by Esther; and the position occupied by Mordecai, when the subject is calmly considered, is still more contemptible.

The offspring of this alliance was not destined to fill the throne of Cyrus; and internal dissension and palace intrigues transferred the throne to Artaxerxes Longimanus, the issue of another of the fair young virgins who had been sought for for Ahasuerus. On the death of Darius Nothus ensued the memorable expedition of Cyrus the Younger, who, aided by the ten thousand Greek mercenaries, sought to win the throne, but lost his life at Kunaxa in Mesopotamia. There may have been others as brave as were these famous mercenaries, many expeditions may have been as hazardous, and as nobly achieved, but this alone has been recorded. The army of Cyrus crossed the Euphrates, and was advancing on Babylon when he perished in the moment of victory, and his valiant auxiliaries fought their way back through an unknown and wild mountainous country in the depth of winter. Fortunately for them, Tissaphernes early in the day slew their leaders, and the command devolved on one who was equal to the occasion, as great an historian as he was a soldier. He followed the line of the river Tigris, encamping upon the slumbering ruins of Nineveh, but unconscious of them, little dreaming that two thousand years afterwards the dead would leap to life. He crossed the mountains of the Karduchi or Kurdistan, as wild now and indomitable as they were then; piercing through Armenia, his followers came in sight of, and shouted loudly at the sight of the sea—the Black Sea—near Trebizond, whence they returned to their country, having exposed to the whole world the

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weakness of the great Empire, while Xenophon their leader furnished to posterity, in his Anabasis, one of the greatest lessons of military strategy.

Artaxerxes Mnémon finished his reign in peace, but the secret of the weakness of Asia had been divulged: the time and the man were not yet come. Agesilaus, the aged Spartan King, bid high to be the conqueror of Asia, defeating the Persians at Coronæa, which was the last field, on which the Ten Thousand fought. After having made the Ionian coast a battlefield for years, at the age of eighty he led a force against Egypt, and failed, more from dissension among the invading force than the power of resistance of the invaded. It was clear to all, that Greece had only to be united, and true to itself, and the insult of the last century would be avenged: but the question was, who would unite them?

It was at this time that Philip of Macedon, a new name and a King of a new kingdom, mounted a lofty tower in his mind, and looked out upon the shattered and defenceless state of the Asiatic Monarchy. He was a man of no ordinary capacity, and his efforts had been crowned with success. He had been thundered at by the greatest orator of antiquity, and he thanked his antagonist, who had conferred on him immortality, for it must have been no common man, whom those burning words of Demosthenes could not daunt. Philip had marked the occasion, and was equal to it. He had on his knees a volume of Herodotus, the same charming traveller who has won hearts for the last two thousand years; who, with spectacles on nose, had gone prowling about among the Pyramids, bothering the priests of Anubis, noting down everything that was curious and marvellous, spending hours in the caravanserai, to drink in the stores of the merchants, truth blended with fiction, about ants as big as dogs, and men with heads of animals, a phenomenon which even he allowed to be doubtful. In the pages of Herodotus Philip found much about spices and myrrh, and no little about tyranny and weakness and effeminacy. He had also the same Homer, over which so many generations had poured, arousing him to energy and action, whispering "what was Fame?" the name that would live for ever. His little son Alexander had learned all these things as a boy: from the window of his palace he could see across the straits, that separated him from Troy, giving a stern reality to the poem. Lastly, Philip had before him the great Anabasis, written by a soldier, showing the way, march by march, and parasang by parasang, "The Handbook of Victory," telling so simply how a few had repelled the attack of thousands; for Xenophon was the first of those three doubly blessed, who could do deeds worth recording, and record them in a manner worth reading, the forerunner of Julius Cæsar and Wellington.

The Macedonian monarch had, no doubt, seen and conversed

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with some of the old veterans, and heard from their lips the events of the campaign, and he was determined to repeat the attempt on his own account; he knew the risk, that it was a choice between the laurel and the cypress, but he accepted it; and, when he had settled the affairs of Greece at the battle of Coronæa, the first of Alexander and the last of Demosthenes, he made ready; but at this moment he was cut down by the hand of an assassin, and his mantle fell on Alexander, to whom has been conceded the widest reputation in the world; for, with the exception of Solomon, who is scarcely believed to have been a mortal, no name is so popular in Asia as that of Sikandar. Like the incarnation of the Almighty among the Hindu, he made three steps and conquered the whole world. The first was at Granikus, where he met and defeated the provincial forces of the local governor, on the shores of the Dardanelles. Advancing eastward through Asia Minor, on the confines of Syria, he overthrew Darius and all his host at Issus, in the neighbourhood of Antioch; thence he conquered Egypt and the whole of Syria, stormed Tyre and Gaza, and was hailed, as the founder of the Third Monarchy, by the high priest at Jerusalem; but it was in Mesopotamia that the great battle was to be fought, and, crossing the Euphrates, he went to meet his enemy on the banks of the Tigris. The result was, that Babylon changed hands, and Alexander became the lord of Asia.

It has been the privilege of modern days to trace the route of his Bactrian and Indian campaigns, and to clear up the doubtful facts that had long been perplexing the heads of learned Grecians. The hill fortress of Aornos, the city of Taxila, the island in the river Hydaspes, are ceasing to be fabulous, and the truth of the great expedition is attested by landmarks, which the lapse of two thousand years has not changed. The notion of conquering India from Macedon, might seem then, as now, preposterous, but not so to a monarch at Susa and Persepolis, flushed by victory, and excited to future endeavours by the traditional legends of the conquests of Bacchus and Hercules. His campaign in Bactria and Transoxiana was a wonderful one, though long and tedious, and he won little but the hand of Roxana. Ever alive to the advantage of commerce and colonisation, he was planting cities in what he pleased to call the Caucasus, and at length he turned the head of Bucephalus towards the banks of the great river Indus, that had hitherto bounded the habitable world, and fixed his attention on India.

On India, that great and unknown country, always retreating, where the inhabitants collected gold by stealing it from griffins—(is the practice still entirely abandoned?)—where the elephant, with turrets on its back, led the van of armies; where wisdom had obtained an eminence, sought in vain by Pythagoras, and divine ideas of an incarnation of the Creator, and a life beyond the grave,

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had been forged out of the brains of unaided man; that India, ruled by so many princes, boasting of poems as glorious as those so much prized by Alexander; of cities, of forests, of rich fabrics, of gems; the country of the palm-tree and the areka nut; the garden of cinnamon and spices, where a solitary ray of divine truth, with regard to the immortality of the soul, had shot down from Heaven to lighten the doctrines of the Gymnosophist, doctrines which the Athenians, in the pride of their philosophy, in their Stoa and Academus, feeling and groping for the unknown God, caught at rejoicing. Who, then, inhabited these tracts? Who showed the way to the invader? Alexander went boldly on; he crossed the Indus, the Hydaspes in the face of the enemy, the Acesines, the Hydraotes, and halted only on the Hyphasis. Who showed him the way? Who showed the way to the English, the Dutch, and the Portuguese? The lust of empire, the lust of commerce, the lust of propagandism.

We know now, from the inquiry of our own countrymen, at what point of the Jhilam he crossed, and engaged with Porus, winning his most Eastern victory on nearly the same site as the battlefield of Chillianwala. By the same guide we are led, step by step, to the fortress of Aornos. The ruins of Nicæa and Sangala, the country of the Kathæi, the tomb of Bucephalus, still baffle research, and the twelve towers, that marked the limit of his progress, have long since perished. He himself was prepared to advance on the river Ganges, and, sailing down that stream, to conquer an India unknown to the Indians. He wished to anticipate the feat, which was to be performed by the English two thousand years afterwards, and by them alone, to descend the great river of India, and sail round Africa, returning by the Pillars of Hercules. But the Macedonian bow had been stretched too far, and his conquering army mutinied on the banks of the river Hyphasis, not very far from the fortress of Amritsar, and the plain of Mián Mir, where it appears that mutiny is contagious and indigenous.

The passages in Arrian, describing this crisis, are some of the most affecting in history. Alexander's trumpet-toned voice failed in rousing his exhausted countrymen; it was true that they had conquered the known world, that they were paid as princes, that their brows were entwined with laurels, but before they became warriors they were men; a burning love of home had seized them. Many a Macedonian valley, with its accompaniments of homesteads and greybearded fathers, many a Thessalian Daphné, or Glauké, or Eurydiké waiting, waiting for them in vain, came back to their fevered recollections on the dusty plains of the Panjáb. Such visions have not perished with that army. Such memories still entrance and unman. Old Cœnus, in his memorable speech, which he spake for others, and not for himself (for his age precluded all

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hope of his again seeing Macedon), expressed the feelings, not of his countrymen only, but of unwilling exiles in every age and clime. The unconquered Alexander was conquered on the river Beas by the tears of his followers.

But posterity has to mourn his decision, to heap reproaches, which will never reach those deaf ears, on those home-sick, those recreant soldiers. Had Alexander descended the Ganges, how many doubts would have been resolved? Think what a mighty change would have come over India, had those legions not halted on the river Hyphasis; how the flood of Greek literature, then at its full, the wisdom of Aristotle, the philosophy of Plato, would have spread over the new kingdom! Apollo and Krishna might thus have struggled for possession of temples of Ionic structure dedicated to the attributes of both. Mars would have waged war on his rival Kárttikeya, the deities residing on Mount Olympus and Mount Kailása would have come into contention while their worshippers were both at their highest era of mental cultivation. India ran a risk of being tainted with the Grecian, instead of the Arabian, element. Oh! what a mischief these mutinous soldiers did! the position, which they lost, has only been in these days recovered. The English have only now taken up the broken thread of the Alexandrian skein, both of victory and commerce.

The writer of these lines has often been on Alexander's track, and always with reverence: at Troy, the Granícus, and Smyrna, Tyre, Jerusalem, and that great city in Egypt, which he left as his legacy and heir; and again on the banks of the rivers Kophenes, the Hydaspes, and the Hyphasis. He has floated down the great river Indus and its confluents from Taksha-sílá to Pattala, and seen those dreary banks towering above the boat, and heard the thunder of the disconnected masses falling into the water, and marked the spots where, one after another, the five streams are united together. He had Arrian in his hands, and thought of the great captain, how he had floated down so many years before, with eyes wistfully turned to the East, which was not for him or his nation to see; how his horses on the boats astonished the simple and wild inhabitants as much as the beardless faces and strange habits of the English do at this day; how the banks glistened with the detachments marching down on either side; those banks which have relapsed into silence again for centuries, or at least the echo of the sounds has not penetrated to Europe; how the news suddenly reached the army, that their young hero had perished in a petty fortress of the Malli, and from an unknown hand; how his all but lifeless body was brought back to them (but he was not to die with an unfinished enterprise; he recovered, and was shown to his troops); how the vessel floated onwards through the unhappy valley to Sindomana, the kingdom Musicanus, and farther on,

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where the vast river pours itself by many mouths into a then unknown Ocean.

All these things had been narrated faithfully by the companions of his way, but so marvellous, so strange did they seem, that in the days of the Emperor Augustus, when the cloud of obscurity had fallen on these countries, they began to be doubted; the mendacity of Greek historians was more than hinted at; but in modern days the route has been traced out, and the integrity of the narrators placed beyond doubt. How different are the graphic chapters of Arrian, or even the highly-coloured narrative of Quintus Curtius, to the mischievous rubbish contained in the Sikandarnáma, setting at defiance history, geography, and common sense! It is difficult to us to realise the state of knowledge of the time of Alexander, the known portion of the world was then so limited; but the shape of the Continents is so dunned into us at school, that we cannot forget what was beyond and on both sides of the Indus; we cannot for a moment believe, that the Indus flowing Southward was identical with the Nile flowing Northward. It was a happy age then, when men marched on right ahead, careless of the Commissariat, and regardless of the Map.

That the great enterprise succeeded, that it was not a myth like the conquests of Bacchus and Hercules, there can be no doubt. Nearkhus conducted the fleet along the coast of Baluchistan into the Persian Gulf, while Alexander led the army through the sands of those inhospitable tracts, where they suffered incredible hardships. Nearkhus having left his fleet in safety, went alone to meet Alexander encamped not far off, who, fancying that the whole fleet had perished, when he saw the admiral alone, wept aloud; but his grief was turned into joy, when he heard the facts, and he exclaimed, that the success of this voyage was more acceptable than the conquest of Asia.

Vast dreams now passed through his mind, when he returned to Babylon, which he proposed to make the capital of his kingdom; dreams of a world-embracing commerce, of forging links of interest to connect nations with nations. India was to be circumnavigated and conquered, fleets were to be built on the Euphrates, cities bearing the name of Alexandria were to be erected in every part of the world. No name but Victoria appears in such widely-separated regions, as those in which we find Alexandria. He was reorganising his army, reforming the customs of his country, committing the fatal error of blending the Asiatic and European, which must end in the deterioration of both, when a marsh fever brought him to the grave at the age of thirty-two, and with his death the intercourse of Europe with Eastern Asia was thrown back fifteen hundred years. The event took place in the same Babylon, which Nebuchadnezzar had built, in which Daniel had interpreted the great dream and seen the

still unrevealed vision, in which Belshazzar had trembled, which Cyrus and Darius had besieged, against which he, the king of Grecia, had stood up, where he had ruled with a great dominion, and done according to his will, and was now dying in the flower of his youth, with his great schemes unaccomplished. He had been building a second Tower of Babel, but by a new confusion the nations were again scattered. In his last hours he was carried across the river Euphrates, where his army was ready, and his fleet awaiting the order to sail; and when he died, his inheritance was not to his posterity. Within a few years, mother, wives, children, all perished by violent deaths; the world, but just pacified, was thrown into new confusion, and the Third Kingdom had passed away.

It must have been with feelings of wonder and credulous awe that Ptolemy Lagus, the companion and historian of Alexander, and the other surviving followers, spoke a quarter of a century later in their old age of the achievements of their young master; how they had stood on the river Jaxartes, and floated down the river Indus. The loss of the contemporary journal of Ptolemy is irremediable. Of what deep interest would be such an account of the campaigns of Alexander as we have of the Ten Thousand! Perhaps for his glory he did not die too soon. His sudden arrival and departure, the birth of none like or approaching him since, has cast such a radiance, such a universality round his name, that the world can never see equalled. He might have lived a long and inglorious reign, and seen the fabric raised by himself melt away; he might have tarnished his reputation by the slaughter of more of his friends, or the burning of more of his palaces.

His generals divided his kingdoms, and Greek was the language in which law was given to Asia; and we find from contemporary writers, that the same albocracy, so striking in British India, flourished famously under the Ptolemies, the Antiochi, and the Seleucidæ. Place and power were with the whitefaced, and the dusky Asiatic had nothing but to bow. It might be a heavy Bœotian, or a Mercurial Athenian, a saddle-maker from Macedon, or a fisherman from one of the ports of the Ionian islands, but he was a Greek, and of course a ruler of men, only to be addressed by petition, only to be approached as a superior. Men, who in their paltry tenements at home were jealous of liberty, railing against the Ephori in the Agora, and blustering to the Archons about the Demus, were suddenly converted into little Asiarchs, dealing with men's rights in the gross, disposing of the lives and liberties of thousands. But the reaction soon took place; one by one the Eastern kingdoms dropped off. The last notice of India is derived from the embassy of Megasthenes to Palibothra, on the river Ganges. We read in Arrian of the rivers Keyn, Sone, Gandak, and Kosi, but we hear no more of India for centuries. With the Romans the name passed

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into a proverb. Of the Bactrian kingdom all trace had been lost, till the enterprise of travellers and the skill of numismatists disinterred their history from the Stupa of the Buddhist, and supplied a long-lost page. The Parthian kingdom sprung up, and Mesopotamia became the debatable land between the fierce Arsacides and the expiring power of the Greeks. Babylon perished, a new capital had been built on the river Tigris at Seleucia, and eventually the seat of power migrated to the neighbouring Ctesiphon. The time of the Fourth Kingdom had also arrived, and step by step the power of Rome was approaching, and the Parthian war commenced with the appearance of Sylla and Lucullus on the river Euphrates. The East appears to have been then, as now, the cradle of the young warriors of the West, and the post most desired by the ambitious statesman. The memorable defeat of Crassus by the Parthians took place in Mesopotamia. He crossed at Thapsakus, and followed the course of the river Euphrates, on the banks of which, with his son, he perished in one of the greatest defeats ever experienced by the Romans. The name of the Parthian became a very bugbear on the Tiber, and their peculiar mode of fighting has, by the agency of Horace and Virgil, become known to every schoolboy in England. Still, in spite of the checks received in Mesopotamia, the position occupied by the Romans in the world has never been equalled since but by the English. We read of their generals leading the same legions over the river Euphrates into Mesopotamia, over the river Rhine into Gaul, or crossing Mount Hæmus into Dacia. So is it now. Every shore of the world is watered by English blood and civilised by their arts; people of every colour are clothed with their cotton; by a stroke of the pen regiments and generals are transferred from the river Ganges to the Ister; and the laurel-tree planted in the Dakhan of India has been known to blossom in the Peninsula of Spain, and bring forth its fruit in Belgium.

Up to this period the history of one nation had been strangely connected with Mesopotamia, but it has now disappeared; a troublesome, stiffnecked, singularly unsociable, and remarkably disagreeable people, more insulated and exacting than the Hindu, and more fanatic than the Mahometan; to their chronicles we are indebted for much, that would have been otherwise lost. Their captivity in Egypt brought miseries on that unhappy country, and has left us the earliest accounts of its social state. Their prophets were continually denouncing either their countrymen or their neighbours; and from these very denunciations we have obtained some clue of the greatness of Edom, Tyre, Nineveh, and Assyria, their wealth and their commerce. Thus we know the enterprise of Tyre, which reached from the Cassiterides to Taprobáne; and of Babylon, which ruled the world. No such enterprise, no such power, has been again known, till the coming in these last days of

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a people, who possess a city greater than Babylon, and a wider-spread commerce than that of Tyre. We find this Hebrew nation everywhere, and generally giving trouble. In the Books of Tobit and Judith we hear of them at Nineveh, in Daniel at Babylon; with Esther and Mordecai we stand in the golden hall of Xerxes at Susa; with Ezra we stand face to face with Cyrus, who was called and named for their special benefit long before; they went out and met Alexander the Great as a guest, whom they had long expected; even the great and fierce people, who were to annihilate their kingdom and nation, were written in their books, could they have read rightly. Nebuchadnezzar had destroyed, Cyrus and Darius restored, Alexander spared and respected, and Titus eventually razed to the ground, their city of Jerusalem. Situated in the midst of the known world, they came into contact with every nation, that ruled in Mesopotamia. Their history was and is a key to the history of Western Asia, for they struggled with, fell before, and have chronicled the Four Great Monarchies. Great neither in arms nor commerce, they saw other religions and institutions pass away; their wise men saw visions, and their old men dreamt dreams, and their prophets prophesied, but, Cassandra-like, in vain; for the eyes of the people were darkened, and they could not see that the circle of prophecies, in which they were enclosed, was fulfilling, and the hidden words, which had been true with regard to others, would be true with regard to themselves also.

A calm and impartial review of their history, and a comparison of the greatness of their power with that of the neighbouring kingdoms of Assyria, Babylon, and Egypt, has reduced them to more moderate proportions than fond and imperfectly informed theologians had assigned to them. Solomon was after all but a Raja of a moderately-sized kingdom. The fertility of Palestine can never be named in the same day with that of the basins of the rivers Euphrates, Ganges, Indus, and Nile. The Temple of Jerusalem was a small and inconsiderable building compared with the splendid edifices of Greece, Ephesus, Baalbek, Nineveh, and Thebes, not to mention Persia, India, and the Indo-Chinese Peninsula. The capacity, and mental excellence, and learning of the Jews were as nothing compared to the grand unaided intellectual triumphs of the Hindu, Chinese, Assyrian, and Egyptian people. It is well that we should consider this, and reflect that the one single merit, which the Jews possessed, was, that to them was committed the Oracles of God. They scarcely showed themselves worthy of the trust. While their neighbours in Egypt, Nineveh, Babylon, Carchemish of the Hittites, and even petty Moab, were carving on the stone of their temples imperishable records of their religious views, their progress in human science, their aspirations after divine things, of the kingdoms of Judah or Israel not one scrap of

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Inscription has survived the wreck of ages, and the Holy Scriptures have only come down to us by a long succession of copies in a different form of character from the one originally used, and the oldest existing Hebrew manuscript does not go back much beyond the Norman Conquest.

A few years after the fall of Judea, Mesopotamia also fell completely before one of the greatest and best of the Roman Emperors. Trajan descended the river Euphrates, crossing where all his predecessors had crossed, and took Ctesiphon the capital, which the kings of the dynasty of the Arsacides had built in the neighbourhood of old Seleucia from the materials of still older Babylon. Some remains of this city are extant to this day. Under the next dynasty of the Sassanians, both the old names were superseded by the single word Madain, or the two cities, in which the dynasty of Núrshirván held their court. Under the next dynasty Bághdád became the capital, built as usual from the ruins of all its predecessors. Trajan, on his visit, sailed down to Busrah, and seeing a ship ready to start for India, he expressed his sorrow, that he was too old to attempt the journey, like the more fortunate Alexander. His successor, Adrian, withdrew within the line of the river Euphrates, and surrendered Mesopotamia to the Persians.

The city of Nisibis, half-way betwixt Mosul and Diarbekr, now became the frontier city of Rome in the East. War raged from time to time, and the declining discipline of Rome was unable to hold its own against the power of the Persians under such rulers as Sapor. The most memorable event was the defeat and capture of the Emperor Valerian. Modern travellers have discovered, among the rock sculptures in the neighbourhood of Persepolis, the mournful figures of the Roman, wearing his toga, and the well-known insignia, kneeling to the haughty Sassanian, and tradition has it, that he and his fellow-captives were employed in the sculpture. How timely wise were these Asiatic monarchs not to trust their great deeds to perishable papyrus or chance historians! With prudent forethought Darius Hystaspes laughed at the labours of the historian, which might be lost within a century, and wrote his history on the rocks of Bisutun, stamped his name on his golden Darics, and sculptured it on the walls of Persepolis.

For a while a new power sprung up at Palmyra betwixt the Romans and Persians, and Mesopotamia, as usual, was the scene of the struggle; that city and power passed away like the mirage of the desert, and but for the grove of stately columns we should scarcely know, that Zenobia had existed. In the meantime the Fourth Kingdom was passing away also; Rome had ceased to be the mistress of the world, and the stone, not made with hands, had been set in motion; the age of Paganism had passed away in the West; great Pan was dead; it was now a struggle between the

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Fire-worshipper and the Christian, the oldest Ritual and the youngest Revelation. On the plains of Mesopotomia perished the last hopes of the Pagan world, the last maintainer of the exploded idea. The Emperor Julian has been branded as an apostate; he was simply a Conservative and an Anti-reformer, and has met unjust obloquy, as he was clearly sincere, simple-minded, and devout, which is more than can be said of that crowd of worldly-minded un-Christian bishops, who had gathered round Constantine. In the reaction of Julian the hand of God is clearly seen; it was the last sigh of the world for the idols, which in its youth it had set up, not only on its altars, but in its heart. Julian remembered the beautiful, the poetic religion, so entwined with the history of his country, the gods, which to his notion had given the Romans the Empire of the world, or had at least had the credit of so doing, which had raised such splendid fanes, and built up such structures of intellectual greatness. And all this was to give way to the Cross, the emblem of the disgraceful punishment of a Syrian peasant. It was indeed from their limited point of view a fall for Rome. What Julian felt was felt by the philosopher Libanius, whose golden words, inculcating moderation in those critical times, were a lesson to future ages. The reaction was short, and the retrograde movement fell with Julian; on the plain of Mesopotamia, whither he had followed the steps of Alexander, he perished in conflict with the Persians, who thenceforward remained masters of the field of battle of the world. Under the celebrated Núrshirván the Persians crossed the river Euphrates, and penetrated to Antioch, and, under the dreadful Khosru, the whole of Syria and Palestine was overrun, and Christian Jerusalem, that had sprung up again since Constantine, was again sacked and destroyed by nations from beyond the great River. The Emperor Heraclius revenged this insult, and once more carried the army of Rome to the river Tigris, struggling for the Empire of Asia over the ruins of Nineveh. It was the last struggle of the old world; for a new power, unheard of before, had drawn down lightning from heaven, and spread over the face of the East with irresistible force.

While Núrshirván the wise, the good, the just, still ruled in Madain—so just that his name all over Asia is synonymous with justice; and so good, that the Mahometan almost concedes to him Paradise, though not one of the faithful—Mahomet was born at Mecca. So degraded in its Oriental phase had Christianity become, and indeed now is, that it fell little short of the old Paganism, except in its pitiless fanaticism. The vain and empty disputes about the person of the Redeemer, which had dried up all Christian charity, and the worship of the mortal sinning mother had so entirely superseded the worship of the Divine and sinless Son,

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that to many the object of the followers of Mahomet appeared to be to restore the worship of God. It was indeed the effort of natural common sense, periodically made to clear the mass of fable and error accumulated by ages. In the East it developed itself in a worse error, and a more complete abandonment of Revelation; in the West a few centuries later the same spirit gave birth to the Reformation; but men had become wiser and more cautious; they clung to Holy Writ, and that only, and thus escaped Infidelity, when they would shake off Idolatry.

Christianity never had been established beyond the river Tigris. The most Eastern bishopric was that of Seleucia, which gradually dwindled away under the Fire-worshippers, and perished utterly under the Mahometans. In this Church had sprung to existence the Manichean heresy, a mischievous dilution of the doctrines of Zoroaster, and the only remnant of the great Chaldean Church is that fragment nestled in the mountains of Kurdistan, called Nestorian, because it clings to the peculiar views of the Divine Essence, which caused Nestorius the loss of the Patriarchate of Constantinople. It deserves special notice as the Missionary Church of the far East in those days, a duty which has now fallen to the Churches of England. It is a matter of wonder and thoughtful consideration, how, while the Hun and Vandal and Goth, who spread into Europe, became Christians, and adopted the civil and religious institutions of their enemies, no progress was ever made of a permanent nature beyond the river Tigris. The untimely rise to power of the Sassanian dynasty paralysed the efforts of the Roman people, the unconscious pioneers of Civilisation and Christianity, which was the religion of the Roman Empire only.

With the Mahometan dynasty of the Abbasides Kaliphs Mesopotamia again became the central province of a flourishing kingdom, as distinguished for arts as arms. Much of the learning of the ancient world was thus saved from destruction. At the time of Charlemagne, Harún-al-Rashíd held his court at Bághdád, and entered into friendly communications with the rising powers of Europe, then awaking from her Gothic slumber. The Arabian Nights have given a fantastic interest to the city on the river Tigris, and an importance to the monarch which, compared to others, he scarcely deserved. The din of the Crusades scarcely reached beyond the river Euphrates, but one of its celebrated warriors, Salah-ud-dín, sprung from the neighbouring Kurdistan, and it really appeared that the importance of Mesopotamia was gradually dying away; her latest capital was falling into ruins, but no new one was being erected from the materials; the glory of Chaldea had at length departed. She had outlived Egypt, Greece, Italy, and Byzantium, but she was at length to cease to be the centre of an Empire.

It was at this time, that the countries beyond the river Oxus and

to the East of the Caspian Sea began to produce their terrific births of men—men in their natural strength and independence, produced somehow like locusts, and coming in long and endless lines, like the crane and the swallow. Always fresh, and strong, and irresistible, strong in sinews, strong in character, and strong in fight, as if Providence had placed among these Nomad tribes the fountain of manly virtues to renovate and repair from time to time the enfeebled energies of degenerate races. Down they came, tribe after tribe, at stated intervals, spreading not only over Mesopotamia and Persia to the West, but over India and China to the East, thus bringing those distant countries into connection, linking them together by the same band of servitude. The first were the celebrated Mahmúd of Gházni and the Seljukian dynasty. Bághdád was taken, but the province of Irak, as it was then and is still called, became but a portion of the kingdom of Khorasán. Jenghis Khan aimed at and achieved a universality of empire never reached since the time of Alexander the Great, and he repaid with interest the cruelties of the latter monarch during his Transoxian campaign. Upon his death, at the age of seventy-two, his dominions were divided, and new kingdoms were springing up, when another wave of Tartar conquest, headed by the terrible Timúr, swept over Asia, leaving no trace of former landmarks. As usual, the people of Mesopotamia came in for their share of suffering, and a heap of ninety thousand heads was made at the gates of Bághdád, as a warning to the inhabitants of the mistake which they had made in preferring the dominion of Cairo to that of Samarkand. Such is the hopeless lot of the residents of a country, which local features have made the highway of nations. Any wall, which might have separated India from the Western Asia, was now broken down. The dreadful name is as well known at Ephesus and Smyrna as at Delhi. Both Eastern and Western Asia must have shouted, when they heard of the death of Timúr. Backwards and forwards moved the terrible Tartar scourge, and his descendants until 1857 filled the puppet Masnad of the great Moghal, while those of Bajazet, his defeated and encaged rival, are supported on the slippery throne of Constantinople, by the same strong though foreign arm, which swept away the Kingdom of Delhi.

Under the sceptre of the Grand Turk Mesopotamia still exists, a shadow of its former self. The range of mountains to the East of the river Tigris appears to have become the natural boundary of the second Byzantine Empire. Compliments have from time to time been exchanged between the Persian and Turkish rulers, who represent the rival sects of the Mahometan creed, in the way of inroads, invasions, and boundary disputes; but no permanent impression appears to have been made by the greatest of the Turkish Sultans beyond the Zagros and Laristan ranges, which are, in fact, a spur

of Mount Taurus running Southward to the Ocean. The possession of Mesopotamia has always been much coveted by the Persians, as affording access to Karbalá, which to them is more than Mecca, and is situated near the ruins of the great Babylon. But in latter days the energy and power of both nations appear to have died away. Since the commencement of this century every Mahometan power in the world appears to have sunk into exhaustion. The days of their political power are numbered, but their religion is still a mighty factor in contemporary history.

In the meantime a power more widespread than that of Timúr, more ambitious than that of Alexander the Great, has been slowly creeping round both sides of the Black Sea, and over the Caucasus, on one side to the river Araxes, to the Danube on the other, but not yet over the Balkan. The Caspian Sea has been seized from the Persians, and a little tongue of land at the South shore of that sea has been appropriated, which may some day be a great starting-point, for to it there is water carriage all the way from Moscow. Mount Ararat is the point of junction of the three Empires, and a pivot round which Russia intends to revolve. The map-makers are not quick enough to note her progress. The landmarch from Asterabad to Herat is comparatively a short one, and in the event of Persia losing her independence, there might be Russian fleets appearing in the Persian Gulf. It is not therefore too soon, that the mask has been dropped, and the contest has commenced. In the narrow kingdoms of Austria and Russia, in Europe, the dispute may be limited to a few districts, but the English and the Muscovite have clashing interests widely separated. In every part of the Northern Asia the Land-lion impinges on the Sea-lion. We have our relations to maintain at the Turkish and Persian capitals, and our rival interests in Afghanistan and China. The secret treaty at Tilsit, given in these volumes, shows what was proposed by the Emperors Alexander and Napoleon, and how Asterabad was the basis of their operations against India.

But a cloud has fallen upon Mesopotamia. Chesney with his steamers, Layard with his excavations, Rawlinson with his Inscriptions, the missionaries with their new churches, have failed to raise it. The desert and the Nomad Arab still press up to the very walls of Bághdád. There are no regular communications kept up; no steamer at fixed periods puffs into the harbour of Busrah; the roads of commerce, which had remained permanent for centuries, have been finally abandoned. From the days of Cyrus to the days of Timúr, certain beaten tracks had been laid down, which must be followed, for mountains must be pierced through at certain defiles, and rivers spanned at certain ferries. War interrupted the passage for a time, but the stream soon returned to its natural outlet. The conqueror soon found it to be his interest to let the

caravans cross the rivers, and to keep open the roads for his armies. The river Euphrates has been crossed at Thapsakus, and the river Tigris at Mosul in all ages. There has been a desire implanted in the breast of man to transport goods, which is as strong now in the men of Manchester as it was in the Kafilah of Ishmaelites, who bought Joseph out of the well, the earliest notice of Trade being the purchase of a slave. But as the knowledge of the earth's surface increased, the dream of Alexander the Great was realised, and the circumnavigation of Africa was a deathblow to the commerce of Mesopotamia; and when the time came, that this route was to be abandoned, fickle commerce did not return to its old channel, and it is over Egypt, and not Mesopotamia, that England stretches her arm to grasp her conquered India; thence the blight, which has fallen on the plains of Shinar, which are now unproductive, though as capable of development, as the basins of the rivers Ganges and Indus. The same fate may await England, as we cannot boast of being the first leader of the camel, or layer down of the keel; we are but following a track beaten by the Chaldean and Phenician. It is no new invention; our hand is strong enough to grasp both the sword and the shuttle, but, if time be just, some day the dyeing-vats and looms of Manchester will be as silent as those of Tyre, the mouth of the river Thames as choked as that of the Euphrates, and modern Babylon the residence of owls and satyrs.

The system of Government, introduced in the whole of the Turkish dominions, is supposed to extend to the Pashalick of Bághdád, but where the Executive is so weak, as to be unable to control the actual residents of the province, the nature of that Government may be imagined. No European power would tolerate such a state of things, and if order could not be restored, and the power of the law maintained, the country would be abandoned. Such is not the Asiatic system. India was never so thoroughly in hand under any native Government as it is now. In the best days of the Moghal Empire there were always tracts, in which the Justice's warrant would not run. With the change of rulers in Mesopotamia, no actual change of the system has taken place. The Satrap of Darius is but the elder brother of the Pasha of modern days; the people are always oppressed, the nobles always licentious. All the paraphernalia of power exist, and all the misery of systematic depression of the lower classes, varied by an occasional irruption of an enemy, or the rebellion of a local chief, the result of which would be, that several thousand bodies, that would ordinarily have gone through the regular routine of starving and beating, are suddenly decapitated and thrown into the river Tigris, or driven off to a foreign market. It is difficult to say, whether the world has really improved; at any rate, the pages of the history of this country are written in characters of blood, enlivened by sparkling

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incidents of treachery, or rendered interesting by more intense immorality, or more atrocious crime. In the long train of so-called great men, who played their part here, there are but one or two brilliant heathens, whose characters, appearing at intervals, reconcile us to humanity.

Among the early European travellers who penetrated across the river Euphrates, Marco Paolo, the Venetian, was really the Herodotus of modern times, and the result of his travels, published at that time, had a great influence on Columbus. Ibn Batuta, a Mahometan of Barbary, as far back as 1324, made a most extraordinary voyage, and left his journals to posterity. He appears to have ingratiated himself with the powers that rule, wherever he went, and actually filled the office of Judge of the city of Delhi. He had another peculiarity, for wherever he went, with the liberty of the good Mahometan, he entered into matrimonial alliances, and on leaving the country, generously presented his divorced wives with the children, which they had born to him. He appears to have filled the office of Judge in the Maldive Islands, and to have married four wives there also, whom he divorced, when he resigned his civil functions, and proceeded onwards. What an intermixture of races such a peripatetic must have caused! He certainly was the most remarkable and eccentric of travellers.

Later than him considerably, an amiable and accomplished Italian visited Bághdád, Pietro della Valle; and his letters are still charming. He also married, but at legitimate intervals, two ladies of the country, and left descendants at Rome. Before the close of the century, it was a feat to visit Mesopotamia, of which travellers spoke boastingly afterwards, but though the danger of coming to an untimely end is as great as ever, all credit for the risk is gone. The country is thoroughly well known, and the author of these volumes will be entitled to the title of the most painstaking, as well as the last of real travellers, for his book has left us little more to learn.

The Nestorians are not the only representatives of Christendom, for the remnants of the Syrian Church, known as the Jacobites, are scattered in the tracts between the rivers Euphrates and Tigris. Both are sadly depressed and degraded, and the first sight of their rites and their practices is startling. European Christians are accustomed to Christianity with very favourable externals, surrounded by all that art, wealth, and respectability of life can give. The European minister wonders, how people could possibly have burned incense in censers to creeping things and abominable beasts; how they could have wept for Tammuz, or worshipped the Sun with their faces turned to the East; he shudders at the idea of whole nations having burned sacrifices under every green tree. Now all these things depend upon the degradation of the worshipper,

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and his means of knowing better. Those only, who have conversed with the ministers of the fallen Churches, and taken the measure of their intellectual capacity, can form an idea of the position of the flock, who through that most imperfect channel derive their only supply of religious truth. Christianity in Syria and Mesopotamia is little better than Idolatry. The idols worshipped are as shapeless and hideous, the prayers and prostrations as soulless, as those at Gya and Banáras. Who shall say whether the benefit is not as fruitless?

BANDA, BUNDÉLKHAND, 1855.

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CHAPTER XI.

EGYPTOLOGY.

THE state of our knowledge on Egyptology is a subject of unusual proportions; total ignorance implies a gap in the portable equipment of a well-educated man. Few persons are entirely ignorant of Egypt, or would admit that they were; the study of the Bible, the classic poets, modern history, and the Overland Route to India, have made them familiar with the name. Few would like to be closely questioned as to the extent of their knowledge; and until the last few years, amidst a blaze of learned works in English, French, and German, there have been no popular accounts available, in a readable form, of the language, monuments, and history of Egypt. Such an excuse can no longer be offered. There are now excellent books, condensed, up to date, popular, and to be purchased at a most reasonable price.

It would indeed seem, that we are arriving at the end of time, and that there were little of the world's external features and ancient history left for succeeding generations to discover. At the same time that we are tracking back with an unerring blood-hound's scent the different tributaries of the Nile to their long-concealed sources, and revealing a secret, which escaped the penetrating inquiries of the Roman and Greek two thousand years ago; we are also, with an almost superhuman skill and unparalleled success, compelling the soil of Egypt to give up from its bowels Inscriptions in the Egyptian language and character, on stone, wood, and papyrus, which had designedly been placed there by the ancient inhabitants of the country at a period anterior to the time of Moses. We cannot say, whether the Greek and Roman conquerors of Egypt were able, or careful enough, to inform themselves of the meaning of those Hieroglyphic Inscriptions, which met their eyes on every side, and the lengthy Hieratic papyri, which must have been at that time extant in countless numbers. We have at least this pregnant fact, that no Greek or Latin translation of the sacred books of the Egyptians, analogous to the Septuagint translation of the Hebrew Scriptures, has come down to us, or is alluded to as in existence by classic authors. An impenetrable veil fell upon the

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history and language of this most ancient people, who filled a grand place in the early history of the world, and, by bequeathing to mankind the priceless germ of a Phonetic Alphabet, deserved a better fate. How much the world is indebted to them for other benefactions to the human race, we cannot say with precision; for the assimilating Greek has kept in the background, or totally out of sight, the long schedule of his indebtedness in Art and Science to the elder nations of the world.

It is proposed to divide this great subject into the following heads, and remark on them separately:—

1. The Ancient History.
2. The Monuments which have survived to our time, and can be seen in a tour in Egypt and Nubia.
3. The Language and Character.
4. The Literature.
5. The Scholars in the Field.

1. The Ancient History has been the subject of endless debate, and no two writers agree in detail. Certain facts are beyond doubt, that nothing pretending to be a native history, analogous to the Hebrew Scriptures, has come down to us; on the other hand, in those Scriptures constant allusion is made to Egypt from the time of Abraham, 1900 B.C., till the time of Christ. Thus, without a rival Egypt takes its place as the earliest of known kingdoms excepting that of Proto-Babylonia. The father of history devoted one book of his immortal work to the subject of Egypt, about 450 B.C. The Egyptian Monuments, however, contain no sort of continuous Chronology, and no safe materials for constructing one. The possibility of forming any edifice at all depends on the outline preserved by Mánetho, an Egyptian priest of the time of the Ptolemies; but this outline has only come down to us in a very imperfect state in two discrepant versions; one in the works of Syncellus, a monk of Constantinople, who lived one thousand years later, and another in the works of the Armenian Eusebius, who lived A.D. 300. Both versions, however, give the same skeleton framework of thirty dynasties from Menes to Alexander the Great; a period of about five thousand years. The Monumental Inscriptions, when interpreted, testify to the historical nature of these lists, and render up the names of a long series of sovereigns, enclosed in the well-known oval rings. We are therefore quite satisfied, that such kings did exist, but whether many were contemporaries of each other, ruling in different portions of Egypt, is quite uncertain. No scheme of Chronology can be formed from these lists, until it is clearly shown what deductions from the total should be made for contemporaneous dynasties. No lack of ingenuity and industry is evident in such works as Bunsen's "Egypt's Place in History," and Brugsch's

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"Histoire d'Egypte," which has the advantage over the work of his predecessor in being brought up to a quarter of a century's later date of knowledge. Many other scholars have made contributions to the same subject; their views on Chronology and other points, bearing on the correctness of the narrative of the Hebrew Scriptures, are generally moderate and sober. We shall notice some of the more startling theories presented to us by the bolder spirits; some of which may well make us hold our breath for a time, as we see each ancient landmark, each time-honoured tradition, ruthlessly swept away.

The main divisions are the Old Empire, the Middle Empire, and the New Empire, which are followed by the Persian, Grecian, and Roman Conquests. The Old Empire is calculated (by the moderate party) to have commenced with Menes, about 3000 B.C. Considering that the date for the Deluge is, according to the hitherto accepted books of theology, fixed at 2349 B.C., it will appear that this moderate date fixed for Menes requires a large expansion of ideas and latitude of time. A localisation of the Deluge, or an allowance of a larger period betwixt that event and the call of Abraham, might get over that difficulty; but behind the fact of the commencement of the Old Empire with Menes lies a succession of necessary inductions. Menes is found to be the sovereign of the United Kingdoms of Upper and Lower Egypt, civilised and flourishing, possessed of the arts of building and of writing, which last fact presupposes the existence of a language possessing refinement, and a religion possessing stability. When we consider, how miserably slender the resources and capacities of uncivilised men are, we are lost in wonder at the number of centuries required anterior to Menes to produce this degree of settled civilisation; for one of the acts of Menes was to found Memphis, and to construct a great dyke to control the waters of the Nile. Bunsen has hazarded a demand of ten thousand years, but it is obvious, that we have no measure, by which we can gauge the period required for the process of civilisation, and the only safe course is to stand ready to give a fair hearing to safe and moderate speculations, or to rest contented with leaving this, like many other dark secrets, unsolved.

In the fourth dynasty of the Old Empire the greatness of Egypt began to show itself. Though Pyramids had already been erected to cover royal remains, and war had been constantly carried on with neighbouring tribes, still we have been glad to pick up our knowledge of the names of the kings from the Greek epitomists; but now the Monuments still existing contain exact and contemporary accounts of the events which took place. And the date of this dynasty is, with great show of reason, fixed at 2400 B.C. And we have this remarkable fact forced upon us. From the fourth or preceding dynasty the custom had commenced of assigning to each

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king, as he ascended the throne, an additional name. Thus, for each king appears two cartouches. The first was the solar or divine name, the second the family or birth name. The "Plant" and "Wasp" over the latter indicated the kingdoms of Upper and Lower Egypt. The words "Son of the Sun" were over the former. Now over the copper mines of Wadi Magarah, in the Peninsula of Sinai, in Arabia, are found these signet-marks of Senefru, affixed there centuries before the time of Abraham, and followed by a long succession of signet-marks of succeeding monarchs. Thus, when the Israelites fled from Egypt into the desert, they did not, as is generally supposed, pass into a strange land beyond the reach of the Egyptians, but into one of the dependencies of that Empire.

His successor Khufu, or Cheops, built the Great Pyramid. The principle of the construction of Pyramids was this: Early in the reign of the king the surface was levelled, and a sepulchral chamber sunk in the rock; over this a small Pyramid was erected. If the king died, the work remained thus, but for every year he subsequently lived an additional layer of masonry was placed on the work of the previous year. When he died, the casing or outer surface was finished off; their object was exclusively for the purposes of a tomb, and the idea of any astronomical connection may safely be exploded; and it is doubtful, whether at that period the Egyptians knew anything beyond the simplest facts of that science. His successors, Shufra or Chephrenes and Menkaura or Mencheres, built the second and third Pyramids. The existence of these Monuments testifies to the science, skill, wealth, and civilisation of the people who could erect such imperishable structures. The Inscriptions, which have survived, show that the graphic system of writing, with the occasional use of a Phonetic Alphabet, was complete, and that the religion of the country was reduced to a system. The bas-reliefs of the tombs give us a full idea of the habits of the people and their advanced civilisation, and it must be recollected, that four thousand years from the present date is a moderate calculation for the degree of their antiquity. Such as the Pyramids are, Abraham, Joseph, and Moses must have seen them; as they were buildings, which had already existed for a century at least, when Abraham went down into Egypt.

The kings of the fifth dynasty placed their signet-marks on the copper mines of the Peninsula of Sinai, and built their own Pyramids; and to this dynasty is attributed the oldest existing papyrus, written in Hieratic character, marking another epoch; as the Hieratic character is the cursive form of the Hieroglyphic, and the use of the frail material of the papyrus indicates, that the art of writing had been already transferred from Monumental works to the ordinary uses of life. Moreover, the contents of this papyrus are moral precepts as from a father to a son. Here we have some

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at least of the wisdom of the Egyptians, which Moses learned centuries afterwards.

In the sixth dynasty lived the celebrated Nitocris, the Rhodope of the Greeks, who owed her elevation to her slipper being seized by an eagle and carried to the King of Egypt. With this dynasty ends the grandeur of the Old Empire, and a Monumental gap follows which cannot be filled up, and which lasts till the eleventh dynasty, which is included in the Middle Empire, but of which we know absolutely nothing, though comprehending a period of two or more centuries. This shows how completely we are still groping in the dark, and what room there is for doubt. The materials for construction of the ancient history of Egypt consist of the fragmentary though precious lists, which have come down to us through Mánetho and Eratosthenes, which have to be compared with the Monumental lists of scutcheons of kings found on the walls of temples in Karnak and Abydos, and the Royal Papyrus at Turin. The greatest ingenuity and profoundest knowledge of the subject have failed in some points, and given an uncertain sound in others.

We touch ground at the eleventh dynasty. Egypt was called "Kem" or "Kam," meaning "black," from the colour of the alluvial mud of the Nile, in the Egyptian language, and as such it is once mentioned in the Hebrew Psalms; but in the Pentateuch it is called "Mitsraim," a dual form, indicating the Upper and Lower Egypt. The name of "Aiguptos," given by the Greeks, was probably derived from a town named "Kebta," and from the Greek word grew the name of Copt; and this same town was the residence of one king at least of the eleventh dynasty, about 2000 B.C. His successor, the founder of the twelfth dynasty, conquered Ethiopia, and left a record of his conquest on a tablet in Nubia. Famines seem to have occurred at this period, which led to the construction, by a later king of this dynasty, of the Lake of Moeris in the Faioum; in which the surplus waters of the Nile were, as it were, stored, so that its overflow might be regulated, on which the prosperity of the country depended. In the centre of the lake was a Pyramid for the place of sepulture of the founder; and on the banks the celebrated Labyrinth, the greatest wonder of the wondrous Monuments of Egypt. Another interest attaches itself to this dynasty, that by one of its kings was erected the Temple of the Sun at Heliopolis; and the sole remaining Obelisk *in situ*, and the two so-called Cleopatra's Needles, testify to the magnificence of the structure. The survivor at Heliopolis bears the name of the king in Hieroglyphics, and is the most ancient of those petrified sunbeams, which the Greeks called Obelisks. The real Sesostris was a member of this dynasty; though, from an historical confusion, much of the glory attached to that great name has wound

itself round the person of Rameses the Second, who lived many centuries later.

The valley of the Nile was exposed to attacks on two sides specially, and throughout its long annals we find, that down the course of the stream from Ethiopia, or from Asia across the Isthmus of Suez, its chief dangers lay. From the twelfth to the eighteenth dynasty, a period certainly of not less than four hundred years, and by many calculated at a larger figure, there is a gap in the Monuments; and we have to lean upon uncertain tradition and lists of kings, difficult to be reconciled to facts or brought into order. But of one great fact there is no doubt, that at this period there occurred an irruption of Bedouins into the Nile valley, and the occupation of Lower Egypt, and a partial subjection of the Thebaid. Memphis and Heliopolis, with their Pyramids, Obelisks, temples, and tombs, passed into the hands of a race differing in origin, language, and creed, poor, strong, and uncivilised; and a hard time it was, no doubt, for priest and noble. These invaders were known as the Shepherds, or Hykshos, who are credited with the usual amount of pillage, carnage, and desecration; and the recollection of this period lived in the memory of future generations, and shepherds were in very deed an abomination to the Egyptians.

At this point we enter upon one of the great controversies of history, which Josephus and the early Christian fathers disposed of with the stroke of a pen, but which seemed to be made more and more complicated by the decipherment of every new Inscription, and the unrolling of every fresh papyrus. There is a school of divines, who stand up too much for the literal accuracy of the Pentateuch; there is a school of scholars, who scarcely give to these venerable Hebrew records the value, which they allow to the surviving scraps of Mánetho. The question is this: Who were the Pharaohs, with whom Abraham, and Joseph, and the parents of Moses, and eighty years later Moses himself, came into contact? The period, over which those events are spread cannot fall very far short of five hundred years; and Pharaoh was the name of all monarchs of Egypt, of whatever dynasty, as modern investigation has discovered that it means, when analysed, the "Great Residence," very much as in modern parlance the "Sublime Porte" is spoken of. To those, who argue outside the limits of science, there is no reply. In the first volume of the Speaker's Commentary Canon Cook propounds an intelligent and reasonable view, though entirely different from the results arrived at by the great Egyptian scholars. According to him, Abraham went down to Egypt in the twelfth dynasty; and in the same dynasty, which lasted more than two hundred years, Joseph also went down, and was received into favour, and married to the daughter of the priest of Heliopolis.

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The storm of the Hykshos swept away that dynasty; but the descendants of Jacob, themselves Bedouins, were looked upon with favour by the invaders, or at least left alone in their lands. When, however, the Egyptians recovered their liberty, and a new king rose up, who knew not Joseph, it was but natural that those, who had sided with, and were akin to, the invaders, should be kept under, and reduced to helotry; and it is under the early kings of the eighteenth dynasty that Canon Cook places the Exodus. Brugsch has come to a different conclusion. He places the visit of Abraham, and the going down into Egypt, in the time of the Hykshos, and the Exodus in the time of the nineteenth dynasty. Who shall decide? and is the matter worth arguing? It is worthy of remark, that in the Hebrew narrative no mention is made of Memphis; and in the Egyptian Monumental Inscriptions no allusion is found to such an amazing scourge as the Ten Plagues, and such a heavy discomfiture as the destruction of the army in the waves of the sea.

In these days it is necessary to keep the mind in a state of preparation for the reception of new and startling theories; and perhaps none is more startling than the theory of Brugsch, that the Israelites did not cross the Red Sea at all. According to him the route of the fugitives from Goshen lay along the coast of the Mediterranean, which is enclosed by marshes known as the Serbonian Bog on the south side. An irruption of the sea caused by the West wind led to the destruction of Pharaoh's army then, as it has caused the destruction of many a caravan since. No doubt there is nothing in the Hebrew text to connect the story with the Red Sea, but unquestionably the compilers of the Septuagint, who, living at Alexandria, ought to have known the opinion of their time, received it as such; and it will be difficult to bring about a general conviction, that the crossing of the Red Sea is a geographical error.

With the expulsion of the Hykshos commenced the New Empire, and the great splendour and power of Egypt. For a period of four hundred years no power in Europe, Africa, or Asia could stand before them. Not as yet had the Trojan war been fought, or a powerful monarchy been established on the banks of the river Tigris. Over and over again did the armies of Thothmes and Amenophis and Rameses traverse Palestine, conventionally supposed to have been partitioned among the Twelve Tribes, and carry their standards to Damascus and Nineveh, leaving their Inscriptions upon the rocks of the conquered countries. The magnificent temples and tombs at Thebes, the Sphinx at the Pyramids, the Monumental tablets and temples far up into Nubia, the gigantic statues, the galleries of paintings, the miles of Hieroglyphics, the countless papyri to be seen in all the Museums of Europe, are the outcome of this

period of magnificence and civilisation. Amenophis II. is the Memnon of the great Colossus at Luxor, and Rameses II. is the Sesostris of Herodotus. With Seti I. originated the idea of the Suez Canal, which it has taken nearly four thousand years to carry into execution. Arabia, Libya, Ethiopia, Syria, Mesopotamia, Asia Minor, and Cyprus acknowledged the superiority of Egypt during these two splendid dynasties, and sent tribute and female slaves; and these last must have had a sensible effect upon the population, for Rameses II. himself, from the admixture of blood caused by the Semitic alliances of his ancestors, exhibits in his features, which are so well known in European galleries, the refined Asiatic, different from the Nigritic type of the kings of the nineteenth century. He had a multiplicity of children and a plurality of royal titles. He it was, who reduced the Hebrews to bondage, and compelled them to build his treasure-city Raamses; he it was, from whose wrath Moses fled, when he slew the Egyptian, and on whose death he ventured to return.

Rameses II. reigned sixty-seven years, and was succeeded by his thirteenth son, Menepthah. Great as was the wealth and prosperity and glory of his reign, the country had begun to decline, exhausted and burnt up by the exertion and the splendour. His successor's reign is interesting from two distinct causes. He was the Pharaoh of the Exodus, which marks a period in the world's history; and a still greater epoch, that of the siege of Troy, is fixed by a serious of careful inductions on ascertained facts as having happened very soon after. In Menepthah's campaign against the Libyans, and the victories recorded on his monuments, we find certain mention of the Sardinians, the Sikilians, the Etruscans, the Lykians, and the Akhæans, who served as mercenaries under the Libyan king. Light was in fact beginning to dawn upon the West, and the cackling of the great brood of Europa's chickens was beginning to be heard. Round this point, however, ranges one of the great Egyptian controversies. We find in Homer an echo of the greatness of the hundred-gated Thebes; and the feigned story put into the mouth of Ulysses with regard to events happening in Egypt indicates a substantial knowledge of that country.

The great line of the Rameses continued with diminishing splendour. Rameses III., of the twentieth dynasty, was the last of the heroic kings of Egypt. He was known to the Greeks as Rhamsinitus, and the events of his reign are detailed in the great Harris papyrus. He was warlike and luxurious. A calendar on the roof of one of his temples at Thebes marked the fixed year, or the rising of the Dog-Star on the first day of the month Thoth, the New-year's day of Egypt, and this must have been about 1300 B.C. By the irony of fate the granite coffin of this monarch is in the Fitzwilliam

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Museum at Cambridge, and the papyrus roll of his temple in the British Museum.

Egypt now lost all its foreign possessions. One king of the twenty-first dynasty gave a daughter in marriage to King Solomon, and another of the twenty-second gave a daughter in marriage to Jeroboam; this was Shishak, who was of non-Egyptian origin, and he captured and plundered Jerusalem, of which the name appears among other conquered cities on the walls of a portico at Karnak.

After the inglorious dynasty of the twenty-third and twenty-fourth followed the Ethiopian invasion, under Sabaco (called So in the Hebrew Scriptures) and Tirhakah of the twenty-fifth dynasty. The power of Assyria had now begun to be predominant. Samaria had been occupied. The Cuneiform Inscriptions throw new and unexpected light upon the history of Egypt, which was finally subdued by Esarhaddon, and was divided among numerous local governors or princes, one of whom founded the twenty-sixth, the last native dynasty, rendered illustrious by the names of Psammetichus and Necho; and here we can plant our feet firmly on the rock of absolute chronology and undoubted history. Greeks were largely employed under those monarchs, and the whole character, language, and religion of the Egyptian people began to undergo a sensible change. With one more Egyptian king we come in contact in the Hebrew Scriptures after the taking of Jerusalem by Nebuchadnezzar. This was the unfortunate Apries, the Pharaoh Hophrah, in whose reign the prophet Jeremiah and a Jewish remnant fled into Egypt. Within a short time followed the Persian conquest, and Egypt became only a province.

No nation has occupied a place in history so long and so nobly. For more than two thousand years Egypt was one of the greatest powers in the world. No nation was so self-conscious, so desirous of perpetuating the fame of its achievements. Every Museum in Europe teems with the spoil of Egypt. Haughty time has been unjust to her. Fairly worsted in the long struggle with the Semitic powers on the rivers Tigris and Euphrates, she gave way before Assyria and Babylonia, and was overshadowed by the great Persian monarchy. If the Greeks restored to her an independent existence, her civilisation, language, religion, and arts paled before the new development of ideas; and Rome hated, despised, and extinguished her. Roman historians speak of her with disdain; and Roman poets, such as Juvenal, with loathing. By public and private Monuments, Tablets, and Tombs, she had striven to secure a life beyond the grave. She recorded Heliacal risings on the ceilings and walls of her temples: she recorded the names of her kings, but noting only the regnant year of each monarch, no basis was found for real Chronology: one papyrus, known as the Record of Four Hundred Years, was the sole exception. Attempts have been

made to construct Chronology based on great Sothiac cycles of 1461 years. No eclipse has been noted in such a way as to be utilised. The loss of the works of Mánetho and Eratosthenes was an additional misfortune; and in spite of all that has been done by the past generation of critics, all dates are provisional only. The regnant years afford no better materials for a sound system of Chronology than would the number of a covey of partridges to measure the diameter of the sky. Moreover, the power and importance and merits of Egypt have been systematically undervalued, in proportion as the power and importance of the Hebrews has been over-estimated. Egypt has become the type of all that was evil, because it treated the Hebrews with the severity usual to subject and inferior populations in the early ages of the world; there was none of the exceptional ferocity, which marked the conduct of the Hebrews to the people of Canaan, nations of kindred races and speaking a kindred language to that of the invaders: yet the tiny cry of this petty nation, that only for a few short years could hold its own, is heard far above the drums of the Egyptian and the trumpets of the Assyrian conqueror, and it is only within the last quarter of a century, that we have the materials from the Assyrian and Egyptian storehouses sufficient to control and reduce to proper limits the Hebrew legends. As far as documents enable us to trace during the long period that the national life of Egypt flowed on like its own Nile, it received no affluents, and owes nothing to exterior influence. Ethiopia at one time received civilisation, and at another time imposed a yoke. Arabia had little, and India no influence at all.

2. Of this wonderful greatness, this exuberance of Monuments, above and below ground, which lined the banks of the river Nile from the second cataract to the sea, the remains are countless. Up to the beginning of this century the sand of the desert, and Mahometan disdain, had preserved them in the dry air; colours and carvings, pottery and cerements, clothes, ornaments, and papyri had survived the wreck of ages. The plundering of the Roman conquerors was moderate. During the many centuries, which intervened betwixt the fall of Rome and our own days, the work of destruction was limited to the utilising of material for newer dwellings; but since the commencement of the present century, the work of excavation, plunder, and removal, of wanton destruction, of injury by exposure, has gone on, until in these last days the Khedive has himself started a Museum of Antiquities, and forbidden all further exportations. In spite of the assertion, that Egypt has been robbed of all that was interesting, it may be stated confidently, that the work of exploration of that country has never as yet been systematically undertaken. A tour up the Nile is still one of the most delightful excursions, and it is proposed briefly

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to follow the tourist, and note the monuments which will fall under his observation. There are, indeed, remains in the Delta of the time of the Pharaohs at Sais, Bubastis, and other places. All the world has heard of Memphis and the three great groups of Pyramids, the Sphinx, and the Tombs, and the Serapeum, all in the neighbourhood of Cairo, and thence conveniently visited. The days for Dahabeahs on the Nile and delightful weeks spent in tracking up and floating down are passing away; and the steamers offer speed and economy, and by the aid of enterprising conductors of tours all the petty annoyances of travel are removed from the tourist, who is able to throw himself into the subject, and the progress of the steamer is so arranged that nothing should be omitted. Provision is further made either for a limited tour to the first cataract, or a more extended tour to the second.

In a few lines we will follow the tourist. On the fourth day he reaches Beni Hassan, with its rock tombs, and the Speos Artemidos. On the sixth day the steamer stops to allow of a visit being paid to the grand and magnificent ruins of Abydos. On the eighth day the temple of Denderah is visited; and on the ninth there is a halt of three days at Luxor. This is the centre of a cluster of magnificent ruins at Luxor itself, Medinet Abu, Karnak, and the Valley of the Tombs. On the twelfth day the voyage is resumed, and the splendid temple of Edfu comes in sight; and on the thirteenth the shorter trip is completed, and the steamer arrives at Assuan and the first cataract. The return journey down stream occupies six days.

For those, who have leisure to continue the route up to the second cataract, a second steamer is ready at Philæ. The places at which the tourist stops to inspect ruins are numerous, and the trip to Wadi-Halfa and back to Philæ, occupies twelve days. The greatest attraction, which Nubia has to offer, is the great temple of Ipsambol, or Abu Simbel, with its four gigantic figures of the great Rameses, each sixty-six feet high, hewn in the solid rock, and wearing the double pschent or crown, indicating Upper and Lower Egypt. The distance traversed from Cairo to the second cataract by the river route amounts to about 780 miles; and the trip there and back can be accomplished with comfort in five weeks. The climate itself is enjoyable in the winter months beyond all description. No doubt in the Monuments there is a sameness, and few might care to make the excursion twice. Until the time, that the Prometheus torch of the Greek let in light, there is the same rigid statue-idea from the earliest date of the empire through the Hykshos period to the grand days of Thothmes and Seti I. There is the same family likeness and identical type: long limbs, flat feet, high shoulders, large eyes, opening on the outer angle, large mouth, low forehead, nose slightly flat, open nostrils. Such was

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the conception of mortal beauty before Aphrodite sprang from the foam of Cyprus. There was a certain Hieratic canon to regulate the human frame, though the features were meant to be recognisable as portraits; and Amenophis can always be distinguished from Thothmes as Augustus from Trajan. Moreover, place an Egyptian fellah by the side of a statue, and you will at once recognise the model; for beyond any doubt the present inhabitants are the representatives of the ancient race, as the Coptic, only lately fallen out of use, is of the ancient Egyptian language.

3. To this grand subject we now turn. It is a wonderful phenomenon, that of this language for so many hundred years all memory and tradition should have been lost. We have monumental proof, that up to the time of the Emperor Decius the language and character were known. With the destruction of the Alexandrine library, no doubt, perished Greek treatises, which might have supplied a clue. The Romans were utterly unsympathetic to the history and custom of any nation but their own. Up to the commencement of this century the problem seemed insoluble, as no one could decipher the character or translate the language when the character had been deciphered. The time had come for the discovery of this secret, when the Rosetta stone with a trilingual inscription in Greek, Demotic, and Hieroglyphic characters fell into the hands of the French, and passed by the chances of war into the hands of the English. Some preliminary points had been discovered, one of which was that certain characters enclosed in a ring were proper names. Dr. Young, in England, and subsequently Champollion, in France, struck out the idea, that the characters, contrary to the established notion, were phonetic. The name of Ptolemy appeared in the Greek version more than once. By careful scrutiny certain rings in the Hieroglyphic were presumed to represent that name, and a fortunate discovery of another stone with the name of Cleopatra enabled Champollion to compare the two names, and the letters in each were found to correspond in Hieroglyphics where they were identical in Greek. This led on to the certain discovery of the whole system.

All doubts, cavils, and objections have long since passed away. It is one of the accepted truths of modern science, that the ancient Egyptians have left us in their Monuments and their papyri three distinct forms of writing: 1. Hieroglyphic; 2. Hieratic; 3. Demotic. The first class is misdescribed, when it is asserted, that it was used for no other than sacred purposes, and by no other means than sculpture or engraving. In fact, the characters were painted, inlaid, embossed, expressed in a lineal form on a variety of material for every kind of purpose. The system, though thoroughly understood, was most complicated and artificial. The characters were used phonetically, or as Ideographs. When used

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phonetically, they might be Letters or Syllables; when used as Ideographs they might represent a particular object, or be used as Determinatives of a class; they could be written from right to left, or from left to right, or vertically. The whole system is found in force, even the phonetic portion, from the earliest date of the Old Empire, and it is difficult to realise the long antecedent periods required for the elaboration of such a system.

As early as the Fifth Dynasty in the Old Empire we find the necessity felt of a cursive system of writing, and are introduced to the Hieratic character, which is identical with the Hieroglyphics, but bears the relation of our running hand to print. The language of both is identical, though perhaps the Hieratic is able to express more grammatical refinements. In this character the great majority of the papyri are found, and it is the special interest of the early documents of this period, that from them is traced the first germ of the Phenician character, to which Europe and Asia are indebted for their various Alphabets. The interval of time betwixt the Hieratic of the Fifth Dynasty and the earliest Phenician Monument, the Moabite Stone, is very considerable; but the connection of the two is one of the accepted truths of science.

As time went on, the language of the Egyptians underwent modification both in structure and vocabulary. The Greek influence began to be felt, and in the time of Psammetichus a further modification of the character came into existence as the Demotic; but to the last the Egyptian scribe could not free himself from the use of Ideographs, and they are found in the Demotic, but to a less extent. In this lay the mighty innovation of the Phenicians, that they adopted an Alphabet free from the confusion of Ideographs and the complications of the Syllabary.

The name of the Emperor Decius is the last which appears in Hieroglyphics. The latest use of the Hieractic character is about one century before the Christian era. The Demotic was not destined to survive the introduction of Christianity, for in the second century of that era a modified form of the Greek character with supplementary signs was introduced, known as the Coptic, which lasted on till within the last century, when both Coptic language and character gave way to Arabic. The probable cause of the abandonment of the Demotic character was the use of Ideographs, which still clung to it. The assertion that the use of the character with its heathen associations was offensive to Christians, would apply equally to the Greek and Phenician, for no trace of resemblance survived in the Demotic of the figures, which are so conspicuous in Hieroglyphics.

It is worthy of note, that in the Upper Nile analogous changes took place in the language and character of Ethiopia, though entirely independent of Egyptian influences. A local Demotic

sprang into existence in supersession of the Hieroglyphics, which had been common to both countries, though this by no means implied identity of language. The Ethiopian Demotic was purely Alphabetic: it was read from right to left, and the words divided by strong points, probably adopted from the Romans. After this local Demotic followed a local variation of the Greek character analogous to Coptic, and this finally gave way, like the Coptic, to the Abyssinian Ghez, imported across the Red Sea from Arabia.

It is calculated that there were nearly one thousand distinct characters available to the Egyptian scribe. They are thus classed: Ideographs, 620; Determinatives, 164; Phonetics, 120; Mixed signs, 56—total, 960.

In their anxiety to be clear the scribes would, in addition to the Ideograph, which was a picture or a symbolic sign of the object, spell the word out phonetically, and then affix a determinative. Thus the letters of the word "horse" would be spelt out, and then the figure of a horse, and then the Determinative that indicated an animal. It is obvious, that for grammatical inflections phonetic characters alone could be used. All this may seem very clumsy to us, who have enjoyed an Alphabetical system for many generations; but we must recollect, that it was only by very slow development, that the mind of man attained to the notion of an Alphabet. Even to this day the Chinese have not attained to it; and the Egyptian Ideograph has this merit, that it is always intelligible, owing to the material on which it was depicted, while the Assyrian Ideograph, being punched in clay by a wedge-shaped stilus, had long since lost its identity, and become a conventional sign without the simplicity of an Alphabetic system.

When the great discoverer Champollion had solved the difficulty of the character, he grappled in a masterly manner with the much greater difficulty of the language. He assumed with justice, that Coptic must occupy to old Egyptian the position occupied by modern Greek to the ancient language; and, fortunately, Coptic, though dead as a spoken language, was not, linguistically speaking, extinct: the tradition of interpretation and an ample literature had survived. Through the Coptic he approached the ancient Egyptian, and with marvellous success. He made known to astonished Europe a language of high grammatical development, but of a separate and distinct type. It has been asserted by some, that it occupies a middle position betwixt the Semitic and Arian families in their earliest stages. Our knowledge of that primitive period, confessedly anterior to the first germ of the inflectional system, is not sufficient. It is safer to call it a Hamitic language. It possesses obvious and marked Semitic affinities, both in its vocabulary and grammar; but it possesses also elements common to African languages, and has been classed in the second or

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Hamitic Linguistic Family of that Continent. However, it is not safe to pronounce any fixed opinion on this subject; and it must be remembered, that this language had come into existence 4000 years B.C. on the most moderate calculations.

The literature, which has come down to us, and which we shall describe further on, indicates, that it was no savage and uncultivated language; it could only have arrived at the state, in which we find it, after a long period of settled civilisation. A grammatical treatise would be tedious to read and to write; but we must note, that gender is indicated by a final *t*, as in Semitic, and the plural number by a final *u*. Cases were formed by prepositions; and it is remarkable, that the preposition had not reached the stage of a crystallised particle, but varied in gender and number with reference to the word governed. Adjectives take the plural suffix, and follow their noun. The pronouns appear in one form when detached, and in another when suffixed, with a strong Semitic resemblance in both cases. With regard to the verb there is an apparent difference of opinion among the highest authorities; for Brugsch gives a list of thirty-two tenses, and a certain number of moods, while Renouf states that there are no tenses at all. The root remains unchanged, and the variations of time are expressed by particles, and the delicate instrument is capable of sounding so many notes; but whether they are grammatical tenses, or syntactical groups of words, is a question more of detail than of principle; it is enough that the verb can be so handled as to express all these shades of meaning, a precision, to which neither the Hebrew nor the Keltic ever arrived. Another feature is, that the pronominal suffix attached to a verb is a reality, and has not passed, as in Semitic languages, into a form; for, if it is used to imply "he does a thing," it is *not* used when the agent is expressed "the man does a thing," showing that a consciousness existed of the meaning of the suffix. The syntax is very regular, and position alone often determines the meaning; the sentences are very short, full of metaphor and antithesis. The same laws of human thought regulate all languages, and Egyptian sentences are generally short and easy of analysis; but there is a want of logical completeness in the structure, and much of the details of modern expression has to be supplied. As the speaker supplemented his imperfect mode of expression by gestures of face, hand, and body, so the Egyptian attempted to make clear his expression by Determinatives or special Ideographs, and he has succeeded. Nothing is more remarkable than the yearning of this great people to communicate with after ages, and not to let their great acts be forgotten; and after the lapse of centuries their wishes have been granted.

One of the great differences betwixt this language and the Arian and Semitic families is, that the distinction betwixt roots,

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stems, and words, can hardly be said to exist. The bare root, which in other families of languages lies as it were below the surface, and is only revealed by its development to scientific inquiry, and is, in fact, only a grammatical expression, is almost invariably identical in Egyptian with the word actually in use. From one Arian or Semitic root are formed all parts of speech by certain laws, but the Egyptian root itself is potentially verb, noun, adjective, adverb. The word "aa" may be an adjective "great," or a noun "a great one," or a verb "to be great," or an adverb "greatly" accordingly as the sentence requires. Any particle with the suffix "u" will form a plural noun; thus, "hem" means "in," and "hemu" those that are in, or "the inhabitants." The shades of meaning are formed by combinations of the auxiliary verbs, of which there are several, and certain prepositions. It is unnecessary to add, that there is much discrepancy in interpretations, and much that is not susceptible of interpretation; the ideas of man at that remote time ran in a very different channel, and even where the language-difficulty is got over, the meaning is not intelligible. We hear the same complaint with regard to Vedic Sanskrit; there are whole verses, which yield no sense, and words at the meaning of which only guesses can be made; and this in spite of commentaries and tradition uninterrupted. Between us and the old Egyptians there is an impassable gulf, unbridged by tradition. We grope darkly amidst the débris of a ruined world.

The use of suffixes led to ambiguity: three suffixes were possible in connection with a verb, one for the subject, and one each to represent the nearer and remoter object; and, as there was no distinction, as in Hebrew, betwixt verbal and nominal suffixes, the same phrase would translate "thou hast made" or "made for thee." Many a point arises in Egyptian literature to show, that we are in a very early and remote stage of intellectual development, though one equally remote from savage and unlettered life.

Compound words are not frequent, but they occur in sufficient numbers to show, that the genius of the Egyptian language is not as repugnant to compounding as that of the Semitic languages; but it is a compounding of a very elementary character, far removed from the grand system of Arian word-architecture. In the long period from Menes to the Christian era, we are made aware of certain gradual and insensible changes of the language. By the time of the nineteenth dynasty, phonetic decay had profoundly modified the language. We cannot tell what change had taken place in the living speech, for ancient orthography then, as now in English, was adhered to long after the pronunciation had altered, and even the old form of the language, however extinct in practice, continued to be used in writing. This is a common phenomenon in all countries. There is a limit to the life of a language, whether

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it be Hebrew, or Sanskrit, or Latin, unless it has the power, like the English, of assimilating new forms and embracing new vocabularies; and thus free from all the shackles of grammatical forms, with the suppleness of the Romance and the material strength of the Teutonic family, and the heir of all the Greco-Latin wealth, it seems destined to be the world-language of future ages. Such was not the character of the Egyptian language. In its solitary stream from its unknown reservoir it borrowed nothing from its neighbours, who, as far as we can tell, were in a state of unlettered barbarism. It had no models by which to form itself, no contemporary literature to act and re-act upon it. The Arians and Semites, wherever they migrated, always found races, who had been there before them, and their languages show traces of the admixture; but the Egyptian stood alone, and, as it had borrowed nothing from its neighbours, so it gave off no new languages to its colonies or its conquests, and left but scant traces of its vocabulary in the languages of its neighbours. The Egyptian words in the Hebrew Scriptures do not exceed a score. It was a piece of marvellous good fortune, that enabled the Coptic to live on through the Middle Ages into a period of linguistic sympathy, and thus be the interpreter to us of the ancient and entirely forgotten Egyptian.

The system of writing admitted of great variation, and this materially helped the decipherer. The same matter was found in Demotic, Hieratic, linear Hieroglyphic, and sculptured Hieroglyphic. Every word could be expressed by an Ideograph alone, or preceded by an Alphabetic group, spelling out the sound, and followed by a Determinative; or instead of an Alphabetic group there could be a Syllabic group, spelling out the sound in Syllables; or the Ideograph could have a phonetic complement, spelling out a portion of the word; or the whole of these expedients might be used collectively, followed by a Determinative of sound and a Determinative of meaning. Moreover, homophones were numerous. In this way figures helped to explain sound and sound figures. A value once established in one text helped to explain another. To express the phrase "the bull died," probably there would be written "was on death the bull," an auxiliary verb and preposition written alphabetically, then "death" written phonetically (alphabetic or syllabic), with an Ideograph and Determinatives of sound and meaning, and then the article written phonetically, and "bull" in the same detailed way as "death."

There can be no doubt that Ideographs were in their first conception the painting of one idea. This was the "Mimic" stage: a cow was represented by a cow, and the product of the cow by a cow and a jar. Then followed the Metaphoric stage. "Knowledge" was expressed by a "jackal," the "pen" representing "writing." The step from these symbolic signs to determinatives

of a class depended on the progress of the mind from the individual to the general, from the concrete to the abstract. The step, by which Syllabic signs were formed was a still greater triumph over matter. It implied the intentional separation of the entire sound from the meaning of the word, and the next step was the selection of the Ideographs of certain words to represent the first letter of that word only, and thus on the Acrostychic method to form an Alphabet. The great vice of the system, which lasted to the end, was the existence of Polyphones, and the fact, that the signs selected to play the part of Syllables and Letters still kept their ideographic powers to be used at pleasure, so that there was ample room for confusion and errors. Add to this the errors of the copyist, which were numerous, and the fact, already noticed, that much of the surviving literature was not intended for any living eye, and was therefore carelessly copied by scribes evidently ignorant of the meaning. The usual way of writing on the papyrus was in vertical columns from the top to the bottom, and then to the top of the next line. On Monuments the writing was arranged to suit the sculptor or architect, but the animals point always to the direction, from which the writing is to be read. The materials, to which this precious knowledge of the Egyptians was committed consisted of wood, papyrus, terra-cotta, and such hard substances as granite, basalt, breccia, or calcareous stone.

4. What, then, of literature has come down to us? Vague rumours of the wisdom of the Egyptians had survived in history. Every child reads of Moses being learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians, and we know pretty surely, that many of the actual documents now submitted to our eyes existed for centuries anterior to Moses, being buried out of his sight; and that many of the Monumental Inscriptions, certainly the Obelisk at Heliopolis, the place where Joseph was married, and the Pyramids, must have been seen by him during the forty years of his youth and manhood. We might have expected to have found some evidence of this wisdom in the writings of Moses, which, however, present no trace of such culture, but were written in a Phenician character in a totally different language, bearing traces of the wear and tear of centuries of a civilised life, elegant, refined, and developed, and very unlike what might have been expected to be the language of those, who had been shepherds in Canaan, and slaves and makers of bricks in Egypt.

Of the books of the Egyptians some notice has come down to us in classical authors, specially of the books of Hermes, which were forty-two in number. The canon had been closed in the time of Psammetichus. The last six related to medicine. The others were in classes: songs, horoscopes, hierogrammatic, ritual, sacerdotal. One with certainty has survived from this collection, viz., the "Book of the Dead," called also the "Ritual of the Dead;" and to

another a place may be assigned with probability, the "Medical Papyrus." Whatever has survived to our times has survived in a state of mutilation more or less severe. Some papyri, such as the Royal Papyrus of Turin, are in a state of decay. Much restoration of text and meaning has to be made by all translators, and here lies another vast cause of divergence of opinion. Until within the last few years, it was difficult to get at the texts, which had been translated in France, Germany, and England. In the series of the Records of the Past, published by the Society of Biblical Archæology, volumes are dedicated to translations of Egyptian texts, revised and corrected by the most distinguished living Egyptologists. At the end of these volumes is a long list of texts to be printed in future volumes; and beyond them, as we gather from the opening preface, is an unlimited number of texts, which await translation in the different Museums of Europe.

What is the nature of these documents thus suddenly placed at our disposal? They are not copies of copies, with error multiplied on error, by the fraud of the interpolator, the carelessness of the scribe, the crime of the forger. They are the original literature of Egypt, and nothing of any particular value is of a date later than that of Herodotus; graved on stone, painted on walls, buried away in tombs, they have been marvellously preserved. How poor in comparison to them appears the earliest stone Monumental Tablet of India, subsequent to the time of Alexander the Great, and the earliest Sanskrit Manuscript about the eleventh century of the Christian era. What has the Phenician Alphabet to show in the Moabite Stone, not very long anterior to Psammetichus, and the earliest Hebrew Manuscript about the date of the Norman Conquest? There is no room for fraud, at least of the kind which we have to fear; the errors of the copyist can be controlled by the multiplicity of copies. Some Monuments even betray the attempt to interpolate and alter. The spite of Thothmes III. against his sister, which led him to substitute his name for hers on the Monuments, is betrayed by his omission to substitute the masculine gender for the feminine in the context. Old disputes on theological matters, old family quarrels, stand out evidenced by mutilation rather than fraud.

These revelations have come upon this generation by surprise. A wiser posterity will weigh well the new evidence supplied for the writing of history. The Commentator of Isaiah in the Speaker's Commentary ignores the discoveries made with regard to the Assyrian Monarchy on the Cuneiform Monuments; the wiser commentator on Genesis has accepted and utilised the Egyptian revelations. For Biblical exegesis these documents supply contemporary information, lying outside all polemical influences, all sectarian bias; they have not been manipulated by the early Fathers, or

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altered to suit the ignorant preconceptions of an ignorant age. There they stand; they cannot be ignored, and it would be a grievous error to reject them. Whatever uncertainties may exist during the novelty of the study from the variety of interpretations of imperfect scholarship will gradually subside. Additional data are supplied yearly; a profounder inspection brings unexpected solutions of difficulties. It may safely be stated, that there is no greater discrepancy among Egyptologists than in translations made from other languages in the dawn of philological scholarship. We may go further and say, that there is not more than what is good for eliciting the truth; had there been a wonderful consensus, there would have been no argument and room for serious doubt. Moreover, there is an agreement between English, German, and French scholars on the main facts to a striking extent; indeed, it was from the circumstance of the representatives of the three great nations, who agree about nothing else, being entirely of one mind at the International Congress of Orientalists at London on the main features of the Egyptian discoveries, that the attention of the writer of these lines was first drawn to the study of this subject, which had previously appeared almost visionary and conjectural, while in truth the knowledge acquired is absolute and fixed on a solid base.

Pierret, in his French dictionary of Egyptian Archæology, gives brief and accurate information on every subject connected with Egypt. Under the word Papyrus he enumerates all the celebrated papyri, specifies the name, by which they are known, generally that of their first finder, and the contents. Under the head Literature, he states, that there are specimens of nearly every kind of composition. History is supplied by the numerous public and private Inscriptions, tediously long and vainglorious, yet published under the eyes of contemporaries; the Royal Papyrus of Turin, the Harris Papyrus of London, and other official papers are bonâ fide historical documents, the pulp of history. The Book of the Dead opens out a wonderful chapter of mythology. How came Moses to give such imperfect notification of a future state, that, even down to the time of the destruction of Jerusalem, Sadduceeism was an open question, when he must have known the contents of this wonderful book, based on a conviction of judgment after death, of rewards and punishments weighed out by unerring wisdom? Each mummy is found with a copy or extract of this document on papyrus, on the vestments, or on the coffin. The deceased is instructed as to the questions, which he will be asked, and what he is to answer. The soul declares itself to be free from sin and defilement; a code of stern morality is disclosed, and in Horus he will be justified. Tedious, confused, lost in vain repetitions, inconsistent, unintelligible, still this book stands out as a wonderful dis-

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closure of human thought groping after God, if haply he could find him; of human responsibility to a Power greater than any earthly king; of human equality before his Maker; of human weakness, and the need of a Saviour to support him during the dreadful passage through Hades, when the soul leaves the mummy swathed in bandages, and appears before Osiris on his throne and the Forty Judges in the hall of Two Truths, hoping by the help of Horus to get to the boat of the Sun. Of such first-rate importance is this book, and so numerous are the copies, and so great are the variations of the text (for portions of the book date back to the fourth dynasty, and the received text published at Berlin is of the date of Psammetichus, some two thousand years later), that it was determined at the London Congress to employ a competent scholar to collate all the texts in Europe and Egypt and publish a revised text. Moreover, as in that long period it must needs be, that the religious convictions of the people must have undergone modification, it is proposed to publish one text of the date of the Old Empire, one of the New, and a third of the period of Psammetichus, when decay of national life had commenced.

We might pause to reflect on the consequences, which would have arisen, if, instead of the single copy of the Hebrew Scriptures, as arranged by Ezra, and translated into Greek by order of Ptolemy, we had every sepulchre in Judea yawning to give up copies contemporary in date with Moses, Samuel, Solomon, and Josiah, and large portions transcribed on the walls of the Temple of different dates, reflecting the varying sentiments of the parties in power; many a cobweb-theory would then be brushed away.

We next come to the hymns and litanies to the Sun, Amen Ra, the tutelar god of Thebes, known to the world as Jupiter Ammon, the great Providence, which maintains the harmony of creation and renews life. They abound in pure and lofty sentiments, and, whatever may have been the practice, they have a monotheistical tone pervading them. Such expressions as this occur: "He is not carved in stone;" "he is not seen in the images of the gods, nor are prayers offered before him;" "no man knoweth his abode;" "vain are images of this form." And yet the nation was sunk in deepest idolatry and Nature-worship.

Under the head of Ethics we have in the Papyrus Prisse a specimen of a moral treatise of the Old Empire. It is the very oldest intelligible Hieratic book, and therefore the oldest book in the world. It commences with a complaint launched against old age by Ptah Hotep, a magistrate, who decided his last case before Abraham was born. But even then he was a *laudator temporis acti;* he looked back on better days and good old times, and prated about the degeneracy of moderns. Even then at this remote date the gentler virtues had found their chronicles. We find chap-

ters on obedience, control of temper, reverence to the great, benevolence, chastity, respect for women, wisdom in council, and fear of God. Some author has fancied, that the Egyptian wife of Solomon, some ten centuries later, must have had a copy of this ancient treatise in her library, and have suggested to her husband his Proverbs; but a larger survey of mankind, from China to Peru, from the time of Menes to the time of Victoria, suggests the real truth, that moral saws are the outcome of every clime and every age; they are the bubbles, which rise to the surface of the bowl, the waters of which are stained with blood and abomination, and the more defiled the waters the purer the bubble-proverbs.

The next class is one, which was to be expected, magical books. We have heard of the profession of magic from Moses. The great Harris Magical Papyrus has been translated. Notions of this kind underlie the intellectual life of all the older nations. We find these strong in Chaldea. The Jews could not free themselves from them. Among modern nations the subject is a thing of the past, but we cannot speak with contempt of the long series of statesmen and warriors, who in their time bowed their heads to the magician and astrologer. They had before them the insoluble question of good and evil; the riddle of joy and sorrow, the miserable exigencies of life with its accidents, pains, wants, sickness, and death; the toss-up lottery of good and evil luck; and they fancied, that they could control, could circumvent, could escape by the help of arts, then considered illicit, and now deemed ridiculous.

The Medical Literature was somewhat allied to the preceding. The chemical art derives its very name from Egypt, as the "Alchemy" of the Arabs can most surely be traced to "Kam," the most ancient name for Egypt. The great Ebers Papyrus dates back to the Old Empire, and is known as the Medical Papyrus, and is only one of many. The whole process of Mummy-making was in itself a science. The study of medicine can be carried back by these documents to the very earliest dynasties.

The epistolary documents of the Egyptians are very numerous and very interesting. We have some eighty letters of the age of the great Rameses, on various subjects from various writers; others seem to be collected as if for general circulation; they are specimens of style and illustrations of manners. We see how the papyrus was folded up and sealed and addressed. At that early period the scribe had already fallen into the inevitable snare of formality, conventionality, and humbug generally; at the close of a string of common-form expressions follow two or three words with the gist of the matter, preceded by the word "memorandum" in red ink, showing, that the tedium was felt and avoided, though good manners compelled the maintenance of the practice. There is a bundle of letters about the time of the Exodus, some on

domestic matters, asking why the supply of ducks and vegetables had not been sent; some on the subject of the chase; some in a moralising mood, contrasting the hard life of the husbandman with that of the scribe, and one profession with another, anticipating the first satire of Horace by fourteen centuries.

The works of fiction are the most marvellous revelation. Two precious papyri have preserved us two romances, one in Hieratic and the other in Demotic character; the latter, strange to say, found in the tomb of a Coptic Christian monk, as if the worthy man, weary of his chants and litanies, had taken some light Pagan literature to solace him in his coffin. The first romance is the "Tale of Two Brothers," and its date is about 1300–1400 B.C. Let us consider the literature of the New World, and reflect, whether any old tale is older than this, which we read in the original manuscript composed for the edification of the royal princes. It need scarcely be said that the story hinges on the conduct, and the bad conduct, of a woman. In fact here we read the story of Potiphar's wife with variations, an appeal to the Deity by the injured Joseph, and the instant interference of the Sun-god; then follows a succession of marvellous events of a type quite peculiar to Egypt, turning on constant transformations of the outward body, accompanied by a personal identity of the soul; the cattle have the power of speaking, the most unheard-of events take place, but virtue triumphs.

The romance of Setne belongs to a much later date, 300 B.C., but the grammar and form of expression are identical with its predecessor, though one thousand years had intervened; but we have no certainty but that the papyrus which has passed into our hand may not be an oft-repeated and re-fashioned copy of a favourite author.

Of Epic poetry and biography we have specimens. The Pentaur has been called the Egyptian Iliad. We find copies of this poem on the walls of a temple at Thebes, and of a temple at Abu Simbel in Nubia near the Second Cataract. These are in Hieroglyphics, but papyrus copies in Hieratic are in the Museums of London and Paris. The subject of war, the iniquity of kings, had commenced long ago. Rameses II., the Sesostris of Herodotus, had commenced his campaigns against the Kheta (whom we recognise as the Hittites of the Israelites in subsequent centuries), the inhabitants of Mesopotamia and the Dardanians, in fact all Western Asia. Of course the king triumphed, defeats were never recorded; of course he performed countless acts of personal valour and slew thousands. These victories were anterior to Agamemnon by a century, and the same king was the one, who oppressed the Israelites and compelled them to build store-cities. The victories of Thothmes III. and Seti I. are also recorded on the temple walls at Thebes in strains rising far above the level of prose. Amen Ra is made to appear and

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grant the known world to his favourite, including even Assyria, where proud monarchs in after ages have left Inscriptions, in which the god Ashur gives everything to them. A few centuries later we have the boasting Inscriptions of the Achæmenides, that Auramazda had given everything to them. Another Inscription of a later date tells of the conquest of Menephthah, the son of Rameses II., the Pharaoh of the Exodus; and introduces the names of the Sardinians, Sikilians, Lykians, Tyrrhenians, and Akhæans into a poem written with all the fire and detail of an Epic.

Of an equally interesting character is the narrative of the travels of an Egyptian general in Palestine and Phenicia in the time of Rameses II. We have here geographical details of the highest interest, coupled with the narrative of private troubles. The traveller gets robbed at one place, and confesses to a discreditable flirtation at another, which led to his being fined; this took place at Joppa, while the Israelites were in bondage in Egypt. Another tale, the "Story of Saneha," is worthy of notice from its extreme antiquity. There was a certain change in the language and character, which came about during the long interval of the Hykshos usurpation, which enables the compositions of the Old Empire to be unhesitatingly distinguished from those of the New. And this tale belongs to the Old Empire, and the copy, which has come down to us, bears on its face the fact of being a copy of an earlier document. The story turns upon the loss by a rustic of his asses, and an appeal to the Sovereign. The papyri were found in a tomb, as if they had been copied by the deceased, or had been interesting to him during his life.

As if to evidence the maturity of the intellect of the people of that period, we have also specimens produced of satirical poems, accompanied by pictures, and not sparing even the Sovereign. In one picture Rameses III. is depicted as a lion seated at a table, playing at chess with one of his wives depicted as a gazelle. It is clear from the picture, that the monarch is having his own way as to the rules of the game, and that the unfortunate female feels that to win the game might entail loss of life. We have also specimens of those animal fables, which have been the delight of all ages. The fable of the mouse and lion appears in its earliest form, with words placed in the mouth of each animal; and the lion is characteristically addressed as "O Pharaoh," showing, that it was but a title.

We must pass over the legal documents throwing a light over judicial processes. We hear of a conspiracy against the life of the Sovereign fully inquired into, and a special court of inquiry upon a sacrilegious violation of the tombs of the kings, made as far back as the eleventh century B.C.; showing that the work of pillage, so well followed up in all succeeding ages, had already commenced.

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This is but a faint and imperfect sketch of this wonderful literature. Weighed in comparison with these documents, the Hebrew books, even those that came from Moses, cannot be deemed old; and when it is recollected, that the manuscript, that has come down to us, is gathered from copies of copies in unknown succession, it can scarcely be brought into comparison on the score of authenticity with the actual originals or early copies, which the sands of the desert have preserved for us in Egyptian tombs and temples. What shall be said on the score of the language and character? If a dim and unknown antiquity must be predicated, to allow of such a language, such a religion, and such a written character coming into existence in Egypt, still there is a simplicity and an archaic character in the word-lore and its unchanging root, as well as in the sentence-lore, and the Hieroglyphic character strongly contrasting with the Phenician Alphabet, used for the Hebrew Scriptures, and that highly elaborated language, showing marked signs of the wear and tear of centuries. "Let there be light" is presumedly the first utterance heard. How many centuries were required to work out the Hebrew clothing of those words, the apocopated third person singular of a future with an affix? And yet the Israelites believed in their time, and many good Christians still believe, that they were the *ipsissima verba* of the Creator.

5. We have but small space to mention the names of the great dead and living scholars, who since the year 1821 A.D. have founded this branch of science. Perhaps there has been less din of war in this branch of Oriental study than in others, arising perhaps from the nobility of character and commanding genius of the leading scholars. Diversities of opinion in many matters of details there are; but since Klaproth and Seyfforth have been silenced, and Cornewall Lewis's plea for ignorance has been forgotten, honest and honourable rivalry betwixt the French, German, and English schools has been the order of the day.

In England, Samuel Birch of the British Museum for many years alone upheld the study. He assisted Bunsen throughout his great work, and in the fifth volume published the first Egyptian grammar and dictionary. To him we are indebted for the conception and the energetic supervision of the "Records of the Past." Le Page Renouf has published a practical Egyptian grammar, and has translated numerous texts. Canon Cook has done good service by applying the knowledge of Egyptian to the elucidation of the Pentateuch in the Speaker's Commentary. It is possible to differ from him in the conclusions drawn, and yet praise his method and learning. Goodwin and Lushington have also translated texts. This, indeed, is the great service that all Egyptologues can render, viz., to add to the stores of literature, and thus increase the vocabulary. Unfortunately there is no crop of young scholars; neither the

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State nor the Universities find it within their scope to advance, or keep up, the knowledge of this ancient language; there is no endowed chair for a Professor. Lectures have been occasionally given, and the British Museum places its unrivalled collection of Monuments and papyri at the disposal of students. Something more is required.

In France, Champollion shed a bright lustre over the discovery, and the French Government sent out an expedition of explorers to Egypt under his control. His grammar and other works stand out in heroic proportions. To him succeeded Viscount de Rougé in the professorial chair at Paris, and advanced the science in every way. His famous paper on the connection of the Phenician with the Hieratic Alphabet marks an epoch in knowledge. Maspero has made use of Egyptian discoveries to advance historical inquiries. Mariette in Egypt has, under the orders of the Khedive, made such researches, and brought together at Boulak such a museum, as would have been impossible under less favourable circumstances. Pierret is the custodian of the Egyptian Museum at the Louvre. Chabas has made numerous and valuable contributions to periodicals devoted to Egyptology. These are but the most famous, and these also have devoted themselves primarily to this one study; but besides them there are others, who have utilised the acquired knowledge for works of a general nature, or studied Egyptian in its bearing on other languages.

Among the German students, Bunsen stands conspicuous. He made the country his study during life, and treated the subject from every point of view. In his great work, "Egypt's Place in History," he made use of the assistance of Birch and Lepsius. His method was heavy, and it requires patience to drag through the lengthy argument, and a feeling of relief comes to the reader, when he escapes from the land of Egypt and the house of bondage. In Lepsius we have the real successor of Champollion. He devoted himself at an early age to the study, visited the Museums of Europe, and eventually conducted the Prussian expedition to Egypt. The writer of these lines met him at the Pyramids in the prime of his life in 1843; and at the Oriental Congress of London of 1874 again came face to face with the grand old man. It is as difficult in a few words to state what we are indebted to this great scholar, archæologist, decipherer, as during the forty years of his study enormous advances have been made in Egyptology. In the different towns of Germany there are Egyptian scholars, who have each left their mark: Ebers, Eisenlohr, Lauth, Duemichen, Stern; in Coptic, Schwarz compiled the first and most complete grammar. We must not omit Brugsch, who has had special opportunities in the service of the Khedive. He has opened the road to the study of the Demotic form of the Egyptian language,

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by publishing a grammar of that form, as well as one of the ancient Egyptian; and has given forth numerous translations of texts and ingenious historical and geographical theories, which no one but himself had the opportunity or the hardihood of forming. Italy has produced students of Egyptian antiquities, and her Museums are filled with the spoils of the Egyptians. Denmark, in the last century, sent forth Zoega to pave the way for Champollion, and Norway has in Lieblein a scholar of good repute. Holland is represented by Leemans and Pleyte.

In a small series of books are published the remarkable documents of the Egyptian and Assyrian nations, which have survived the wreck of ages. With one nation the Jewish history begins, with the other it ends. Their national life was a miserable oscillation betwixt the attracting and repellant powers of the two great Kingdoms in the basins of the rivers Nile and Euphrates. Over and over again was Judea traversed by the hostile armies of whom the Bible narrative is silent; the power of the Philistines, who occupied a few strongly-fortified towns on the Mediterranean, was no doubt based upon Egypt; Damascus and the Hittites represented the adverse influence from Mesopotamia. It is remarkable to notice in what these great rival powers resembled, and in what they differed. Both were exceedingly powerful, exceedingly warlike, far advanced in arts, very self-conscious, desirous to leave their mark for future ages, and very religious in their way. Both were great builders and great decorators; both invented or borrowed from independent sources a phonetic system of writing, and covered their public buildings with Inscriptions, much of which has survived to our time after having been concealed for centuries. We must conclude, that the Jewish people were less civilised, or less careful of future fame, or less fortunate; for not one Inscription has come down to us of the age of the Jewish monarchy, a date comparatively late in Egyptian annals, and contemporary with the numerous inscriptions of Nineveh and the solitary one of Moab.

The Egyptian nation borrowed nothing. In its long solitary career it skimmed the milkpot of civilisation without predecessors and without rivals. It invented everything, and left to ungrateful posterity the splendid legacy of an Alphabet. Papyri are now unrolled, which were deposited in mummy-cases long before Abraham visited Egypt; and the carelessness of copyists, who copied whole manuscripts backward, and fancied that their handiwork would never see the light, has not escaped the critical acumen of an after-generation. The early Egyptians grasped fully the notion of a life beyond the grave, and a future judgment; but their religion and worship found no sympathy in other nations. Aphrodite sprang from the foam at Cyprus, and laughed down the Egyptian Athor,

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and with Zeus from Crete, and Apollo and Artemis from Delos, extinguished the Egyptian Triad.

If the fate of Egypt was that of Pompeii, to be choked in ashes and sand, the fate of Assyria was that of Herculaneum, to be buried alive. The Roman knew nothing about Nineveh, save the merest fables; the Greek fought the battle of Arbela almost on the soil that covers the ruined palaces. The Assyrian had borrowed everything from a predecessor of a different race and language, whose very name he managed to stamp out of history. He succeeded in roughly adapting the proto-Babylonian mould of Syllables to the Semitic material. The Medes and Persians borrowed the same mould, and adapted it to their proto-Median and Arian languages; but the system had no root, and it died there.

Not so the language, the civilisation, and the legends. The Hebrews and Arabs caught up the grand discoveries of their extinct sister, and made further development and improvements of their own, handing them down as revealed truth from generation to generation, until the nineteenth century began to excavate the forgotten palaces, and found the germ of the legends carved on bricks and tablets, which had provokingly refused to perish, when empires and nations disappeared. So, in fact, by a strange fatality, the method of writing employed by the Assyrians died, but their ideas and language lived; while, on the other hand, the ideas and language of Egypt died, while its alphabetical system is destined to live for ever.

LONDON, 1876.

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CHAPTER XII.

THE PHENICIAN ALPHABET.

WHAT is the Phenician Alphabet, and what does it concern us? Why trouble the reader with disquisitions on contorted strokes of the pen and unintelligible Inscriptions? How does the subject bear on the history of the human race? Much every way. The history of this Alphabet is the golden thread, which entwines itself with the long story of man's civilisation. It is at once subjectively the greatest triumph of the human mind, and objectively the vehicle, by which the conquests in the domain of knowledge achieved in one generation have been handed on to the next. It is perhaps the greatest invention, which the beneficent Creator has allowed to be wrought out by unassisted man; for the voice only reaches to the ear of the contemporary bystander. The written word extends to all time and all place, and enables the early Egyptian by means of his pencillings on the temple and the rock to communicate with the people of this and all future ages.

The schoolboy knows the story of the importation of the Phenician letters into Greece by an Epónym called Cadmus, a word of Semitic origin, and meaning "ancient." Had history been silent on that subject, the fact of the resemblance of the characters and of the Semitic names which, meaningless in Greek, clung to the letters, and are yet handed on to a deathless notoriety in the word Alphabet, could not have escaped notice. The order in which these letters were written, whether from right to left, or from left to right, is a detail of no importance. The Greeks commenced in the Semitic fashion, and then adopted the boustrophédon, or backward and forward system, and finally settled down to that practice, which has been adopted by modern Europe. But the parentage of the Phenician Alphabet, and the history of its wonderful propagation East and West, so as to include every existing character in the world, except Chinese, and every obsolete form, except the Mexican and Proto-Babylonian Cuneiform systems, are not so well known. In this age of inquiry we are destined to know everything, and as it is imputed as a grave charge by one scholar against another, that he was ignorant of the great discovery of De Rougé as to the origin of the Phenician Alphabet, and still clung to the old story, that Aleph

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stood for an ox and Beth for a house, a brief account of the history of the Phonetic Alphabet, as now universally accepted, is given.

However much scholars may argue and doubt, whether the origin of language was human or divine, there can be no question, that the origin of writing was essentially human. However much scholars may doubt, whether language came from one and the same seedplot, there can be no longer any with regard to Phonetic writing. There may be further secrets to discover and strange facts to explain regarding the characters of Yucatan in America and the Hieroglyphics of Hamath in Syria; but with this exception it may be accepted as a principle, that the art of writing must necessarily presuppose the existence of a language and a religion, of which it is the handmaid; that as language commenced in Monosyllabism, so the art of writing commenced in pictures or representation of objects, and that the crowning triumph of the Phonetic idea of an Alphabet to the exclusion of Ideographs was due to the Phenician alone.

Some talk with slight reverence and knowledge of the Old-World Alphabet, and wish that they had a *tabula rasa*, that by a combination of squares, triangles, and circles, they might devise such a representation of sound, as would reflect all possible vocalisations and breathings, nasal twangs, and the clicks of the Hottentot; but we must not forget those sages of ancient days, who worked out the idea of expressing Sound by Symbol, and the ingenious problem of consonants, vowels, and aspirates. Like a noble stream the grand old Alphabet has flowed on, assuming varying dimensions, varying appearances, known by many names, used by many nations, and adapted to many uses and materials. Of the great benefactors of mankind, who have done so great a work as these Phenician traders, who carried from the river Nile to Sidon the germs of this wonderful invention, which was destined to outlive their most enduring colony and throw into the shade their most unfading colours?

How, then, has it happened, that there is such a diversity of character, so great that the notion of their having the same parentage appears at first sight monstrous? It appears incredible, that the characters known as the Roman, the Arabic, and the Indian should all be derived from the same source, and yet it can be proved beyond all doubt. The fact is, that the succeeding deformations of writing are nearly always the result of a tendency to make writing more and more cursive, or in fact a running hand, influenced in certain cases by the material available for conveying and receiving the writing. For instance, the Cuneiform characters owe their shape to the necessity of impressing the forms with a stylus in soft clay, which did not allow of bends and circles. On the other hand, the marked roundness of the characters in South India is owing to the contrary necessity of avoiding straight parallel lines, which were

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cut by a knife on palm branches liable to split under parallel incisions.

Moreover, the changes, that in the course of centuries took place, happened in something of this way. A people at a particular period with a certain amount of cultivation, may have for some time made use of a particular kind of writing, borrowed by themselves, or their ancestors, from some other people. As writing became more familiar to them, and entered more deeply into their customs, being used by a larger number for secular purposes, they began to feel the want of an Alphabet, which they could write more quickly; so they made modifications, and so modified the character was handed over to another people, or another generation of the same people, under whose hands it was again manipulated; and it is utterly impossible to assign any limit to this tendency. It is only during this century, and, in fact, during the last twenty years, that by the discovery of Monumental Inscriptions and papyri, certainty has been arrived at on this subject; some links in the chain may perhaps be strengthened by further discovery, and there is still a gap of centuries without any representative Inscriptions, betwixt the Moabite Stone, which is the earliest Phenician, and that Hieratic papyrus, known as the Prisse of the Fifth Dynasty, which represents the form of the Hieroglyphic, from which the Phenician was derived. Still the progress of change and modification is well known, and writing, Monumental or otherwise, can be traced century by century with absolute certainty; and this is a great check on the emission of wild theories.

Without pretending to any new discoveries, Lenormant's Prize Essay carefully epitomises the works of others in a comprehensive and masterly manner. The extent of reading required to keep a firm step in such depths is prodigious; the text is accompanied by plates illustrative of the varieties of character, as the narrative rolls on, from the earliest dawn of literature down to the present state of Alphabets in different quarters of the world.

In several excellent works are published specimens of every Alphabet, with brief remarks regarding their peculiar features; and in the publications of the London Palæographical Society we find magnificent copies of the oldest manuscripts rendered accessible by the autotype process. It is in this abundance of new material, and the faithful sun-copies of old material, that the palæographer of modern times has the advantage of his predecessors.

It is possible, of course, that the Phenicians elaborated a Phonetic system of their own, and did not borrow that of the Egyptians; but it is not probable. It is possible, that they may have borrowed from the Assyrian Syllabaries. It is possible, that the Arians of India elaborated a Phonetic system of their own, but at any rate they have never asserted this fact, and no allusion to the long

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process of elaboration is found in their copious literature. It is possible, that the Græco-Latins, the Teutons, the Slavs, and the Kelts may have had Alphabets antecedent and independent of the Phenician. It is not probable, and no traces of independent systems have come down to us. Some still cling to the old legend, that the Phenicians took an ox to represent Aleph, because A is the capital letter of an antiquated Semitic word for ox; and similarly, house or tent Beth to represent B. The new view is that the symbol for A is the wreck of the figure of an eagle; and similarly, B of a crane, worn down by the gradual degradation of the Hieratic letters from the original Hieroglyphics. It is possible that the Phenicians so named them after adoption from some fanciful resemblance, but any actual structural connection is, according to the new theory, wholly illusory. Another fact comes out in a marked way. The classification of Alphabets runs entirely counter to the classification of languages. There is no necessary connection betwixt the Alphabet and the Race or Religion, though sometimes a particular Alphabet has been so limited to a particular Religion, that other religionists decline to use it.

In a subject such as this, it is necessary to go back to first principles, and availing ourselves of the late discoveries, to ascertain the first possible invention of the art of writing, and trace out the development through all its successive stages, showing how far other nations reached, and then stopped, how far the Egyptian had attained, when the torch was seized out of his hand by the Phenician, and thence handed from nation to nation over the whole world.

Any system employed by men so as to give the expression of their ideas by physical signs, to communicate them in other manner than by speech, and at the same time give a duration to such expression, is called Writing. Two main principles are found in every system: 1. Ideographism, or painting of Ideas; 2. Phonetism, or painting of Sounds. Ideographism has, again, two methods: 1. the representation of the actual object, *e.g.*, an ox; 2. the representation of a figure conventionalised to express an abstract idea, this is called Symbolism, *e.g.*, represented by a circle above a line, the rising sun. Phonetism has two methods: 1. Syllabism, representing by a single sign a Syllable composed of an articulation or consonant, which is mute by itself, and of a vocalisation, or vowel, which gives it life and sound; 2. Alphabetism, which decomposes the syllables, and represents, by distinct sounds, consonants and vowels. All systems commenced by Ideographism, and some gradually arrived at Phonetism. This is of the essence of the human genius. The commencement was with the representation of the object, and the first step of advance was to Symbolism. When they got to Phonetism, the first stage was Syllabism, and

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the last Alphabetism. The transition from pure Ideographism to Symbolism was rapid, as soon as the writer, for the sake of speed, or from constant habit, allowed himself to trace a figure, which did not at first sight physically recall the object represented. Thus the bonâ fide figure of a man to represent a man in Hieroglyphics deteriorated more and more into a mere conventional sign in the Hieratic and Demotic, which were kinds of cursive writing. We see the same process in the Cuneiform and Chinese characters. In fact, Hieroglyphics themselves at a certain stage became conventional. Every system of writing can be traced back to pure Ideographism, more or less gross and clumsy. A system of tallies, or knotted strings, can only be grouped with our present practice of tying a knot in one's handkerchief, a sort of mnemonic aid; but it is in no respect a writing, which is intended to be plain to all without the aid of memory of individuals, to whom the tradition is handed down orally.

There is a natural instinct in the human breast, which prompts a desire of man to communicate with his contemporaries and with his successors, in some material form. This instinct has evidenced itself at a very early date, and everywhere. It shows itself to this day in very young children. One nation at a certain stage of their civilisation borrowed from another. There are the following original systems:—1. Egyptian; 2. Chinese; 3. Cuneiform of Proto-Babylonia; 4. Mexican; 5. Mayas of Yucatan. All these systems made progress towards Phonetism without giving up Ideographism; and they stopped at different stages, which is a very interesting circumstance. There is no reason to imagine any inter-communication; they are all natural developments, just as children in every part of the world make the same kind of scrawls on their slates and drawing-paper. Symbolism of abstract ideas soon forced itself into use; for a nation, civilised enough to require writing, must have had abstract ideas, which required representation just as much as material objects. Synecdoche suggested representation of a part for the whole; two hands armed and fighting represented a combat, very much as the modern sign in our maps of crossed swords represents a battlefield. Metonymy suggested the cause for the effect, representing the day by the sun; sight, by two pupils; writing, by the implements of the scribe. Metaphor suggested mental analogies according to prevailing ideas; the goose of the Nile represented a son from the popular notion of the filial habits of that bird; priority was indicated by the forepart of a lion; the bee represented the sovereign, because that insect has a regular monarchical government. Enigma was often very hard to guess: a plume of ostrich feathers represented justice; a palm-branch stood for the year; a basket platted in reeds represented a lord. The Egyptian, Chinese, and Cuneiform systems followed

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similar processes. These were all simple symbols, as to this day a cross often stands for Christ.

Complex symbols consist of the union of two or more ideas. Thus the Egyptians represented a month by a moon and star; honey by a bee over a vase; thirst by a bull over water; night, by the firmament and one star. This class of symbol is not very abundant in Egyptian, but very abundant indeed in Cuneiform. Some of these last are partially, and some entirely, insoluble. In Chinese such combinations made up the greater part of the written characters, and the elements of the two characters are blended and incorporated with each other. But in spite of the development above described, the necessity of expansion in another direction was found; this could only be by passing from Ideographism to Phonetism, to painting Sounds as well as painting Ideas.

Pure Ideographism has an existence independent of all pronunciation. The written language was thus so distinct from the spoken, that one could understand the latter with knowing the former, and vice versâ. But what is written is sure to be pronounced, and the habit soon commenced of translating literally the ideas suggested by the writing, into the vulgar language of the people. Thence was conceived the notion of Phonetism. Every figurative or symbolic sign obtained gradually a fixed and habitual pronunciation; and the painter of Sounds, whose work was now going to begin, found these elements ready to his hand. The first step was the Rebus or phonetic analogy; images, originally Ideographic, had got attached to certain sounds, while images were borrowed, without taking heed to their meaning, to represent the same sound in totally distinct words. Thus we see in our English cathedrals the name of the bishop or abbot designated by a Rebus; for instance, an animal or thing was delineated to present to the eye the sound of the name: a bull would represent Bishop Bull; a ram represents Bishop Ramridge; an ash growing in a ton, represents "Ashton."

The Mexican Hieroglyphic system got as far as the Rebus on the march towards Phonetism, and stopped there. Somehow or other they managed to represent the Creed and Lord's Prayer. It is interesting only as furnishing analogies for imagining the process, by which the other systems got beyond this very contracted stage. We see clear indications of this Rebus-stage in the Cuneiform of the early Proto-Babylonian period. Nothing but this will explain the existence of Ideographic characters with so many significations totally unconnected with each other. We find the same unmistakable process in Egyptian. Both these two last characters advanced much further. But the Chinese, being a monosyllabic language, as soon as it reached the Rebus-stage, found itself at once in possession of Phonetism. Every Ideograph represented a monosyllable.

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As soon as a particular sound adhered to that Ideograph from association, that sign became a Phonetic sign, and at this stage of Phonetism the Chinese remained stationary. In the art of painting sounds they have never got further in thirty centuries; and this method was used only to render foreign proper names into Chinese. In consequence of the nature of the Chinese language, the simplest and most intelligible text written in Phonetic signs, whether syllabic or alphabetic, without the help of Ideographs, would be totally incomprehensible. The method, which this ingenious people have adopted to get out of this dilemma, lies outside the purport of a paper on the Phenician Alphabet; it is effected by a selection of a limited number of characters to serve as phonetics, wholly independent of their original meaning, and by uniting each one of them with one of a still more limited number of characters called keys, analogues to the Determinatives of the Cuneiform and Egyptian systems.

What, then, was the further step which was taken by the authors of these two last systems? They had to deal with words composed of many syllables; and to apply the principle of the Rebus to such conditions, it was necessary to take as the Phonetic power only the first Syllable of the word, which in fact was the method adopted in the Cuneiform system; or to make an advance still further, and take the first Letter of the word, as did the Egyptians. The principle of both manœuvres is the same, and may be called the Acrostychic method; a familiar instance of this method is the practice of writing the Roman numeral C for centuries.

When once the inventors of the Cuneiform system had grasped the notion of substituting Phonetism for Ideographism, which was forced on their attention by the necessity of transliterating foreign proper names, they selected at random a certain number of characters, separated them entirely from their meaning, and by a gradually established convention made use of the first Syllable, consisting of one, two, or three letters as the component parts of a Syllabary; but the Assyrians never got rid of the use of Ideographs. It is obvious, that a Syllabary is a most imperfect and clumsy arrangement, and every separate combination of a consonant with a vowel is represented by a separate character, and these mount up to a considerable and unmanageable number.

The Egyptians got as far as a Syllabary, made use of Syllables in addition to Ideographs, and went on further, and decomposed the Syllables, and established a pure Alphabet. It seems a very simple step forward; but it was not so, and implies a great advance of the human mind in its powers of analysis and reflection. Every modulation is a vowel, and every articulation is a consonant, and it was an advanced conception to separate one from the other; and the fact, that the other Systems crystallised themselves without

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attaining to this stage, is an additional proof of the great step in advance, which it indicates. It is a marvel, that the union betwixt the Assyrian language and such a totally antipathetic written system as the Cuneiform Syllabary lasted so long; and, indeed, traces are found of the use of the Phenician Alphabet on some of the deeds of sale dug up at Nineveh. In the Egyptian language the vowels were only complimentary to the structure of the word, the nature of which was mainly expressed by consonants. Thus by selecting the first letter of a word such as Ahem, an Eagle, a quasi-consonantal letter was arrived at, and an Eagle stood henceforward to represent that letter. The letter R was represented by the conventional picture of a mouth, which was expressed in Egyptian by the word ro; L by a Lion, lavo in Egyptian, and so on. In this way an Alphabet of twenty-five letters was conventionally arrived at; and it is a strange but undoubted fact, that the Egyptian people had arrived at this solution of their difficulty as far back as the Third Dynasty, which date is expressed by moderate calculations as 3000 B.C. In Inscriptions of that date we find a moderate use of Syllabic signs, a free use of Alphabetic signs, accompanied always by Ideographs, as Determinative of Sense or Sound, or both. Thus a word was carefully spelt out phonetically, and then for greater accuracy it was expressed by an Ideograph or conventional picture. This led to a great choice of expressions being available to the scribe. He could express such a word as nafar, good, by an Ideograph alone, the well-known figure of a lute, which was symbolical of goodness; or he could use that symbol to represent the first letter N, and spell out the letters F and R, or he could use a Syllabic combination. If this system seems to be puzzling from one point of view, it is exceedingly helpful to the student from another. There were, however, always two great causes of difficulty: first, the use of homophones, for the alphabetical letters were represented by more than one symbol selected in the way above described; and secondly, there was the pernicious practice of using at discretion this very symbol in the original Ideographic sense. It was always possible, that the symbols of the mouth, the lion, did not mean the letters R or L, but the objects themselves. This was the radical and pervading error, over which the more fortunate Phenicians triumphed alone among the ancient nations of the world.

The word "ancient" is used designedly; for, strange to say, in Central America, there is unmistakable evidence of the independent existence of an Alphabetic system, worked out by the Mayas of Yucatan, a people at a very low level of civilisation and conquered by the Spaniards. There could have been no possible contact with the civilisations of the Old World, and yet we find under the irresistible logic and natural tendencies of the human mind the same

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course of Ideographs, Syllabaries, and Alphabetic letters traversed, in a rude and humble mode, and arrested at the same point, to which the highly-cultivated Egyptians arrived. This strange people had arrived at the conception of an Alphabet, but could not free themselves from the past, and fix conventionally and for ever one single symbol for every articulation to the exclusion of every other. And until this wall of separation was crossed, it was hopeless to expect, that the art of writing would subserve the every-day wants of human life, and be available to the unlettered classes.

We may place outside our present consideration such modern scripts as the Alphabet of the Vei tribe in West Africa, the Syllabics of the Cherokee, Cree, and Chippewan tribes in North America, the Bashpah Alphabet of the Mongol Emperor of China, and the Neuchih Syllabics of the Kin Dynasty of the same Empire. These were not independent efforts of the human brain, but admitted adaptations of an existing method within historic times to such materials as suited the fancy of the compiler of the system. Such systems are analogous to any other secret, or carefully-devised system of script, which have been in use at different periods for different purposes. They are entirely devoid of the historical element. The Ethiopian Demotic, found in Inscriptions on the Upper Nile, is purely Alphabetic, and the Cuneiform of the Persian Inscriptions is purely Alphabetic. These are isolated exceptions, and in both cases the invention proved sterile, and, considering the date of the Inscriptions, may have been, and probably were, an adaptation of the Phenician method applied to alien materials.

Of all the nations of antiquity, the one most ready to adopt new ideas, and convey her own stores of acquired knowledge to other countries, was the Phenician. They were most favourably situated for communication with Asia, Africa, and Europe, coming into close contact with the ancient civilisation on the rivers Nile, Euphrates, and Tigris, and holding commercial intercourse with the shores of the Red Sea and the Mediterranean. Their habits of life made them liberal in sentiment, and familiar with other languages than their own. The necessity of some convenient method of writing must have forced itself on their notice, as they could not be unaware of the non-existence of any system among the tribes of Europe, and the extremely cumbrous and unpractical systems of Egypt and Mesopotamia; of the systems of China and Mexico they could have known absolutely nothing. Their choice was therefore very limited, when they looked about ready to adopt and adapt what was worth having in their neighbours. It was all very well to tolerate Ideographs and Polyphones in documents very much relating to the future world, such as the Book of the Dead, or in Monumental Inscriptions; but the pressing wants of commerce called for a very different medium. The Phenicians

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have come down to us in an unfavourable light, from the persistent and unmerited abuse heaped upon them by their cousins in race the Hebrew people, who by the survival of their books, amidst the wreck of the literature of the ancient world, have got the ear of posterity. The Phenicians were Nature-worshippers in one of its many forms, neither better nor worse than the Greeks and Romans, and at any rate they were free from the hateful vice of religious intolerance. Their mighty colony in North Africa suffered a hard fate at the hand of the unsympathetic Romans, and scarcely a vestige of Punic literature has come down to us, and the Phenician character is only represented by a few Inscriptions, but those of inestimable value. It is a fact not devoid of significance, that the Hebrew people, with all their literary opportunities at Nineveh, Babylon, and in Egypt, have not left one scrap of Monumental Inscription. The Kings of Israel and Judah may have been of importance, but their tombs have supplied us with no indications of the character used. No papyrus, no brick, no inscribed stone of the temple, no stele to record victories, or mercies, or the law, has gladdened the eyes of the excavator in Palestine. And this is the more remarkable, when we compare their monarch, not with the great sovereigns of the Nile and Euphrates valleys, but with the petty Phenician Kings of Moab and Sidon, who will now come under our notice.

Classical antiquity gave the Phenicians the credit of a bonâ fide invention. The lines of Lucan are well known, and place this assertion in the strongest light:—

> " Phœnices primi *famæ si creditur*, ausi
> Mansuram rudibus vocem signare figuris.
> Nondum flumineos Memphis contexere biblos
> Noverat: et saxis tantum volucresque feræque
> Sculptaque servabant magicas animalia linguas.'

Such was the belief of the Augustan age. Sound criticism had not taught them to inquire. It was assumed, that the Egyptian Hieroglyphics only represented pictures, and it was strangely forgotten, that the names of Cleopatra, Ptolemy, Augustus, and a long succession of Roman autocrats were spelt out phonetically on the Monuments of Egypt. It was not known that a vast literature of every kind, written on papyrus in characters mainly phonetic, was entombed in the cemeteries on each side of the river Nile.

Even then Tacitus doubted, and remarks, " Phœnicas intulisse litteras Græciæ, gloriamque adeptos, tamquam reperuerint, quæ acceperant," pointing to Egypt as the cradle of the invention. The doubts of the great historian have been shared by modern times. The notion, that the Phenicians had an Ideographic system of their own, all traces of which have perished, and left only the names or the letters as the faint indication of its existence, is now exploded.

It is admitted on all sides, that the invention must be traced back to Egypt, but the question remained insoluble as to the period and particular variation of the cursive Egyptian, which supplied the model to the Phenician.

The comparison had to be made on the most rigorous principles.

1. The oldest possible Phenician document must be taken, and in the Moabite Stone there was fortunately a specimen of Phenician writing in the eighth century before the Christian era.

2. A papyrus in the Hieratic character of a date anterior to that of the Moabite Stone must be the other subject of comparison.

3. Only those symbols must be selected for the purpose of comparison, which in the papyrus were used strictly alphabetically.

4. Where the symbols agreed in shape, it must be ascertained, that the sounds in both languages agreed also.

5. Where the symbols did not exactly agree, the circumstances, which caused the modification, must be traced out.

To all students of Egyptian language and history it is well known, that there are two distinct periods known as the Ancient and New Empire, respectively separated by a gulf of unknown dimensions, known as the Hykshos period. The form of the Hieratic or cursive character used during these two periods is perfectly distinct, and is recognisable at first sight. The representative of the elder form is the celebrated Papyrus Prisse, the most ancient book in the world, and, strange to say, the subject of this primeval volume is a moral treatise, in which an aged sage, at that remote pre-Mosaic period, is lamenting over the deterioration of the character of the youth of his day, and alluding to good old days long before. This venerable papyrus exists in the National Library of Paris. Independently of its other interesting features, it is satisfactorily proved by De Rougé, that in the character used in this ancient papyrus we have the prototypes of the archaic letters of the Phenician Alphabet, as found on the Moabite Stone, though the papyrus, frail as the materials are of which it is composed, is at the least one thousand years older than the stone. The Hieratic characters of the New Empire have developed their form by modifications in one direction, and the Phenician in another, and it is only by ascending to the remote date above mentioned, that we arrive at a possible common parent to both.

Fifteen letters out of a total of twenty-two of the Phenician Alphabet are so little changed as to be recognisable at once. The remainder can be traced back by bearing in mind certain unfailing laws, which regulate the modification of letters. It is impossible to follow out the close and accurate reasoning, which has established this famous historical position. The letters were adopted with the sounds already attached to them in old Egyptian. Thus to Egypt Phenicia was indebted for the idea of an Alphabet, the symbols,

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and their sounds. This is now one of the admitted truths of Palæography. We are compelled to believe, that the names assigned by the Phenicians to their letters were purely arbitrary, as in no single case does the name represent accurately the object, which was originally depicted in the Hieroglyphic and worn down into the early Hieratic. We must conclude, that the names were given at a period greatly posterior to the introduction of the character from Egypt, when all tradition of the original figures represented had died out. In assigning these names the Acrostychic principle was followed inversely; for, whereas in Egypt the eagle had been adopted as the symbol of A, because Ahem began with that letter and meant an eagle: so the worn-down symbol, which no longer resembled an eagle, but was the recognised representative of A, was called Aleph, because the word, which meant an ox, commenced with that letter, and that letter in the form to which it had been worn down had a fancied and forced resemblance to an ox's head. Strange to say, the same phenomenon was repeated, when in process of time the Runic Alphabet of Northern Europe was elaborated from a much-modified descendant of the Phenician. New names were arbitrarily assigned to them by the Norsemen from fancied resemblances to material objects. New names were also assigned to letters of the Latin Alphabet, when it was introduced into Ireland, from most fanciful reasons.

It may therefore, in conclusion, be reasonably believed, that the origin of the Phenician Alphabet may be carried back to the period of the occupation of Egypt by the Semitic tribes, known as the Hykshos, who, whoever they were, came from the East. This great antiquity, once established for the Phenician Alphabet, agrees well with the fact, that Moses is presumed to have used it for reducing to writing the Pentateuch, and found in it a character differing in degree, but not in nature and principle, from the cursive character, to which he had been accustomed, while he was studying all the wisdom of the Egyptians. This character was not only the only alphabetic organ of speech worked out by human intelligence, but can be proved to be the lineal parent of every one of the numberless and discordant pure Phonetic Alphabets of the world. Lenormant, in his book, follows gratefully the path struck out by many distinguished palæographers in different parts of the field, but claims to himself the honour to be the first, who has treated it as a whole.

From the great Phenician root, which we have in the preceding pages shown to be the offspring of Egyptian seed, sprung up nearly simultaneously five great stems, from each of which shot off at intervals numerous branches. To understand the subject we must note the stems and branches in detail, and mark the distinguishing features.

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I. The Semitic stem, in which the value of the sounds attached to the symbol has remained identical with that of the Phenician, with some very few exceptions. For this stem there are two main families:—

(*a.*) The Hebrew-Samaritan, consisting of two branches only: 1. the old Hebrew, found on stones and coins; 2. the Samaritan.

(*b.*) The Aramean, with numerous branches: 1. the Palmyrean; 2. the Pamphylian; 3. the square Hebrew character; 4. the Estrangélo, or ancient Syriac, which is the parent of the later Alphabet, called the Peschito, the Mongol, Mandchu, and Tartar Alphabet of North Asia; 5. the Sabæan or Mendaite; 6. the Auranite, or character of Haurán; 7. the Nabathean, from which have sprung the far-famed Kufic and the Neskhi, used all over Arabia, Turkey, Persia, Afghanistan, and India, and known as the Arabic; 8. the Pahlavi in its various forms; 9. the Zend and its derivatives, the Armenian and Georgian.

II. The Central stem, in which the soft and hard breathings of the Phenician have been converted into vowels. This comprehends the Alphabet, which Cadmus is said to have brought into Europe, and Palamedes, at the time of the Trojan war, to have perfected. It must be remembered that the Greek Alphabet, after it left the hands of its fashioner, divides itself into four branches, to a certain extent co-ordinate with its dialectical divisions: 1. The Æolo-Doric, from which sprung the Albanian, the Phrygian, the Lykian, and other characters of Asia Minor; the Etruscan, and old characters of Italy; the Latin, and the great character of the modern world; 2. the Attic; 3. the Greek of the islands; 4. the Ionic, from which sprang ancient and modern Greek.

III. The Western stem. The way, in which the letters are modified, is fundamentally different from that of the Central stem; it comprises only the character used in Spain.

IV. The Northern stem. The great Teutonic race migrated at an historic period from Asia into Europe, and in some way or other came into the possession of an Alphabet, formed upon the basis of the Phenician, with which it is presumed that they had communication. It is not attempted to conceal the extreme narrowness of the hypothesis, upon which this structure is raised, and the obscurity that surrounds the subject. The Runes subdivide themselves into two branches—

1. Scandinavian, from which is descended: (*a*) the Anglo-Saxon, by combination with the Latin Alphabet; (*b*) the Mæso-Gothic of Ulfilas, by a combination with the Greek Alphabet.

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2. Slavonic, from which is descended: (*a*) the Glagolitic; (*b*) the Cyrillic, parent of the Russian and Bulgarian, by a combination with the Greek Alphabet; (*c*) the Wendic.

In this subdivision of the subject Lenormant discusses the ancient graphic system of the Kelts in Ireland, before they adopted the Latin Alphabet, including the Ogham character and the Erse. But the connection of these last with the stem is still a subject of controversy.

V. Indo-Arabian stem. A new feature appears in the formation of the characters of this stem. The notation of the vowels is formed by conventional appendages to the symbol used for consonants, and by which, in many cases, the appearance of the consonant is modified. It has two main branches: 1. The Himyarite, used in South Arabia, from which sprang the two forms of the Ethiopian, the Ghez, and Amháric, on the African side of the Red Sea. 2. The Indian, including all the characters by whatever name known, which can be derived from the Northern and Southern Asoka Alphabets: viz., the characters used for the ancient and modern languages of the Arian, Dravidian, Tibeto-Birman, Tai, Mon, and Malayan families without any exceptions, —in India, Indo-China, the Indian Archipelago, and Ceylon.

Wide as is the extent, wider still is the amount of controversy. No subject is more exposed to illusions and errors, unless certain principles are rigidly adhered to. The investigation must be based upon historical proofs; the date of each document must be ascertained, and all possible relation of one Alphabet to another must be based on historical epochs thus constituted. Unless it can be shown, or fairly assumed, that there has been communication, direct or indirect, betwixt two people, all speculations as to the connection of their written character are idle, and any resemblance betwixt written characters, at periods of many centuries apart, should be regarded with suspicion.

An instance of the absurdity arising from a neglect of this caution must be quoted. Some traveller from Papua brought home the tracing of the tattoo marks on the back and other parts of the body of a Motu female. These marks were squares, circles, triangles, rough pictures of objects, lines following the lines of the skin, and possibly conventional symbols. It occurred to an ingenious theorist to recognise on the tattoo-marks of this alphabetic female not only the Ideographs of Egypt and Assyria, but the Alphabets of Phenicia and India at all periods. The theory was then constructed of certain shipwrecked sailors, who had at some unknown period imported not only their own form of script, which was possible, but not probable in the case of illiterate sailors, but an album, as it were, of every form of obsolete and modern writings, used over an area of many thousand miles at the interval of many

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hundred years. This story might be doubted, if the whole were not reported in the pages of a learned society in London a few years ago.

Let us now consider each of the above-mentioned stems in order, and commence with the Semitic stem.

The chief remnants of the Phenician are firstly those objects, the date of which ranges from 1000 to 700 B.C.; as the Moabite Stone, the lion-shaped weights of bronze found at Nineveh, the cylinders, scarabæi, and cones found at Nineveh and Babylon, certain Inscriptions found in the Phenician settlements of Malta and Sardinia. It must have been in this period, that this primitive Alphabet gave off to the West its great branch of Greek and Latin, and to the East the parent of the Indian Alphabets. In the second period, the dates of which range from 700 to 600 B.C., are the interesting gems found amidst the ruins of Nineveh, and the remarkable Inscriptions upon the colossal statue of Rameses at Abu Simbel in Upper Egypt. These are unquestionably the scratchings of some Phenician legionaries of King Psammetichus, and near them are scratchings by Greek and Karian members of the same force in their peculiar characters. How little did these rude soldiers think, that they were leaving a visiting-card of priceless value upon a distant posterity, and proofs that the Greek character was in use the eighth century before the Christian era! In the next period, dating from 600 B.C., is the tomb of King Esmunazar, now in the Louvre Museum, with a long Inscription. It is clearly of Egyptian workmanship, and was brought to Sidon for the purpose. After this come many Inscriptions of certain dates, for variations in the shape of the letters are marked by skilled eyes. This Alphabet was the common property of all the Semitic population of Syria. Its earliest derivative was the ancient Hebrew, known to us by the so-called Asmonean coins, some of which may be carried back to the time of Ezra and Nehemiah. In this character the books of the Old Testament, of a date earlier than the Captivity, were written; it differed but little from the primitive Phenician, and scarcely at all from the Samaritan, in which copies of the Pentateuch exist to the present day; but no later Alphabets can be traced back to this stock. Nothing has survived the wreck of ages of the old Hebrew Alphabet, such as was used by Moses, David, and Isaiah; but in the Moabite Stone we come face to face with a venerable witness of what that Alphabet very much resembled.

The Aramean variation of the Phenician began to show itself in the seventh century B.C., and the history of its development is marvellous. The destruction of Nineveh buried alive, and kept to all times, specimens of this character in the bilingual Tablets found there, and concerning the date of which there can be no doubt. We find deeds of sale of slaves and land drawn up in Assyrian

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Cuneiform, and docketed in the Aramean character of the Phenician family. It would be tedious to follow the descent of this character through all its stages, but about 100–60 B.C. we come on the majestic square character of the modern Hebrew.

The most ancient Manuscript in this character now in existence does not date back beyond the ninth century of the Christian era; but by the help of Inscriptions it can be traced much further back through all its modifications. The most ancient is on the so-called tomb of St. James at Jerusalem, and the direct affiliation of this Alphabet is to the particular development of the Aramean, known as that of the Papyrus. The common story, that Ezra brought back this character from Babylon, on the return from the captivity, is an error. Ezra used the Aramean character and language, when Hebrew and its old character became obsolete among the Jews, though the Samaritans clung to or adopted it. The expression used by our Lord, that one jot or tittle should not pass away, would apply with equal justice to the Aramean as to the square Hebrew; and upon independent grounds the opinion is arrived at, that this character was in use at the time of our Lord's ministry. In fact, these were the characters, which He used for reading and writing the Syro-Chaldee vernacular of the province, which was vulgarly, though incorrectly, called the Hebrew. The absence of vowels, properly so-called, left the pronunciation and the meaning of many words very uncertain, for the tense and mood often depended upon the vocalisation, which had to be guessed at. Phenician Inscriptions are still in this state of obscurity. As the language of the sacred books became dead, the necessity of some remedy to this great evil became necessary, and this was attempted by a system of punctuation in the Hebrew, Syriac, and other languages of this family. At length, in the celebrated Masoretic punctuation, the traditional pronunciation was recorded by a complete and elaborate system, devised or perfected by the schools of Tiberias or Babylon about six hundred years after the Christian era. Upon every point and date there is a conflict of opinion among scholars. So much new material has come unexpectedly to light during this generation, that years must pass away before, amidst conflicting theories, a platform of accepted truth can be constructed, and the approaching publication of the Corpus Inscriptionum Semiticarum at Paris will greatly help the study.

From this same Aramean family struck off another prolific branch, which attained for itself, in connection with Christianity, the same reputation, which the square Hebrew character has with the religion of the Jews; we allude to the Syriac. This form can be traced back to the first century before Christ and the town of Edessa, the head-quarters of the Jacobite sect of Christianity. The earlier development of this character was known as the Estrangélo, for

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which word a fanciful derivation is put forward as the Satr Injíl, or the "writing of the Gospel." At any rate, it was to the service of religion, that it was most entirely devoted, and lasted till 800 of the Christian era. The chief feature of this and other characters of this branch is, that the letters were linked together. The Estrangélo was gradually restricted to Church manuscripts, and gave way in ordinary use to the more cursive form of Syriac, known as Peschíto.

Internecine quarrels about minute dogmatic points caused the expulsion of Nestorius from the Catholic Church, and the foundation of the Chaldean Church within the limits of the Persian kingdom, which, after great vicissitudes, has lasted down to the present day. The written character, which the Nestorians took with them at the time of their secession, and during their long separation, owing to war and political causes, they conserved faithfully. They knew nothing of the modifications, which took place in the Syriac of a later date than the Estrangélo; but, as time went on, the same causes operated, and they adopted gradually a cursive script of their own, known as the Chaldean or Nestorian. This branch of the Christian Church, at a remote period, spread to India, and left its character as an imperishable memorial with the members of the primitive Christian Church in Malabar, who use Malayálim, a Dravidian language, written to this day with the Nestorian Alphabet, adapted to express the unrepresented sounds by the loan of Malayálim letters, a conjunction of dissonant elements, the idea of which would have been discarded but for the unerring testimony of history and palæography.

On the other hand, the use of the Syriac language and its Alphabets has long since died out in the countries which gave it birth. Modern Syrians speak and write Arabic. The Syriac is a dead tongue and obsolete Alphabet, the storehouse of vast theological treasures, and the vehicle of Old-World liturgies. By a strange fatuity the Syrian Christians, even to this day, from hatred to the written character associated with Mahometanism, refuse to use the Arabic letters for their religious treatises, but make use of Syriac letters to convey sentences in the Arabic language. They call this mongrel character Karshúni, which name is also applied to the equally anomalous character of the Nestorian Christians of Malabar.

But the Nestorian variety of the Syriac Alphabet was destined to a far greater expansion, and to a grander duty. The history of the Nestorian missionaries to the East of Asia is well known, and the famous Syro-Chinese Christian Inscription in Estrangélo at Sin-gan-fu, in the province of Shensi, Northern China, is a fact, that cannot be got over. The gift of Christianity which the Nestorians gave to the Tartars of North Asia, has been a barren one. Of the seed, some fell upon dry ground and did not take root;

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but those devoted priests gave a priceless gift in adapting their Alphabet to the Tartar languages. This happened in historic times, and is a fact established, and is interesting as a repetition of a similar order of events, which took place when, centuries before, the Greeks and Iberians accepted the Phenician character, then in its youth, for their unsympathising vocables. Moreover, it is one of those national revenges, which haughty Time brings about. More than thirty centuries before the non-Arian races occupying Mesopotamia had elaborated a clumsy system of Syllabics and Ideographs, which is called Cuneiform, on the basis of an agglutinating language; this the Semitic Assyrians of Nineveh blindly adopted, and the Semites repaid a hundredfold the loan by imparting to the Tartar inhabitants of the Asiatic steppes the great secret of the Phenician Alphabet.

The Tartars had previously possessed only a system of tallies, analogous to the twisted cords of the Chinese and the Mexicans, and the devices used by the Scandinavian and Slavonic races, before they arrived at the conception of the Runes. The Eastern hordes of the Tartars adopted a Syllabary based on the Chinese, called the Khitan; the Western, more fortunately for themselves, through the Nestorian missionaries, found themselves in possession of an Alphabet which suited their language. The first tribe, that adopted it, was the Ouigour, but it became the official character of the descendants of Jenghis Khan, and the heritage of the Mongol and Mandchu. They introduced vowel-sounds, and wrote in lines vertically from the top to the bottom of the page, and not horizontally, as in the case of other Phenician derivatives, as far as we know them, though the hazardous assertion is made, that some of these were sometimes written vertically.

The Ouigour Alphabet, as orignally constituted, consisted of only fourteen consonants and three vowels, an apparatus insufficient for the requirements of the more civilised Mongols after they had received the Buddhist religion from Tibet, with its accompaniment of Sanskrit inflected words rendered into the agglutinative Tibetan. Attempts were made by king and priest at one time to introduce into the debatable ground of Mongolic a new Alphabet based upon Tibetan, itself the offspring of the Indian Alphabet; but the popular feeling was in favour of the Ouigour, which was expanded by additions, so as to respond to all Mongol sounds and the Sanskrit words of the Buddhist books. Thus was formed the Mongol Alphabet. It is interesting to remark the struggle with each other in this remote region of the distant and faint vibrations of the three great civilisations of the Semite, Arian, and Chinese. If the first supplied the written character, the second furnished the religion, and the last its type of culture, while no change was made in the

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agglutinating language, which was the heirloom of the great family of Northern Asia.

Nor did the extent of the gift of the Nestorians end with the Ouigour Turks and the Mongols. To the north of this latter people, dwell the Kalmuk Tartars, who in due course borrowed the character with slight modifications. At a period also beyond the ken of the historian the most eastern dwellers on the Continent of Asia, the Mandchu, speaking a language belonging to the Tungusic branch of the great agglutinating family, adopted the Mongol Alphabet; but the influence of their great neighbour, the Chinese, with their Monosyllabic Ideographs, has made itself felt upon the shape of many of the letters, while it has supplied the greatest part of its literature. Such a character as that of the Chinese is so unsuitable to an agglutinating language, that it has never held its own against the Nestorian character on its Northern, or the Indian character along its Eastern frontier. Had the Mandchu character been established at the time when Japan looked out for a Phonetic system, it would have been preferred to the Syllabic adaptation of portions of Chinese Ideographs, which that ingenious people devised for themselves. Whether the Koreans derived their Alphabet from the Chinese or from the Indian, by a succession of intermediaries, is still an open question. Failing that, we have followed the Phenician Alphabet across the whole breadth of Asia, and justified the assertion that, wherever the system of any people is proved to be alphabetic, it must be of Phenician origin.

There was a third co-sharer of the great inheritance of the Semites, besides the speakers of Hebrew and Syriac; this was the Arabian, who devised for himself a separate development of the Phenician Alphabet; and, committing to it the burning doctrines of a new religion, gave it such power that it spread from the Columns of Hercules to the banks of the Ganges, and drove out before it all the pre-existing characters in Western Asia and North Africa, except the Armenian.

To connect this celebrated Alphabetic system with the Phenician, we must retrace our steps to that development of that Alphabet, which is known as the tertiary Aramean or Palmyrean. The first step was the Alphabet of Haurán, the trans-Jordan provinces of Syria; this is known to us by Inscriptions, and from this descended the Nabathean Alphabet, the existence of which can be traced back to the Christian era, and of which the remarkable monuments have come down to us in the Inscriptions of the Wadi-al-Mukattab in the peninsula of Sinai. Some authors have not escaped the tempting snare of supposing, that these Inscriptions were the handiwork of the Israelites during their forty years' wanderings in the desert. It is true, as stated above, that it is possible that Moses made use of the Phenician Alphabet, which, at a date previous to the Exodus,

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had been formed out of the Hieratic of the old kingdom of Egypt. But that Phenician Alphabet had gone through many stages of modification, before it reached the particular state, in which it meets our eye in these Rock Inscriptions, the date of which can be fixed on palæographical grounds with as much certainty, as a skilled scholar would fix the date of an Anglo-Saxon charter; and it is now a received fact of science, that these Inscriptions belong to a period not earlier than the second, or later than the fifth century of the Christian era. The feature of this class of character is the tendency to unite the consonantal vowels to the preceding letter, and in these Inscriptions, which are the work of several generations, we can trace the progress of this tendency.

There are two great varieties of the Arabic Alphabetical system: 1, the "Kufic;" 2, the "Naskhí." The origin of the former name can be traced back to the town of Kufa on the river Euphrates; of the latter to an Arabic word, meaning to transcribe. The former of these two characters has been obsolete since the fourteenth century of the Christian era, but during the previous five centuries it was extensively used both for Manuscripts and Inscriptions. The chief feature of both characters is, that the letters of each word are connected with each other, and most of them possess an initial, medial, and final variety. The Kufic character has been used in exaggerated forms for the decoration of Mahometan buildings. The Naskhí appears sometimes with diacritical points, and sometimes without; and in the many countries, where it is used, has degenerated into most slovenly and often most unreadable cursive forms, familiar to every one who has had to transact business in India. It is probable, that no Alphabetical system past or present, not even the great Roman Alphabet, has done so much for the advancement of the civilisation of unlettered races as the Naskhí. It has, moreover, been adopted by the Osmanli Turks, the Persians, the people of India, the Malays, and some of the languages of Africa.

The Arabs themselves, whose intellectual range did not extend beyond their peninsula, had various traditions as to the origin of their Alphabet. Some bolder spirits attributed it to Adam, and asserted that he wrote upon clay, and baked it to enable it to survive the Deluge. More moderate theologians attribute the invention to Ishmael; and after him one Moramar is the centre of a great tradition. What Cadmus was to the Greeks, and Ezra to the Hebrews, this Moramar is to the Arabs; no doubt only an eponym. His date was anterior to that of Mahomet by only two centuries according to the same tradition, and the art must have been well established among the Koresh from the fact of the celebrated poems, the Mualakát, being suspended at Mecca before the Hijra. The use of writing to record the chapters of the Koran on parch-

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ment and other materials is well established; whether by the hand of Mahomet himself or not, is uncertain. On the subject of the priority of age of the Kufic and the Naskhí there is much to be said, but it lies outside the purport of this essay; it is sufficient to note, that both one and the other are derivatives of the Nabathean described above.

We have thus reached the limits of the Semitic family of languages, who all adopted early forms of the Phenician Alphabet. Time and space are wanting to follow out further the progress of this Alphabet, when it passed into the hands of an Arian people and reappears in the form of Zend, Pahlavi, and Armenian of the Iranian family, and Georgian of the Caucasian family, which complete the ample proportions of the great Semitic stem.

In passing to the Second or Central stem, and the Fourth or Northern stem, we find ourselves amidst familiar names. The thoughts that breathe, the words that burn, the ideas that shake mankind, the orders that dethrone monarchs, the laws that revolutionise empires, are clothed in the Alphabets of these stems. The third stem is only of palæographical interest, and utterly insignificant. If the Greeks had a previous Alphabet, it must have been indeed a very bad one, since they could be induced to give it up, and adapt to their usé the uncongenial Phenician Alphabet, so foreign to the genius of their language. However, they did adopt it, and wrote first from right to left, then both ways, and then from left to right. Two main divisions are distinctly traced, the Eastern and the Western; the most important of the latter was that of the Chalcidean colonies of Sicily and the West coast of Italy, because from this germ sprang the great tree, which now overshadows Europe, America, and Australasia, and is known as the Roman character. Of the Italian Alphabets there were two varieties: the first was represented by the Etruscan, Oscan, and Umbrian; the second by the Latin and Faliscan. All of these, except the Latin, were written from right to left; but the earliest records of the Latin Alphabet show it as written from left to right. The Latins showed their independence by rejecting the Greco-Phenician names of the letters. With them the vowels were known by their sounds only. And for the consonants a new principle was referred to; they were divided into momentary and continuous, according to the more or less complete closure and opening of the organs required in each case. Momentary sounds were denoted by their own sound followed by a vowel, as *be, ce, de,* &c.; the continuous sounds were preceded by a vowel, as *ef, el, en,* &c. Thus with new names and one or two additional letters the great Latin Alphabet, forgetful of its Egypto-Phenico-Grecian origin, went forth conquering and to conquer. One waifling has come down to us in the Cypriote Inscriptions of a Syllabary, which is neither Greek nor Phenician,

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expressing words in a dialect of Greek, and attempts are made to affiliate it to the Cuneiform system of Mesopotamia.

In the fourth stem we strike a new vein, and come face to face with new phenomena. It is quite clear, that the Teutons had elaborated some kind of Alphabet for themselves, which are known as Runes. The word is derived from the Anglo-Saxon term for a secret, and was mixed up with ideas of magic arts and heathen rites. When Christianity got the upper hand, the introduction of a new Alphabet was made an essential symbol of conversion. There were three kinds of Runes, Anglo-Saxon, German, and Scandinavian. We cannot suppose that the Germans in their rude manner, being without arts, literature, or rudimentary civilisation, worked out for themselves, unassisted, the great problem of a pure Alphabet, which the refined Semites and sharp-witted Greeks palpably borrowed from others, who had worked out each step by a slow process. It is more consonant to reason to suppose, that the Greek or Latin colonies on the frontiers, in their commercial dealings with those rude tribes, conveyed to them the idea, which they fashioned in their imperfect manner. It was thought, that they were derived from the Latin Capital Letters, but this hypothesis has lately given way to the much more probable theory, that they were borrowed from the Thracian Greek characters used in the settlements on the shores of the Black Sea in the sixth century B.C. The oldest existing Runic Inscription can only be assigned to a date of the first century of the Christian era, but they must have been in use long before. Wood was the material used, and its fibrous nature affected the shape of the letters. Even when superseded by their powerful Latin rival, the Anglo-Saxon Runes left their mark on the new Alphabet in the shape of special letters to express unrepresented sounds. This was in the seventh century of the Christian era; but in the fourth century Bishop Ulfilas had already devised a Gothic Alphabet by an adaptation of the Greek, of which we have a specimen in the copy of the Gospels at Upsála. Of his Alphabet some letters are unmistakably Greek, others are common to the Runic and Greek system; but if they were Runic, they have been modified in form. This is the earliest Alphabet of the German nation.

Five hundred years later another Alphabet sprang into existence on the banks of the Danube. This is known as the Cyrillic, having been formed by two Greek monks of Constantinople, Cyril and Methodius, who introduced Christianity among the Slavs. The Russians, Bulgarians, and other members of the great Slavonic family, have adopted this character, which is destined to play a part in the history of the world only inferior to the Latin and Arabic characters. The elements of the Alphabet are Greek, with additional signs, apparently of arbitrary origin. Here also religious differences have been felt. The colony of Trajan on the river

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Danube, known in ancient times as Dacia, and in modern times as Roumania, had adopted the Cyrillic Alphabet; but in these last days, remembering their Roman origin, Romanic language, and Roman Catholic religion, they have made a violent change, and definitely adopted the Roman character. So also the Illyrians and Croatians, subjects of Austria, and professing the Roman Catholic religion, persist in the use of the Latin Alphabet. The origin of a second Slavonic Alphabet, known as the Glagolitic, is a subject of controversy.

The Indo-Arabian stem is the fifth and last. The Himyarite character is known to us by Inscriptions of the clearest and most beautiful kind. It is of a date anterior to Mahomet, and to the Arabic it succumbed. It was written from Right to Left, or boustrophédon. Abyssinia, on the other side of the Red Sea, borrowed its character from the Himyarite. The old language was known as the Ethiopian or Ghez, which has been entirely superseded by the modern Amháric, which, with the addition of a few characters, maintains the old form of script. Under the influence of the Greek it gradually adopted the practice of writing from Left to Right, unique perhaps among Semitic languages. Moreover, the coalition of consonants with vowels was indicated by particular forms, thus presenting the phenomenon of an Alphabet passing into a Syllabary, which is now complete to the wants of the language.

The question is still an open one whether the Alphabets of India are derived from the Himyarite. The nomenclature of this stem, assuming this fact, is premature, and is only accepted with reserve. The Sanskrit and its congeners were not Monumental languages. No Inscription in an Indian dialect has been found of a date so old as 300 years before the Christian era, which is a comparatively modern date in the annals of Inscriptions. It may be remarked, that no Arian nation has invented an Alphabet, and it is a problem yet to be solved, which is the oldest Arian form of an adopted Alphabet. Palæographers are at direct issue on the subject of the affiliation of the Indian Alphabet, though there appears to be a consensus in favour of Phenician origin. It is a question, whether the precious gift came by sea to Southern India, and then found its way Northward, or by land to Northern India, and then found its way Southward. The great fact stands out of the existence of the North and South Asoka and the Vatteluttic Alphabets. We cannot argue beyond the evidence before us. The hypothesis therefore of an indigenous Indian Alphabet, sprung from previously existing Syllabic or Hieroglyphic germs, must fall to the ground, unless evidence can be shown in the whole length and breadth of India of the existence of a single written or engraved character of that kind. To the absence of positive evidence we may add that of a negative evidence. The Hindu people were remarkably self-consci-

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ous, and demonstrative of their inner motives; they did not hide their talents in a napkin. If they had gone through the process of working out the marvellous invention of Alphabetic symbols from their own indigenous powers, we should have heard of it in their voluminous treatises, and this faculty would have been attributed to some eponymic hero or to some god. Sanskrit literature is absolutely silent on that subject. In the absence of evidence we can only judge from probabilities. We find in the time of Asoka, grandson of Sandracottus, whose date is fixed as the contemporary of Antiochus, two well-recognised varieties of script used for Monumental purposes. The historians of Alexander the Great mention that the Indians wrote upon strips of bark. We may safely assume that about the period that the Phenician Alphabet obtained a Western development by the hands of Cadmus, it obtained an Eastern extension also, and was willingly adopted by the Indians, whose mass of accumulated literature began to exceed the power of their tenacious memories. In India it obtained wonderful developments of form and number of sounds, and eventually under the plastic hands of the Brahmans was arrayed in such a scientific form as was undreamt of in the Western world.

We have thus completed our historical survey, and connected by an unbroken chain of affiliation the early Hieroglyphics of the Third Dynasty, the oldest specimens of writing in existence, with those Alphabetic characters which are used for everyday purposes by Christian, Mahometan, Hindu, and Buddhist all over the world. Were we to approach this subject on the Phonetic side, and to attempt to explain the merits or deficiencies of each Alphabet, volumes would be required. It is an astounding fact, that man, though apparently of uniform appearance, differs materially in his vocal powers, not only in different climates, but in different nationalities. It is too large a subject to be more than briefly noticed. Each nation has its particular sounds, and is marked by its inability to pronounce particular sounds, and in the same nations the mode of pronunciation changes, as do the grammatical forms, at different periods. It is obvious, therefore, that from time to time changes are required in the Alphabet. Upon any other subject the remedy might be possible. Laws, Religions, and the Calendar may be reformed, but few nations have as yet shown sufficient strength of mind to cut the cord which connects them with the past, acknowledge manfully the failing of their system of writing, of the entire insufficiency of the Alphabet to express its sounds, and adopt a new Phonetic system.

Forms of script devised for the sounds of one nation have been adopted for the sounds of another. Thus the Assyrians, with their inflectional language, adopted the Cuneiform character of the Proto-Babylonians, which had been devised for an agglutinating language.

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The Japanese have utilised Chinese characters, based on Monosyllabism, to their agglutinating words. The Phenicians, with their inflectional words on the Semitic type, adopted the mere outlines of Hieroglyphics based on a Hamitic language, and handed it on to the Indians, Persians, Greeks, and Latins, and a host of descendants, who inflected their words on the Arian method. For some sounds symbols were wanting; for others they were in redundance; but no European nation, after it has arrived at self-consciousness, ventured to recast the Alphabet, or even materially alter the order of the letters. In India some bolder spirits at some uncertain period ventured upon this manœuvre, and with such success that the great Devanágari Alphabet stands out as the most systematic and complete. The Arabs recast the order of their Alphabet, and additions were made by the Persians, when they adopted it, and by the Indians and Turks, as it spread onward East and West.

It is not uninteresting to note briefly the number of letters in certain selected Alphabets. The Egyptian Alphabet has twenty-five letters, including certain consonantal vowels. The Phenician is understood to have had twenty-two; the Hebrew twenty-three; the Syriac twenty-two; the Arabic rises to twenty-eight. When it is said, that the Semitic Alphabet had no vowels, this is not entirely correct, as obviously they had Aleph, Wau, and Jodh; but these are feeble consonants to indicate vowel sounds; they are sometimes called vowel-consonants, and sometimes expressed and sometimes omitted. It had been assumed that they only appeared in later Manuscripts, but we find them in the Moabite Stone, and we know, as a fact, that the vowels were represented by these feeble consonants. The Nágari Alphabet has thirty-nine consonants, and a whole array of vowels. The Persian, when it admitted Arabic words, had thirty-one consonants; the great Indian Vernacular, by absorbing both Arian and Semitic elements, has an Alphabet of forty-eight consonants. Turkish, which has added to its non-Arian base a host of Arian and Semitic words, has thirty-two consonants. The Greek had only seventeen consonants, and the Latins the same number; the English is inadequately supplied with twenty consonants. Passing to countries of a lower civilisation, we find the Finnish language with only eleven consonants, the Mongolian with eighteen, the Polynesian with ten, and some Australian languages have only eight; while, on the other hand, the Bantu family of South Africa has twenty-six consonants in addition to the clicks.

Many theories have been started as to the number required to express correctly the capacity of sound of the human organs. Some suggest more than one hundred letters. The carefully-devised Missionary Alphabet, devised to assist persons in recording the words of new languages in a uniform method, suggests an apparatus of

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seventy letters, including vowels and diphthongs, and this is the lowest estimate for practical purposes.

No changes of written character are willingly made. Religion was the great obstacle with the early nations, and those that are backward in civilisation among the moderns. The ancient Egyptian, in all its developments of Hieroglyphic, Hieratic, and Demotic, suffered from the opposite evils of homophony and polyphony, the expression of the same sound by a plurality of symbols, and the use of one symbol to denote many different sounds. This defect destroyed all accuracy and certainty, and was mainly due to the use of Ideographs; and yet, to the last moment of its existence, Ideographs were used in the Demotic. The Phenicians, free from sacerdotal influence, borrowed the symbols with their Phonetic powers, and left Ideography behind. The Japanese borrowed the portions of the Chinese Ideographs and used them as a Syllabary. We mark the same order of events in the Cuneiform character. With the Proto-Babylonians the character was strictly Ideographic. The Assyrians made use of the instrument, that came to their hands after an Ideographic and Syllabic manner; and great has been the ambiguity in consequence. We have proof in the grammatical Tablets which have survived, that they felt the difficulty, but they were unable and unwilling to change a method mixed up with religious prejudices. The Persian Achæmenides had no such prejudices; they got rid of the Ideographs and Syllabary, and used the arrow-headed characters as a pure Alphabet for their Monumental Inscriptions, but it had no further vitality.

We gather, indeed, from the Inscriptions that are dug up, that there was a natural selection and a struggle for life among Alphabetical systems as among languages. In such narrow limits as Asia Minor and Greece, we have traces of many varieties of the same family, but the most influential, or the most practical, won the day. It is of the nature of the thing, that it should be so, and this fact accounts for many details otherwise inexplicable. Even in very modern periods anomalies exist from motives of Religion, or Race or Politics, without reference to the real merits of the Alphabet. In British India the policy of the State has been uncertain. Some enthusiasts have tried to introduce the Roman character, an ingenious device, by which those who can read the character are unable to understand the language, and those who understand the language are unable to read the character. For the present it is quite uncertain which branch of the great Phenician tree will ultimately prevail, Indian in one or several of its modern forms, the Naskhí, or the Roman.

In these days, when the existing written characters of nations in decaying civilisation, or the unwritten sounds of tribes in semi-barbarism, are being made the vehicle of translation of the Holy

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Scriptures and European culture, the only safe rule is in all cases to make use of the national written character, where it actually exists, and make the best of it; and where no character exists, to make use of the improved Roman character, as prepared by Professor Lepsius. It is a serious error to allow an alien character to be adopted for an unwritten language, of which we have no guarantee that its symbols are adapted to the sounds. It is worse than a blunder to allow the prejudices of some isolated translator to create and perpetuate the existence of such a Syllabary as that of the Cree and Chippewan. It is like turning the dial of Time back for a space of three thousand years to print books in Syllabics.

In Europe some dream of an International Language and an International Character. Such mighty changes can only take place by the meeting of two opposing civilisations, and the supersession of one or the other. A more moderate attempt is to bring the Alphabet of a nation into harmony with its sounds. How greatly the English Alphabet diverges from the just type can only be appreciated by those who have to acquire it. Of all systems that of Melville Bell is at once the most scientific and practical; his symbols are denoted by curved lines, which represent the position of the tongue or lips in their formation, and are comprehensive enough to embrace the whole gamut of human vocalism. The utterances of uncivilised races can be registered with unfailing accuracy, but it is Utopian to imagine, that any such scheme will ever have a practical realisation. Our present system, with all its faults, is too much interwoven with the history of the human race.

Two reflections occur, ere we lay down the pen and leave this fascinating subject. The primary object of the ingenious fathers of civilisation was to devise a method of communicating with each other beyond the limits of space and time, to which the human voice could reach, and during which the ear could retain. The greatness of this conception can be measured by the fact, that hundreds of tribes of men down to the present era have never attained to it. Experience of the machinery, invented for epistolary or legal purposes, suggested to kings, priests, and warriors, the idea of handing down their great acts, their wise laws, and bloody deeds, to posterity. The mighty after-thought never was suggested to those early peoples, that it might be an advantage to an individual to record his own thoughts, and then go over them again, and that a mighty engine was thus fabricated for the accumulation of knowledge, marking most distinctly the line which separates man from the lower creation. Animals may share with us the power of emitting through their throats intelligent sounds, by which they can communicate with their fellows;

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but no trace of communication by symbol has been discovered, such as the scratching on sand, or breaking of twigs, or barking of trees, by which they invite intercourse or warn of danger. We find, therefore, in the human invention of an Alphabet a greater barrier betwixt man and animal than in the cultivated gift of vocal utterance.

It is an amazing and overwhelming reflection that, conducted by the clear light of history, and the irresistible logic of analogy and deduction, we are led unhesitatingly to the conviction, that the light Italian stroke of the school girl, the printed pica of the best edition, the magnificent crucials of the great texts of the Old Testament, the pretty Greek, the architectural Kufic, the tangled web of the Naskhí and Shikasta, the orderly and magnificent Nágari, the square Hebrew, the zigzag Peschito, the unsightly Armenian and Ethiopian, the sticky Runes, the infinite variety of curvilinear strokes of the Southern Indian, Maláyan, and Indo-Chinese Alphabets, the scratches of the Mongol, Mandchu, Pahlavi, and Zend; all these varieties of script, the offspring of hurry and varying materials; all this contrast of straight strokes, crooked strokes, round strokes, and square strokes, all come by strict lineal descent from the twenty-two Phenician symbols, which some worthy merchant of Sidon, at a date preceding the Exodus, brought back from Memphis, perhaps a copy of those moral tales in early Hieratic character, tales destined to be the progenitors of all the old saws and modern instances with which mankind was to be vexed, which gave the idea of the Proverbs to Solomon centuries after, and Animal-stories, the echoes of which have been caught up by Vishnusarma, Pilpay, Æsop, Phædrus, Lafontane, Gay, Grimm, Andersen, and genial authors in every clime, age, and language.

There are some things, which we can hardly imagine to have been discovered twice. The use of the same Calendar, the division of the month into dark and light halves, the same art of notation, the same system of Phonetic Alphabets, the same legends, the same deities, and the same roots, the same grammatical features, argue the existence of some common origin; and we become strangely impressed with the impossibility of isolation betwixt the different families of the human race. What has been attempted to be proved with regard to the written character can be asserted with regard to larger matters, such as Language, Religion, and even Race. The fact is too patent to require further notice here.

LONDON, 1877.

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CHAPTER XIII.

MONUMENTAL INSCRIPTIONS IN ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.

In comparing our existing means of communication with our contemporaries by the agency of writing and printing, and of perpetuating our memory to future generations, we sometimes wonder, how the ancients got on without the latter, and with such imperfect material substitutes for the former, and we are insensibly led to undervalue the means, of which they did avail themselves, and with such success. There exists, indeed, in mankind an innate desire to live beyond the term of man's natural life, and to perpetuate the fame of great actions; and that feeling was as strong in the dim far-off centuries of the elder world as it is now. Many a papyrus, many a vellum, many a clay vessel has perished, while the everlasting rocks, and buildings of such solidity, that they seem constructed to live for ever, still perpetuate the chronicle of events, which took place before the epoch of written history.

Job in his agony cried out, "Oh that my words were now written; that they were graven with an iron pen, and lead, in the rock, for ever!" This poor man's date and habitat are quite uncertain, but the writer of the book must have had some ancient Inscriptions, telling old stories of sorrow, before his eyes, when he penned these lines. In the land of the Hebrews such things were unknown. Not one jot or tittle in the shape of a Coin or Inscription has come down to attest the greatness of Solomon or David, though their neighbours on the North, the Phenicians, have left so much, and their neighbours on the East have left us the Moabite Stone, while the two countries, in which the Hebrews so long tarried as captives, Egypt and Mesopotamia, teem with Monuments. We cannot say why this has happened, since the tables of stone were carved at the very earliest period of the Hebrew polity, and perhaps it was the very absence of such appeals to the eye, that made the Israelites fall away from the Law, of which they were not kept fully informed.

In proposing to pass lightly over the whole subject of Monumental Inscriptions, care must be taken to guard against straying into the region of the Palæographer or the Linguist. We must keep clear of Alphabets, Dialects, and such details. We have to

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deal on this occasion with the treasures contained in these earthen vessels, or the most reasonable interpretations that have been put upon them. We come in Inscriptions face to face with the originals, which the eyes of contemporaries saw, which their fingers touched, as they spelt out the letters and words. We have no fear of careless copyists or fraudulent fabrications here; where a later hand has tampered with the Inscription, it tells its own tale. Sharp eyes detect on Egyptian Obelisks the lines of Ideographs, not entirely effaced by later Ideographs sculptured over them, or the grammatical construction corrupted by the introduction of new names or words. If we can only interpret them truly, we can find out the passions, the nobility, the weaknesses of a forgotten era and people, and be able to reconstruct Chronology and History on a safe basis.

It has been too much the fashion to devote time exclusively to the literature of dead languages, and neglect those that are living, the vehicle of living thought, the wonderful instrument, whose strings are daily tuned to be in harmony with the wants and tastes and refinement of a people. Monumental Inscriptions form a third branch of the great linguistic subject, too often neglected and overlooked, though sometimes supplying a literature equal in amount to that, which has been preserved by the servile copying of generation after generation. The most attractive poem or drama is inferior in real interest to the living voice, which speaks out from the silent gloom of the Cave, the walls of the Temple, the sides of the Obelisk, the ruins of the old Palace. We can find sermons there in bricks as well as in stones. The stones indeed cry out, while the tongues of the nations have long been silent.

The materials used for such Inscriptions were rock-hewn stone, metal slabs, pottery, bricks, and other smaller vessels, and the method was either Inscription, Intaglio, or Inlaying of metal letters. No period in man's history can be selected as more addicted to the practice than another. Some nations are certainly more Monumental than others; still we shall find instances through the whole length of Central and Southern Asia, Italy, Greece, the islands of the Mediterranean, Northern Africa, and the length and breadth of the Roman Empire outside the above-mentioned regions. The subjects are most varied, from the boast of a conqueror, the curse of a priest, to the plaintive cry over the grave of a little girl, and the conditions of the purchase of an estate. The existence of most curious and forgotten customs has thus survived to our times. In truth, these Inscriptions are like bottles thrown at random into the ocean of time, to be cast up at hazard on the shores of futurity.

It cannot always be asserted, or asserted at all with certainty, that these Monumental Inscriptions were intended for the information of the contemporary public. Take, for instance, the grand

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Inscriptions of Darius, King of Persia, at Behistun; they were inaccessible, at a great height, and not even to be deciphered with the aid of telescopes, which, again, did not exist at that period. The carelessness of the engravers, their want of skill, and their ignorance have also to be taken into account. The language, style of language, and form of script used; the absence of break at the ends of word and sentences, in many languages; the injury caused by the weather, if not by sacrilegious hands: all these are considerations which have to be reflected upon; and the result is that Monumental Inscriptions appear in most cases to have been as much a sealed book to their contemporaries and immediate successors, as to us at this remote period, and to have been soon forgotten. Herodotus had never heard of the Inscriptions of the Achæmenides, nor, in the voluminous literature of India, is there an allusion to the Tablets and Pillars of Asoka.

Some palæographers have indulged themselves in the theory, that a Monumental Inscription found repeated in remote parts of a kingdom, or a geographical expression such as India, indicate, that at that period all the people of that immense area spoke the same, or nearly the same language, and used the same form of script; and yet a little consideration will show, how groundless and contrary to fact such a theory is. The erectors of Monuments and composers of Inscriptions seem to have been, and still to be, a very dull and shortsighted class. The Egyptian and the Assyrian left their Monuments in Syria in their own script and language; the Greek and the Roman would have scorned to use any other. The last thing which, in their arrogance, they thought of was, whether the passer-by would be able to read their vaunting boast. Nor have modern Sovereigns outlived the egotistic folly of putting up Inscriptions in the Latin language in most inappropriate places, and even men of letters and taste have erred, and none in a more ridiculous manner than that Earl of Elgin who gave his name to the marbles of the Parthenon, and erected a fountain in Athens with a Latin Inscription, forgetting the glorious language of Pericles and the modern Athenians.

The geographical order is the most convenient, and we commence our survey with the overflowing remains of the Greek Monumental Inscriptions, which must have been a notable feature of the ancient world. Owing to the increased facilities given to explorers in Greece and Asiatic Turkey, the number of Inscriptions has swollen to nearly thirty thousand, and an enlarged Corpus Inscriptionum has had to be published at Berlin, under the superintendence of Kirchhoff. Newton, of the British Museum, has, in his Essays, published in a collected form, placed at our disposal the results of his unrivalled experience of the subject. He points out the importance of some documents, as bearing on the history of the

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Greeks, and of some as bearing on that of particular Hellenic states. He classifies the religious Inscriptions into those relating to temples, to the ritual and ministry in these temples, to religious associations and clubs, to dedications, and to sepulchral monuments. How large a portion of public and private life does this category traverse! We read how the spoils of war were divided, fines were exacted, treaties made, confiscated land granted to the temple to prevent its being restored on a turn of the wheel of political fortune. We find that the temples gradually became banks of deposit, and it is asserted that sometimes they had mints. We are let into the secrets of all the details of accounts, sales, leases, and amount of interest to be paid, and we read of the conditions imposed upon the architect of the building. Other Inscriptions describe the duties of the priestess, or record the zeal and devotion of particular functionaries, their magnificence and hospitality. We read of the splendid processions and pomps, and the ritual of sacrifice, of slaves being set free by a formula of dedication to a god, who thus became a guarantee of the enfranchisement. Human nature is true to itself, and then, as now in Roman Catholic countries, the shipwrecked sailor suspended a votive tablet, the healed invalid left a model of the suffering limb, the winner of a race a statue of himself or his horse. Thus an ancient temple, like an old church, became a kind of museum. And this was the practice, wherever the Greek colonists had settled, and the Greek language was spoken.

Even in the time of the ancient Greeks industrious archæologists had begun to collect these epigrammata. Polemon Periegetes, A.D. 180, used to go about Greece on antiquarian tours collecting Inscriptions from Sepulchral Monuments, and he was called by Athenæus "Stelokopas." Great as has been the destruction, Time has spared much that is interesting, and further excavations must yield up much more. We give some instances. A rustic, in digging a trench for the foundations of his cottage in 1878, came upon an inscribed altar-stone; the secretary to the Archæological Society read with feelings of awe and ecstasy upon that stone the very lines, which Thucydides had deemed worthy of being transcribed into his sixth book, a dedication by Pisistratus, son of Hippias, with a date anterior to 510 B.C. The oldest extant Sepulchral Inscription is that in the island of Santorin (Thera), which contains the names of the deceased graver on the rocks in a character, which cannot be later than 620 B.C. The battle of Potidæa was fought B.C. 432, and one hundred and fifty Athenians were killed. The names once inscribed have perished, but Time has been more just to the lower part of the Monumental stone, and left the twelve famous elegiac lines to rouse the emotion of future ages, and to confirm the narrative of Thucydides. The Parian Chronicle is supposed to date back to B.C. 263. It is a marble stone, on which

are engraved some of the principal events in ancient Greece, forming a compendium of Chronology during 1318 years. The earliest Greek Inscription, to which a positive date can be assigned, is that on the rock of Abu Simbel in Nubia. A strange and romantic interest surrounds it. On the legs of the gigantic figures, carved out of the solid rock, and from time to time buried in sand, are certain characters in the oldest known form of the Greek Alphabet, which record the names of Greek soldiers, who accompanied Psammetichus in pursuit of deserters beyond the most southern frontier of Egypt in the middle of the seventh century before Christ. The well-known Sigæan Inscription is one of the most celebrated palæographical Monuments in existence; the characters are most ancient, and it is written line by line backwards and forwards, as if it never occurred to the writer, who prepared the stone for the engraver, to lift his pen and commence a fresh line under the first letter of the upper line. This habit, so simple to modern writers, was not so self-evident as to be arrived at without an interval of the clumsy boustrophédon method. The purport of this Inscription is to record the presentation of three vessels for the use of the Town Hall of the Sigæans, a town near Troy, in Asia Minor, and is written twice over, as if to make the gift more sure. A striking discovery was made only a few years ago in the Hippodrome of Constantinople. The bronze serpent, which, according to Herodotus, the Greeks had erected at Delphi out of one-tenth of the spoils taken from the Persians at Platæa, had been removed by the Emperor Constantine to his new city. Late excavations have revealed to our eyes the Inscription, exactly as the statements of Herodotus and Thucydides had led us to expect, of the names of the various Hellenic states, who had taken a share in this great victory. This must be as old as 476 B.C.

Of a comparatively modern date, but remarkable for the wonderful preservation and the nature of the record, is the great narrative of the events of the reign of the Emperor Augustus, which by a mere chance has been preserved in the town of Angora, in Asia Minor, and known as the Ancyrean Tablets. The originals were outside the Mausoleum at Rome, and have long since perished; but the text can be pretty well made up from this copy at Angora, and fragments of another copy found at Apollonia, in Phrygia. No doubt many other Sovereigns, in imitation of the old Egyptian, Assyrian, and Persian monarchs, and notably Alexander the Great and his successors, had done the same, and all the chief cities of the Empire would follow suit, and put up copies in some conspicuous place. The only other extant specimen is found in the text of the Marmór Adulitánum, in Abyssinia, recording the triumphs of Ptolemy, which was copied by Kosmas Indicopleustes. Augustus mentions all the good, which in his opinion he had done

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to the Roman Empire, from the punishment of the murderers of Julius Cæsar to the closing of the gates of the temple of Janus in the long peace of the exhausted world; he tells of his bequests to the people, his Monumental works, his laws, and his battles, the extension of the limits of the empire to Ethiopia, the submission of the kings of Parthia and of Britain. At the close he says, that he wrote in his seventy-sixth year, and soon afterwards history tells us that he died. Space would fail us to enumerate more of the splendid remains of Greek Epigraphy. The Greeks were in a very marked manner a Monumental people.

The most ancient Latin Inscriptions date from the third century before Christ and are very rare, but the continuity of Inscriptions in that language may be said to extend from that period to the present time. Columns, triumphal arches, bridges, pediments of buildings, tablets on the living rock, walls, pavements, and every conceivable corner that would hold an Inscription, have been made use of, and countless specimens have come down to modern times in every country, which formed part of the great Roman Empire. Mediæval and pedantic modern Europe caught the trick, and, in place or out of place, made use of Latin Inscriptions, sometimes arranging the choice of words so as to express, by the use of Roman Numerals in the body of the Inscription, the date of the erection. In the Latin, as well as in the Greek Inscriptions, there is a long list of recognised sigla, or abbreviations, which the interpreter has to bear in mind. There is a vast variety of spelling and grammatical usages, considerably enlarging the narrow field of so-called classical Latin. The ignorant stonecutter, and the scholar of the rural locality, have left their mark in breaches of rules of grammar.

The Inscription on the Duilian column, erected by C. Duilius after his naval victory over the Carthaginians, bears date B.C. 261, and exists in the Museum of the Capitol at Rome, but some bring it down to the time of the Emperor Claudius, and there is always the fear of restoration at a later period of an old Monument. The Inscription on the sarcophagus of Scipio Barbátus, who was Consul in B.C. 298, was discovered last century in the tomb of the Scipios. In the time of the Emperors so freely were Inscriptions used, that Gibbon remarks, if all history had failed, a sufficiency of Inscriptions exists to record the great Imperial tours of the Emperor Hadrian.

Latin Inscriptions contain matters connected with the worship of the gods, the ceremonies of religion, the public acts of the Emperor, the names of officials, honours conferred on citizens, votive offerings, sepulchral dedications. A great deal of curious geographical and historical information has thus come to light. The accomplished superintendent of the Turin Museum, Commendatore Fabretti, showed the writer of these pages his successful rendering

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of the Inscription on the ruined triumphal arch at Susa, and pointed out the names of numerous submontane tribes previously unknown, who had joined in paying this honour to the Emperor Augustus eight years before the Christian era. In the famous Rock-Inscriptions in Syria, at the river Lykus, the name of the Emperor Aurelius still stands as a memorial of the past. Far up the Nile, thirty-five miles above Assuan, the ancient Syene, to which Juvenal the poet was banished, at Kalabshe, is a temple of the Ptolemies, built on the ruins of a still older one of the time of Thothmes III. In it is a Latin Inscription of the time of the Emperor Hadrian, comprising thirteen very fair hexameters, in good preservation and quite intelligible, and arranged so as to present the name of Julius Faustinus, the local authority, as an acrostych. On the colossal statue of Memnon, in the Thebaid, are a multitude of Inscriptions from the time of Nero down to Septimius Severus, testifying to the credulity of the visitors of this miraculous statue, and among them is the certificate of the Emperor Hadrian, that he had heard the divine voice. In the rocky defile, where the river Danube bursts through the barrier of the Carpathians, the eye can make out the words inscribed in honour of the Emperor Trajan, 103 A.D., which neither time, nor weather, nor the fires lighted under it by an unsympathetic peasantry, have been able to efface. This marks the road, by which the Emperor designed to support his Roman colony on the lower Danube, represented by the modern Roumania, whose only surviving type of their Roman origin is that they speak a Romance language. Two Latin Inscriptions are found in the gorge where the river Abana leaves Anti-Lebanon in its course to Damascus, recording that Lucius Verus made the cutting A.D. 164. Ever and anon, across the abyss of centuries, comes a plaintive cry speaking to the heart; sometimes the farewell of broken-hearted parents to a tender daughter ("filiæ dulcissimæ parentes infelicissimi") eighteen hundred years ago; sometimes a cry of agony of a daughter, who failed to save the life of a father, like the epitaph of Julia Alpinula at Avenches in Switzerland, or an Inscription on a funereal urn to Diis Manibus patris optimi. Sometimes we read of a wife lamenting her lost husband, and not very long ago chance has brought to light under the shadow of the old Roman Wall in Northumberland a slab with the figure of a woman, and an Inscription in Latin, which a legionary, a native of Palmyra, dedicated to his freed woman and wife, one of the British tribe of Catuvellauni, and to evidence his nationality he has scratched, probably with his own hands, in the cursive Palmyrean character, her name and connection with him. Allusion must be made to the Capitoline Marbles or Fasti Consulares, containing a list of all Public Officers for several hundred years, up to the time of the Emperor Augustus. Though broken and mutilated, they are per-

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fectly legible, and are deposited in the Capitol at Rome. The fragments of a Calendar, giving the dates of the festivals, have also been discovered. Two classes of Inscriptions are of special interest to us on account of our religion and our nationality, viz., the Inscriptions of the Catacombs at Rome, and the Inscriptions found within the limits of Great Britain. Both have been illustrated by Monumental works. The number of these records preserved in the Catacombs exceeds eleven thousand; and they supply curious details as to the turn of thought and manners of the Christians of the first six centuries subsequent to the Christian era. They are characterised by symbols and formulas peculiar to the Christian creed; the idea of another life, a life beyond the grave, usually prevails in them. Less well known are the Roman Epitaphs in Great Britain. We are astonished to find, how the Roman legions had made their homes in these islands, though the stones bear witness to the presence in these legions of Thracians, Pannonians, Dacians, Rhetians, Germans, and even of Asiatics. The records of untimely deaths of wives and children, which are found along the line of the great Northern Wall, show at what a heavy price of domestic sorrow Britain was held by the Romans, as British India is now by the British. Not only the nationality, but the religious ideas of these exiles, are recorded on their headstones, and we start to find, that there was a time, when in these isles the Sun-God Mithras, the Egyptian deity Serapis, the Syrian Astarte, the Phenician Hercules, the "Divine Mother beyond the Seas," and the "Ancient Gods" were worshipped, and trusted to on dying beds. Indeed, the dedication to the "Diis veteribus" reads like a protest of some old Roman Conservative against the abominations of the Mithraic, and the novelty of Christian worship, intermixed with which the grand old Roman cult still lingered. The Genii of the place, or of the great Wall, Eternal Rome, the Divinity of the Emperor, Our Masters, the Augusti, and the Standard of the Camp, are constantly invoked over the grave of some stout soldier, who, breathing his last in the wilds of inhospitable Northumbria, babbled about the Capitol and the Via Sacra, and former triumphs, in which he had played his part, and perhaps thought wistfully, as many a dying Anglo-Saxon youth in the Panjáb or the Dakhan has thought, of some sequestered nook in his far-off fatherland, never again by him to be revisited. We have no sympathy with the magniloquence of the Sovereign, or the base flattery of the Provincial Magnates to the new Augustus, but we are grateful, that Time has spared in its insolent march so many records of belief in a world beyond the grave, of patriot ardour, and the mild domestic virtues; and those, who have left their loved ones in an Indian cemetery, may spare a sigh of sympathy, or a tear, for the many, who in far-off ages preceded them in the path of duty and sorrow.

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If any one doubts the value in an historical point of view of Inscriptions, let him consider the subject in the light of those found in Great Britain. Let him consider the names of the Emperors mentioned, the name of Hadrian, which occurs so repeatedly on the Northumberland Wall, the name of Antonine on the more Northern Wall; the names of Emperors, who reigned for very short periods indeed; the names of usurpers, or rather unsuccessful candidates; the name of Geta, erased after his murder by Caracalla, and the name of Heliogobalus, erased after his fall. Let him consider the insight gained into the system of government by Proprætors, the municipal constitutions, the existence of guilds, and the mode of granting rights of citizenship. A book, published at the time of Theodosius the Younger, has come down to us, with a long list of the auxiliary nations, who held the towns and stations along the South-East and East and North coasts of Britain, yet the same information is supplied by the Inscriptions found upon Tablets and Altars. Amidst the multitude of dedications and invocations to Heathen deities, not one single trace of the Christian religion is found, which drives us to the conviction, that the early Christianity, represented by St. Alban and previous to Augustine, was not so generally diffused as has been supposed. For the existence of Christian Inscriptions in the Catacombs of Rome prove, that the early Christian converts did erect Monuments; the existence of every Asiatic worship proves the unbounded license allowed to religion; and lastly, when we reach the fifth or sixth century, we find, in Wales and Cornwall, large roughly-hewn stones with brief Sepulchral Inscriptions, with crosses in Latin, recording only the name and parentage, and written lengthways on the stone, showing that British Christians had a desire to be remembered by posterity.

But there were races, who preceded in Italy the genuine Romans, and who have succeeded in preserving their individuality and their language and form of character. These were the Etruscans and the Umbrians. There exist no less than five thousand Etruscan Inscriptions, and their number increases annually. The character, though peculiar, is perfectly legible, but unfortunately only fifteen are bilingual, with a Latin version attached to the Etruscan original, and the language is not only dead, but extinct, all tradition having perished. Only two hundred words can be recorded in addition to names, and only five of the Inscriptions have more than twenty words, the majority being very short, and consisting of a Sepulchral formula. It is, as if we had to reconstruct the English language from the tombstone Inscriptions of a few churchyards. The language predominated in Northern and Central Italy from 800 to 400 B.C., and then gradually died out about the Christian era. Thus it happens, that the Etruscan Inscriptions have not contributed

much to our knowledge of ancient history; indeed, they are still untranslatable.

The Eugubine tablets are of greater historical interest. They are seven in number, containing a series of sacerdotal Inscriptions in the ancient Umbrian language. They were discovered at Gubbio, in Italy, in 1344, and are preserved in the museum of that town. They consist of no less than four hundred and forty-seven lines, continuous and entire, read from right to left. Five of them are in Etruscan letters, and date back to 400 before the Christian era. Two Tablets in the Latin character are considered to be later by two centuries. They contain the acts of incorporation of certain priests, who had considerable authority. Allusions are made to deities unknown to the classical authors, and to sacrifices according to an early Umbrian ritual. A list is also given of the tribes who had a right to participate.

We pass over the Runic and Ogham Inscriptions, which, though abundant and interesting from a different point of view, owing to their extreme brevity, present no historical interest. We pass over the mediæval Inscriptions of the Latin, Teutonic, and Slavonic peoples of Europe, as well as those of the Finns and Basques.

Though according to the rules of geography part of Asia, the island of Cyprus occupies a position which has rendered it subject to influences from Egypt and Greece, as well as from Asia Minor. The discovery and deciphering of the old Inscriptions of the Cypriote language is one of the triumphs of this generation. Extensive excavations at Idalium and Kurium by Mr. Lang and General Cesnola brought to light a vast number of statues and stone slabs with bilingual Inscriptions, one of which was recognised as Phenician, and at once yielded a meaning, but the other remained a mystery, both as regards character and language, until the penetration of the late George Smith established the fact, that the language was Greek in a peculiar dialect, and the character a local one. The hint once given, the research was followed up by German scholars, and the peculiarities of the new Greek dialect were revealed. Brcál, in the Journal des Savans, has given a full account of the progress of the discovery, and in the translations of the Society of Biblical Archæology are the text and translation of the Inscriptions. They are indeed of no very particular individual historical value, but the circumstance, that a forgotten dialect and character have thus been preserved, surrounds these Inscriptions with first-rate interest.

We pass into Africa, not that dark Continent of South and Central Africa, where civilisation has never shed a ray, but the countries on the coasts of the Red and Mediterranean seas and the Nile basin, where Semitic and Hamitic immigrants from Asia have imported a very distinct and yet very advanced culture.

In the country of Abyssinia, interesting to us as the centre of an

old Christian Church and the scene of our late campaign, two Monuments have survived of first-class historical interest. The earliest in date is that of Adúlé: it was copied and recorded by a trustworthy Alexandrine merchant, Kosmas Indicopleustes, whose works have come down to us, though the Inscription on a stone tablet has perished. The copyist lived in the sixth century of the Christian era, but the Tablet was even at that time old, for it recorded, in Greek characters, that Ptolemy Euergetes, the third of that dynasty, B.C. 247–222, trained a brigade of African elephants, and conducted an expedition for the invasion of the coasts of both sides of the Red Sea and into Abyssinia. He then returned to Adúlé, which was the basis of his expedition, and owing to the convenience of the coast was the very spot selected in 1868 by the English for the same purpose. At Adúlé Ptolemy reviewed all his forces, and left the memorial stone. Adúlé is represented by the modern town of Zarrul in Annesley Bay. The second Inscription is at Axam, one of the ancient capitals of Abyssinia, full of ruins, and containing, among many of smaller size, one Obelisk of granite, which reaches a height of eighty feet. There is, however, no Inscription on this Obelisk; but Mr. Salt visited the spot, and found, not far from the church, an upright stone with an Inscription in Greek character, recording that Aeizanas, Sovereign of the Axamites and Homerites in Arabia, king of kings, son of the invincible Mars, suppressed an insurrection, subdued a people, and, in gratitude to Mars, who begat him, erected to him statues of gold, silver, and brass for good-luck. This king was a contemporary of the Emperor Constantine, and is mentioned in a letter of the Emperor Constantine, 356 A.D. From these two Inscriptions certain historical facts are ascertained, which had been overlooked by contemporary chroniclers.

The inhabitants of North Africa, who are counted as the aborigines, as distinguished from the Greek, Phenician, and Arab settlers, were known to Herodotus as Libyans, and to moderns as Berbers, whence the country is called Barbary, and is partitioned between the existing states of Morocco, Algiers, and Tunis. Since the occupation of Algiers, French scholars have made the subject peculiarly their own, and they are arriving at certain results. The Inscriptions found are without exception funereal. They are brief, containing only the name of the deceased and of his friends. The writing is disposed in vertical lines, and is read from bottom to top, and commences capriciously from the right to left or left to right. This leaves a great door open to error. The result of the decipherment is only a list of Libyan names, but there are names which occur in classical authors, and the facts prove, that the occupation of the soil by this race has been continuous for so many centuries, and that no great change has occurred in their culture. The wealth of Latin and Punic Inscriptions which are found in

these regions has materially assisted the decipherment of the previously unknown character, for the same names occur indiscriminately in all. The character of the ancient Libyans is the progenitor of the system of writing now in use, and known as the Tamásek.

Egypt comes next; the walls of whose palaces, the stones of whose Obelisks and statues, the exteriors and interiors of whose coffins present one continuous unbroken series of Inscriptions from a period of no less than three thousand years before the Christian era, to the time of the later Roman Emperors. Numberless papyrus rolls have indeed been given up by the rifled tombs, but the history of Egypt has been painfully worked out from the Hieroglyphic Inscriptions on her Monuments. The subject is too magnificent to be compressed into a discussion of the Monumental Inscriptions of the world; we will therefore notice only a few, as bearing upon historical points of interest. It is wonderful to reflect, that for more than two thousand years there is no perceptible variation in the graphic system of the Egyptians. The oldest-known Inscription dates back to a period anterior to the Fourth Dynasty, and the characters used had even then assumed a cursive style. The names of kings are always enclosed in an oval, and a study of these ovals has led to the formation of a long roll of Sovereigns of Upper and Lower Egypt, either separate or united.

The Egyptians had imperfect ideas of general Chronology, and no trace has been found of any system of dates analogous to the Olympiads of the Greeks, or date of Foundation of the City of the Romans. The regnal date of the actual Monarch is given, and the difficulty is to find the sequence of the Monarchs. Inscriptions upon the tombs of courtiers have assisted these inquiries; as, for instance, the epitaph of an old lady mentions the individuals, to whose service she had devoted her life. No less than three regal tablets have been found at Abydos, Karnak, and Memphis, in which the names of fifty to sixty deceased Monarchs are ranged in rows, presumably their chronological order. One Monumental Inscription, and one only, bears anything approaching a date, and is called the "Tablet of Four Hundred Years," from the circumstance, that an Officer of state, in the reign of Rameses the Second, of the Nineteenth Dynasty, alludes in his votive dedication to an interval of that amount having elapsed betwixt the period of the dedication and the rule of the Hykshos. Unluckily he has omitted to note the regnal year of the long reign of Rameses.

The Rosetta Stone is of interest, because the Hieroglyphic and Demotic versions, being accompanied by a Greek version, led to the original discovery of the great secret of the character. A stone was found subsequently at San with a Greek version, and has entirely confirmed the results previously arrived at. Both these

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stones show us, how the servile Egyptians had prostituted their sacred writing to the glorification of the Greek Ptolemies; but this is neither the first nor the last occasion of their doing so, for the name of Darius Hystaspes, King of Persia, is found in an Inscription dug up at the Suez Canal, and on the walls of the temple of Ammon in the Oasis of the Desert a tablet of black granite has also been found, dated in the seventh year of Alexander, son of Alexander the Great, who was put to death at the age of twelve by Kassander, and whose name is not much known in history. In the time of the Romans the names of the Emperors constantly appear.

Some historical facts are disclosed by Inscriptions, which surprise those, who accept without reflection the conventional interpretation of the Jewish Scriptures. When Moses fled into the deserts of the Sinaitic Peninsula, and when the Israelites left Egypt, they are deemed to have got beyond the power of the Pharaohs. What, then, is to be thought of the undying memorials, which these Sovereigns left in the Wadi Igne or Magharah on the hard rocks and caves, in the shape of Hieroglyphic Tablets which, though twenty-nine or thirty centuries old, are reported by a late traveller in the Peninsula to be in the most perfect state of preservation, and among the most remarkable relics in the world? They are twenty-four in number, thirteen in shallow relief, and the remainder in intaglio, and contain the effigies and names in the oval of the Monarchs, in whose reigns the mines of copper and turquoise were worked. The first Monarch was the predecessor of Cheops, who built the great Pyramid, long before Abraham went down into Egypt; the last was of the eighteenth dynasty, a period subsequent to the Exodus.

An Inscription at Thebes, of the time of Rameses the Third, of the Nineteenth Dynasty, describes the conquests in Asia of that Sovereign, and among the conquered are found the names of the Pelasgi, Etruscans, Chalybes, Greeks, and Carchémish. At a still earlier date, in the time of Menepthah, the son of Rameses the Second, in whose time the Exodus took place, we find mention of an invasion of Egypt by the Libyans, Sicilians, Etruscans, Sardinians, and Lykians. In future histories the purport of these Inscriptions, if rightly interpreted, will have to be borne in mind.

We pass into Asia, which has preserved Monumental Inscriptions in scripts, belonging to three distinct families: 1, the Phenician; 2, the Mesopotamian; 3, the Chinese. It is asserted, that there existed additional graphic systems, but our present subject deals with the historical side only, and it will be more convenient, provisionally, to divide Asia into the above-mentioned categories.

The Phenician is the great Mother-Alphabet of the modern world. We may say with probability, that every Alphabetical system

now in use in any part of the world may be traced back directly or indirectly, either by adaptation of the symbol or of the Acrostychic method, to those Phonetic symbols, which the Phenicians at some remote period borrowed from the Hieratic characters of the papyri of the Old Egyptian Kingdom. Individual sounds were for the first time, as it were, phonographed, and a Phonetic apparatus, however imperfect, wrought out, from which the reader or listener could catch the sound of the word written or spoken without reference to its meaning. The Moabite Stone is the oldest specimen of this Alphabet, and is one of the most wonderful discoveries of this age. In the year 1868 it was discovered in the land of Moab, and, though it had escaped destruction for 2500 years, it suffered serious injury within one year of its discovery. It is the oldest specimen of pure Alphabetic writing, though modern as a Monumental Inscription in comparison with the Ideographic Tablets of Egypt and Mesopotamia. It records the acts of Mesha, King of Moab, and his victory over Ahab, King of Israel, whose date is about 900 B.C.

The interest attached to this venerable Monument is fourfold: 1, historically we learn, that Moab had recovered its strength, and become independent at the time of Ahab and Isaiah, when the latter wrote the Burden of Moab; 2, we find that other places existed, to which the Israelites went for worship, besides those mentioned in Holy Writ; 3, linguistically the interest is great to find a phraseology identical with Hebrew, and the actual language spoken at the time; 4, palæographically we find an abundance of interesting features, the existence, for instance, of twenty-two letters, and, as this Alphabet cannot be put at a later date than 1000 B.C., and it is scarcely probable that the Greeks borrowed the letters at an earlier date than this, the legend of the original sixteen letters can scarcely be maintained. Finally, we must remark the pious God-devoted spirit of the Inscription; it reads like an extract from the Bible, with the substitution of Chemosh for Jehovah. Moreover, Mesha takes credit for killing the males of his enemies only and sparing the females, while the Israelites spared neither sex, with a view of keeping their race pure.

All Semitic Inscriptions are in one sense religious. This results from the idea, which the Semite had conceived, of his relation to the Creator. Every official act appeared to him as a contract with his god. When a king built a memorial work, he did not place it under the protection of his people or his successor, but under that of his tutelar divinity.

Equally interesting are the bilingual Inscriptions of Assyrian Cuneiform and Phenician found in the excavations of Nineveh; these have been very carefully examined and bring out curious historical facts. So also Phenician Inscriptions are found at Abydos,

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in Egypt, in the island of Cyprus, and at Marseilles. One of the glories of the gallery of the Louvre is the sarcophagus of Esmunazar, King of Sidon, which is certainly of Egyptian style, and may be dated back to the fourth century before the Christian era. There are traces of Hieroglyphics upon it, which have been erased; so possibly, like the sarcophagi which hold the bodies of several of the Popes at Rome, it may have served as the receptacle of still older dead bones than this king, who died 2200 years ago, and whose name has been lost sight of ever since, notwithstanding the precautions taken to record his sentiments. "I am carried away; the time of my non-existence has come; my spirit has disappeared like the day, from which I am silent, and I am lying in this coffin, and in this tomb, in the place which I have built. Oh, then, remember this! May no royal race and no man open my funeral-couch; and may they not seek after treasures, for no one has hidden treasures here, nor move the coffin out of my funeral couch, nor molest me in the funeral-bed by putting another tomb in it." He then enunciates all the penalties which befall those who violate tombs, imaginary penalties for violating imaginary sanctity, and then he tells with complacency, how great his kingdom of the two Sidons was, and how he had built temples to his god Ashtaroth by the sea-shore and on the mountain. He finishes with an historical fact, that the fertile plains of Saron, Dora, and Toppa were then annexed to Sidon, and he asks his god to perpetuate this arrangement, little thinking, that the Grecian power of Macedon would so soon absorb the whole country. His plaintive cry was to his contemporaries or his immediate successors, those dangerous people of the third generation, who knew all about him, and cared little for him.

Of Carthaginian Inscriptions we have an abundance. If any Sadducee of modern times had doubted the genuineness of the legend of the Phenician colony in North Africa, the stones would have cried out to convict him of his error. Carthaginian civilisation was so entirely annihilated by the Romans, that its literature and records vanished for ever. The more grateful ought we to be to those enthusiasts, who have visited the ruins of old Carthage and brought away so many Inscriptions, which are generally votive, and reveal to us the names of forgotten deities.

In the deserts of Hauran, east of Damascus, the pencil of travellers, French, English, and German, has taken copies of thousands of Inscriptions in a previously unknown character and unknown language, the traces of a people and civilisation entirely forgotten. The exact spot is a volcanic district called Safa, totally uninhabited at present. Various have been the theories, and widely different the ingenious versions made. A connection had been imagined with the Himyarites of Southern Arabia; but a theory has been

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started by Halevy, that these scratchings and pictures were the work of an Arab tribe, mercenaries in the Roman army, and represent only names with brief terms of salutation. The language is believed to be intermediate betwixt Hebrew and Arabic, and to date back to the third century of our era; but the matter is still very far from certain.

Akin to these in character, but of far greater notoriety, are the Sinaitic Inscriptions, the subject of theories of the wildest kind, which have hardly yet entirely died out. In the Peninsula of Arabia Petræa and the "Valley of the Writing" it had been known, since the time of Kosmas Indicopleustes, that there existed sandstone rocks, spread over a great space and covered with thousands of Inscriptions. Travellers have visited them, and have brought away copies of three thousand. The first impulse of the uninstructed mind was to attribute them to the Israelites at the time of their wanderings, to whose language an importance used to be given, which was not warranted. One enthusiast went so far as to hope to extract the song of Miriam from these rock-sculptures, and to illustrate the poetic phraseology of "Jeshurun waxing fat and kicking," by the supposed juxtaposition of this phrase to the rude picture of a quadruped, of which there are many on the rocks. Writers, who indulged in dreams of a primeval language, the words of which were to be found at random in an Arabic dictionary, scarcely reflected sufficiently, that palæography, Oriental and Occidental, has its laws, which can be traced with absolute certainty, and a soberer view of these interesting Inscriptions succeeded, which has now settled down into a fact accepted by all persons, whose opinions on such matters are worth consulting. Beer is the chief authority. These characters cannot be of an earlier date than the second to the fifth century of the Christian era. The language is Aramæan. They consist chiefly of proper names and formal expressions, such as "John Brown passed this way;" "William Smith, may he be remembered for good." Some twelve are bilingual, the Greek and Aramæan being evidently written by the same hand. We trust in charity, that the propounders of the Israelitish theory were not aware of this particular. Whether the writers were Jews, Christians, or Pagans is uncertain; they probably belonged to all, but they certainly were not Mahometans. For what object they came there is equally uncertain, whether for a pilgrimage, or the purpose of pasturing cattle, or in connection with the neighbouring mines of Magharah, already alluded to, as bearing Egyptian Inscriptions. No historic facts can be extracted from these scratchings, but it is with a feeling akin to reverence, that we must regard these silent witnesses of the existence of a forgotten people, who desired to be remembered after they had passed by. We may add, that in

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the valley of Petra similar Inscriptions are found, and on the Egyptian side of the Red Sea.

We have mentioned the Israelites in the preceding notice; but how comes it, that they, almost alone among the nations of their time, have left no memorial behind them? The Book of Job gives evidence, that men knew what graving upon the rock meant, and the Decalogue was carved upon Tables of stone. How precious would be the discovery of these stone Tables, or of any thanksgiving dedication of David, or historical Tablet of Solomon! Tyre and Sidon upon one side, Moab on the other, have left their memorials, the Assyrian and Egyptian Inscriptions upon the river Lykus, in Syria, date back to that period of time. However, such is the fact. The Palestine exploration has been completed, and not one fragment of an Inscription has been discovered.

The Hebrew language has been destined, however, to be the subject of a controversy of no ordinary interest with reference to the Karaite tombstones of the Crimea. An ancient settlement of the Jews is stated to have been made at a date anterior to the Christian era, and Inscriptions upon tombstones have been produced, which by some are assigned to a date within one century of the Christian era, and by others relegated to a comparatively modern epoch. If the former theory were established, the interest, both historical and palæographical, attached to the simple record of names, would be very great, and as, up to the time of writing, the supporter of this theory, Chwolson of St. Petersburg, after a personal inspection of the ancient graveyards, is persistent in his opinion, we must leave the question to time for a certain solution.

The existence of another nationality, religion, language, and written-character is revealed to us by modern explorers in the Himyarite, or Sabæan, Inscriptions of South Arabia. It must have ceased to exist before the birth of Mahomet, yet the Alphabet is complete, and the Inscriptions are among the most beautiful of antiquity. They have survived on stone and metal, and the characters have a grand Monumental appearance, speaking of a high civilisation, settled apparently from remote antiquity, as they appear unchanged in form from Aden to the river Euphrates. An enterprising French scholar of Hebrew origin, Halevy, travelled through the wild region, where these Monuments are in abundance, at the peril of his life, and to him we are indebted for the description of their nature. Much also has been done by English scholars since the occupation of Aden. The Inscriptions are in horizontal lines, generally from right to left, occasionally backward and forward. The words are usually separated by a stroke; the language is an ancient form of Arabic, which prevailed from one hundred years before Christ to five hundred years afterwards, and which was ultimately superseded by the dialect of the Hijaz or modern Arabic

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Some Inscriptions are votive, of the ordinary type. Some are the adorations of strangers, supplying a great deal of geographical information. Some are architectural, on the walls of temples, to commemorate the name of the builder, and these are the most numerous. Some are historical, to record some battle or important event. Some are orders of the police, inscribed on pillars in front of the temple. The funereal Inscriptions, so common elsewhere, are few in number, suggesting the idea, that the Sabæans must have conveyed their dead to some solitary valley not yet discovered.

Of the Nabathean nationality we have a less satisfactory testimony in the shape of Monumental Inscriptions, but with the great nation of the Arabs we pass into a region of splendour, culture, and historical clearness. The Inscriptions in this language over the whole region, where the Mahometan religion spread, are, like the Greek and Latin, too numerous to record. Verses of the Koran, laudatory expressions with regard to the founder, are part of the architectural decoration of every mosque, which often has every merit of material, design, and execution, except that of being intelligible. The strokes of the Kufic character lent themselves to purposes of decoration. In this language we meet first with that elegant device for recording the date, or Chronogram, as a particular numerical value belongs to certain Letters, and the Inscription is so arranged, that the words of the last line contain the date. Such devices are not unknown in Latin Inscriptions. Thus, on the citadal of Ahmedabád, in Gujerát, in Western India, over the archway is inscribed in Arabic the motto, "Whosoever enters is safe," which gives up the date of 892 Hijra. At Jerusalem, on the bridge over the river Lykus in Syria, at Cairo, Damascus, Bághdád; in every great Oriental town; at the distant city of Gour in Bangál, at Agra, Delhi, Lahore, in Kábul, Kandahár, Bokhára, Samarkand; at Gházni, over the grave of the great Iconoclast Mahmúd; far to the West in the baths and mosques of Granada in Spain, we find the same stately Inscriptions, the same pious quotations. In the last-mentioned place they have an historical interest, as over the inner doorway of the Gate of Justice still remains the name of the founder and the date, with the following, "May the Almighty make this a protecting bulwark, and write down its erection among the unperishable actions of the just!" In the Alhambra are words of another strain: "Look attentively at my elegance, thou wilt reap the benefit of a commentary on decoration; and what is most to be wondered at is the felicity which awaits in this delightful spot." A collection of Arabic Sepulchral Inscriptions in Sicily has lately been published.

In Turkey, Inscriptions on public buildings are generally taken

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from the Koran, but on fountains and domestic architecture they are frequently in Turkish verse; they are found also on marble pillars set up to commemorate an exploit of archery.

Another group of remarkable Inscriptions is presented in Asia Minor. They are the Phrygian, Karian, Lykian, and Trojan. Much is not known of any of them, but they reveal to us the existence of languages and culture, with which time has dealt hardly. At Doganla in Phrygia are Inscriptions upon royal tombs, to which a date is assigned by some palæographers of 920 B.C., which high antiquity is not admitted by others. Other Inscriptions are found, and all are clearly in an Arian language and the Greek character. Karian fragments are found at Abu Simbel and in Asia Minor, and are in an Arian language. Of the Lykian much more is known. Bilingual Inscriptions in Greek and Lykian rendered the work of decipherment easy. One archaic tomb at Antiphellus with a Lykian Inscription had been subsequently appropriated by a Roman lady with a Latin Inscription. Three lengthy Inscriptions are given, and the character is Greek. The language is deemed to be non-Arian, but its nature only imperfectly known. Of Trojan Inscriptions a few have been preserved by the labour of Schliemann, some of which are connected with Cypriote.

The discovery of the Hieroglyphics of Hamath in Northern Syria has been one of the surprises of the last twenty years. At Hamath, and at Carchémish, have been discovered stones with two systems of Ideographic writing entirely distinct from those of Egypt and Babylonia, and up to this time all attempts to solve the mystery have failed. Stones sculptured with characters of a similar description have been found as far North as Ibriz in Lycaonia. A few years ago rumours were afloat of a still more extensive discovery of sculptured remains at Carchémish, but nothing further has transpired. This, therefore, is one of the locks reserved for the next generation to pick. The existence of a distinct nationality, known as the Kheta, or Hittites, is attested in Egyptian, Assyrian, and Hebrew chronicles. It is clear from these Inscriptions, that there existed in Northern Syria a culture independent of its neighbours, which had arrived at considerable power and development. A careful consideration of the characters has led to the opinion, that it constitutes a Syllabary, and that the language is neither Arian nor Semitic.

We now approach the great Cuneiform Inscriptions, and notice that group, which has up to this time defied all attempts at solution. These are situated at Van in Armenia, where the most extensive specimens are found graven upon a rock; but many others less in size are found in different portions of Russian and Turkish Armenia. Scholars have turned their attention in this direction, but have failed. The language is presumed to be in ancient Armenian, and,

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as an Inscription of Xerxes in the well-known Persian Cuneiform is found on the same rock, it is presumed, that those in the local character are of an older date. Of the one hundred and six characters discovered one-half are identical with those used in the Assyrian Cuneiform Inscriptions, and are presumed, but with no positive certainty, to have the same Phonetic values. Here, then, also is a task awaiting the next generation of scholars.

Before proceeding to notice separately the several groups of the great Cuneiform family of Inscriptions, we must make a few remarks which apply to them all. Travellers had brought home from several localities specimens of arrow-headed writings, and as far back as 1802 Grotefend had, by an effort of genius, detected the names of Darius and Xerxes. Thus for many years the state of affairs remained, till the combined labours of Burnouf, Lassen, and Rawlinson, working apart, suddenly revealed the secret, and first the old Persian, then the Assyrian and Babylonian, then the Proto-Median, and lastly the Proto-Babylonian and Susian varieties were made known to a wondering world, making up, with the Armenian variety already described, no less than seven systems of characters, used either as Ideographs, Syllabary, or a pure Alphabet, and conveying Arian, Semitic, and Agglutinating languages. The extraordinary wealth and importance of the Monumental Inscriptions exceeded all conception. The useful series of volumes, the Records of the Past, has striven to popularise the information, and put into order the rough material for future historians.

The magnificence of the great Behistun Inscriptions will be described, when we come to the old Persian. We confine our remarks at present to the second of the three Tablets, known as the Proto-Median, recorded in a character peculiar to itself, and in a language Agglutinating in its method, and of which no other specimen exists. It has been translated by Norris and Oppert, and its contents are very much the same as those of the first Tablet.

Akin to the Proto-Median in linguistic features are the Inscriptions known as the Susian, so called from the celebrated city of Susa, where they have been found, the records of a dynasty, which preceded the Assyrians, and only became entirely extinguished under the rule of the Persians. The greater part are in Archaic Cuneiform. They are easily deciphered, but in the absence of Ideograms, which give a clue to the meaning, unilingual Inscriptions in an extinct and unknown language are unintelligible even to the most accomplished guesser. The most remarkable are those of Susa and Mal-Amir, which, geographically speaking, are not very far from the rock of Behistun. Two accomplished language-diviners have made separate attempts to solve the mystery by the help of analogies of the kindred Proto-Median language. But up to this time the prayers or the boasts of the ancient Monarchs, who erected

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them are matters of doubt, and among the open questions left to the scholars of the future. A date 700 B.C. is assigned to them.

We approach the group of ancient Inscriptions found in South Babylonia, known as Akkadian, Sumerian, Proto-Babylonian, vieing with the Monuments of Egypt in antiquity, going back to the days of Nimrod, the great hunter, expressed in the earliest and simplest form of the great Cuneiform character, and, therefore, the parent of that Ideographic family, and conveying to us sentences and words in the most ancient of the Agglutinative languages, which is asserted to hold the same rank among the more modern languages of that Morphological order, which Sanskrit occupies in the Arian family. What has survived of this language has survived in the form of Inscriptions; but fortunately the later Assyrians, when they appropriated the characters for the use of their own Semitic language, devised for their own use a series of bilingual Tables, which have been found in the libraries of Nineveh, and which render the interpretation of these ancient Monuments possible. Thus we have heard a great deal of long dynasties of kings, who have come forth from the dead into new historical life, of ancient cities, which have long since been covered by shapeless mounds, and, more than this, we have legends of the Creation and the Deluge, and wonderful mythological stories, names of new divinities, and a new system of Chronology, and a literature replete with magic and sorcery. Fresh discoveries seem to crowd upon us daily, and the most daring spirit, with the greatest power of sympathetic assimilation, pauses to take breath for a while at each new revelation. What the scholar of one country asserts, is instantaneously controverted by scholars of equal authority in another; and one great scholar, Halevy, denies the very existence of the language, of which others, differing in details of interpretation, pretend the existence. If one tithe only of what is brought to our ears and eyes be accepted as fact, we shall have, in the Monumental Inscriptions of Southern Babylonia, a wonderful resuscitation of history, as the language is stated to have become extinct in the seventeenth century before the Christian era, that is to say, before the Israelites went down into Egypt.

"Paulo majora canamus." We now pass into the meridian splendour of the magnificent series of the Assyrio-Babylonian Inscriptions, which we might have called the grandest in the world, did we not remember Egypt, already described, and did we not look forward to the Monuments of Darius, King of Persia, and Asoka, King of Upper India, which will further on pass under review. The Assyrio-Babylonian nations and dynasties adopted the type of Cuneiform writing from their predecessors the Proto-Babylonians, and adapted it to a Semitic language, and, without advancing entirely beyond the use of Ideographs, developed a Syllabary of astounding proportions. The language was found to

be akin to Hebrew, and the third Tablet of the great Behistun Inscription being in that language and character, the first attempt at deciphering and translating was greatly facilitated. The discovery of the palaces of Nineveh filled the Museums of London and Paris with Inscriptions in unlimited numbers, and a vast literature was disinterred from buried libraries in the form of cylinders. The scholars of Europe set to work in earnest, and numerous volumes testify to the value of what has been done.

Some of these Inscriptions are bilingual, with Persian, Proto-Babylonian, or Phenician versions; some are accompanied by figures and basso-relievos, and are on plain tablets; some are inscribed on stone, metal vessels, or burnt clay; the majority are found within a certain radius from the town of Mosul, but abundant specimens have been supplied from Babylonia. The writer of these lines has gazed with awe and admiration on the sculptures on the rocks at the point, where the river Lykus, the smooth Adonis of Milton, flows into the Mediterranean Sea. Arabic lines record the work of Sultan Selim, A.D. 1517. Latin lines record the fact, that the Emperor Aurelius widened the road, A.D. 170–180; another road, higher up the rock, had been the track of earlier conquerors, and there are nine Tablets carved on the rock as large as life; three of them are Egyptian, and six are Assyrian. Time and exposure to the weather have dealt roughly with the figures and the legends carved beneath them, but the plurality of tablets shows, that a succession of Monarchs left their signet on the rock, and the lately-revealed annals of Assyria and Egypt tell us, how repeatedly Syria was overrun by their invading armies. In the Assyrian the name of Sennacherib, whose date is B.C. 700, is recognised, and in the Egyptian the unmistakable oval of Rameses the Second, the Sesostris of the ancients; and we have the additional interest of knowing, that Herodotus himself looked upon these Inscriptions, for in his second Book he mentions having done so.

The Monumental Inscriptions, that were buried beneath the vast mounds of Kouyanjik, Khorsabad, and Nimrúd, have been more tenderly preserved, and are fresh and perfect as on the day, when they decorated the palaces of Assyria. It is a strange and pleasurable surprise to hear more details of the lives of Shalmanéser, Esarhaddon, Sennacherib, and Tiglath-Pileser, who appear as dim visions in the Old Testament. In Ashur-bani-pal we recognise the Sardanapálus of the Classic writers. In the Inscriptions of Nineveh the names of Ninus and Semiramis are not identified, but Nebuchadnezzar is represented at Birs-Nimrúd.

The Standard Inscription is so called, because it appears repeated more than one hundred times in the excavation of Ashur-akh-pal's palace, a Monarch of the ninth century before Christ; whose figure appears in sculpture, about to offer a libation to the gods, accom-

panied by an Inscription of twenty-one lines. If pride and exaltation of spirit at their power and conquests are the features of such memorials, still there is a deep undercurrent of piety and devotion to their gods, who give all and protect them and their nation. Let us quote words written and buried away long before the fire of Greek thought had been ignited, or its philosophy developed, a prayer to God by Ashur-bani-pal: "May the work of piety, that shines in Thy eternal face, dispel my grief! May I never feel the anger and wrath of God! May my omissions and sins be wiped out! May I find reconciliation with Him, for I am the servant of His power, the adorer of the great gods! May Thy powerful face come to help me! May it shine like heaven, and bless me with happiness and abundance of richness!" After perusing the above it will occur to the reader, that David and Hezekiah were not, in those far-away centuries, the only men, who could address God, as He ought to be addressed.

The black Obelisk of Shalmanéser represents the King receiving tribute of five nations, and the ambassadors of Jehu, King of Israel, are recorded among them, a fact omitted in the Chronicles of the kings of Israel. In the annals of Tiglath-Pileser are the following gleaming lines: "The records of my warriors, the battle-shout of my fighting, the submission of my enemies, hostile to Ashur, whom Anu and Rimmon to destruction have given, on my Tablet and Foundation-stone I wrote; in the temple of Anu and Rimmon, the gods great, my lords, for future days I established; and the Tablets of Samas-Rimmon my father duly I cleaned; victims I sacrificed; to their places I restored them for future days, for a day long hereafter, for whatever prince hereafter reigns. When the temple of Anu and Rimmon, the gods great, my lords, and the towers, grow old and decay, their ruins may he renew, my Tablets and my Foundation-stones duly may he cleanse, victims may he slay, and his name with mine may he write. Like myself may Anu and Rimmon, in soundness of heart, and conquest in battle, bountifully keep him. He, who my Inscriptions and Foundation-stones shall conceal, to the water shall lay, with fire shall burn, in dust shall cover, in a house not seen for interpretation shall set, the name written shall erase, and his own name shall write; may Anu and Ashur, the gods great, my lords, strongly injure him, and with a curse grievous may they curse him; his kingdom may they dissipate, the armies of his lordship may they devour, his weapons may they break, the destruction of his army may they cause: may the Air-god with pestilence his land cut off; want of crop, famine, corpses, against his land may he lay, his seed in the land may he destroy."

The texts thus revealed to us have done much to establish a firm system of Chronology for the reigns of the Assyrian Monarchs. The most striking document is the Eponym Canon, which, with the

numerous dated historical and contract Tablets, forms one of the most important series of Chronological documents ever yet discovered. They enable us to regulate the Chronology of a period extending from the death of Solomon, 913 B.C., to the death of Esarhaddon and the accession of Assur-bani-pal, 668 B.C. Nor is this all. During the heavy rains of 1875 the upper surface of the mounds of a tower, near Hillah, in the neighbourhood of Babylon, was washed away, and a number of earthen jars were exposed to view, containing several thousand small tablets, which proved to be the accounts of a banker's firm named Egibi & Sons, who for several generations conducted a large commercial business, and dated each contract with the year of the reign of the reigning Sovereign. By ingenious calculations, based upon this series of private instruments, the Chronology can be settled down to the time of Darius Hystaspes, King of Persia, at whose epoch Herodotus commences his history.

The bilingual Inscriptions found at Nineveh have already been alluded to. On many of the Assyrian Tablets there are entries on the margin of a Phenician character, leaving it an open question, whether there was not a cursive form of Alphabetic writing concurrent with the Cuneiform Syllabaries. The series of bronze basso-relievos, sent home within the last year, illustrate in a remarkable degree the Inscriptions, but with all, that has already been disinterred, there is still much more hidden away to reward the labours of the next generation.

The light of history dawns clearer upon us, as we approach the great group of the old Persian Cuneiform Inscriptions. What schoolboy has not heard of Cyrus, Darius the son of Hystaspes, Xerxes, and Artaxerxes? And yet the idea of them comes out clearer, when we read with our eyes the letters, which were carved in their lifetime and by their orders, and look upon the figures intended to represent them. The oldest of the series, the venerable tomb of the great Cyrus, well known in its form, and existing to this day at Murghâb, in Persia, with the legend "I am Cyrus the King, the Achæmenian." Arrian tells us, how it was visited by Alexander the Great, and yet the ruthlessness of modern criticism robs us of this comfort, and urges, that Murghâb cannot be Pasargadæ, and that this is only the tomb of the wife of Cyrus and mother of Cambyses. This is the oldest specimen of the Cuneiform writing adapted to an Arian language, and reduced to a pure Alphabetic stage.

Next in Chronological order is the magnificent triumphal Monument of Darius, son of Hystaspes, at Behistun, near Kirmanshah, in Persia. We have already alluded to the third Tablet in the Assyrian, and the second in the Proto-Median languages, but we have reserved the full description of this greatest of Imperial records,

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till the proper place came to describe the Persian Tablet. On the highroad from Babylon to the Eastward rises an isolated perpendicular mountain on the Western frontier of Media, known now as Behistun, called by the natives Bi-sutún. The Inscription stands three hundred feet above the base, and could only have been approached by scaffolding. The document enjoins publicity to its contents; but this was physically impossible. No trace of steps can be found, and this isolation saved the figures in the time of the Mahometan Iconoclasts. A shout of triumph may be said to have sounded in every capital of Europe, when the contents of this grand stone Monument were revealed to us by Rawlinson. The surface of the rock must have been prepared and all inequalities filled up; a coat of varnish was spread over the letters, and the Inscription in extent and beauty is unrivalled in the world; and yet Herodotus had never heard of it. He knew, that Darius had put up bilingual Inscriptions on the Bosphorus, but he had never heard of this. The figure of the great King himself is sculptured on the rock, and before him a row of conquered rivals, over the head of each of whom is his name. The lapse of so many a century, and the conduct of Darius towards Greece, make us sympathise more with the conquered than the conqueror, as by some strange undercurrent of unexplained feeling we sympathise more with the Trojans than the Grecians in the great Homeric struggle. Here, at least, we have Darius speaking for himself. No lying historian, no careless scribe, has come between us and the great King, and no doubt the words were settled in the council in the form that altereth not.

"I am Darius, the great King, the King of Kings, the King of the Persians, the King of the Lords, the son of Hystaspes, the grandson of Arsames, the Achæmenian.

"And Darius, the King, says: On that account we call ourselves Achæmenian of race. From ancient times we have been mighty, from ancient times we have been kings.

"And Darius, the King, says: Eight kings of my race have before me held the kingdom. I am the ninth, who held the kingdom. Twice we have been kings.

"And Darius, the King, says: By the grace of Ormazd I hold the kingdom. Ormazd granted me the kingdom. And Darius, the King, says: These are the countries, which called themselves mine. By the grace of Ormazd I hold their kingdoms.

"Ormazd gave me these kingdoms, and Ormazd was my helper, until I gained the kingdom. And by the grace of Ormazd I possessed this kingdom."

And so on through the many hundred lines. He believed, no doubt, that the creation of his intellect, Ormazd, had done for him, what Ashur had done for the Assyrians, Bel for the Babylonians, Chemosh for the Moabites, Amen-Ra for the Egyptians, and other

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gods for other nations, and these Inscriptions bear witness to the innate superstition and piety of the human race, who, in the hour of their greatest triumph, rendered homage to the unseen divinity, the common father of all, whom they knew not, and yet worshipped, whom they feared rather than loved.

This same Darius has left us Inscriptions on his Palace-walls at Persepolis, still in the three languages of his Empire, and over his tomb at Naksh-i-Rustam. Thus runs the fragment of his testament: "A great god is Ormazd, who has created the good principle, which by the right and custom has ruled over Darius, the King."

"Darius, the King, says: By the grace of Ormazd the work"—— the remainder is wanting. On Mount Elvend and at Susa we have short Inscriptions in Persian of the great King, but the excavation for the Suez Canal has revealed to us one of priceless value in Persian, Proto-Median, Assyrian, and Egyptian. A further concession is made to Egyptian tastes by the insertion of the name of Darius in the conventional Oval. The Inscription is fragmentary, but the meaning is gathered, that Darius received the Kingdom of Egypt, that he ordered the canal to be constructed from the Nile to the sea (and this is confirmed by a notice in Herodotus), and that he ordered it subsequently to be destroyed for fear of the injury to Egypt from the supposed inequality of the level of the two seas.

Xerxes, the husband of Queen Esther, who wrote the letters to the one hundred and twenty provinces of his Empire, and to each in their own language and writing, has left Inscriptions in the three languages—

"A great god is Ormazd, who has created the earth, and heaven, and man, and gives to man the good principle.

"I am Xerxes, the great King, the King of Kings, the King of the lands, where many languages are spoken, the King of the wide earth, afar and near, the son of King Darius, the Achæmenian."

Such memorials are found upon Mount Elvend, at Van in Armenia, upon the palace at Persepolis, upon vases in Egypt, Susa, and Halicarnassus. Of succeeding Sovereigns unimportant fragments are found, and close this magnificent series; interesting in every point of view, historical, mythological, linguistic, and palæographical.

Centuries passed over the kingdom of Persia; the Greek, the Roman, and the Parthian Arsacides had their day, and, after a lapse of eight centuries from the time of the Achæmenides, a native dynasty, the Sassanian, came into power, and emulated the old dynasty in their devotion to their country's faith and their taste for Monumental Inscriptions. But the language and the character had wholly changed. Their Inscriptions are not of any particular historical importance, but most interesting to the linguist and palæo-

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grapher. Some, fortunately, are trilingual, in Greek, and two forms of Pahlavi, which may be described as middle Persian, occupying an intermediate linguistic position betwixt the old Persian of the Behistun tablets and the Avesta, and the modern Persian of the present time. The two forms are the Sassanian Pahlavi, with Arian language, and the Chaldean Pahlavi, with Semitic tendencies, and each with a separate form of Alphabetic writing, both derived from the common Phenician stock. By the help of the Greek version, the trilingual Inscriptions have been translated, but those, which are found in the two dialects of Pahlavi, or only in one of them, in spite of the labours of competent scholars, are wholly untranslatable, as well from our imperfect knowledge of the language, as from the injury done by time and weather to the Tablets.

At Naksh-i-Rustam, the place of sepulture of Darius, son of Hystaspes, we find a Tablet with a representation of Ormazd, aroused after a slumber of seven hundred years, bestowing an Imperial cydaris on Ardeshir Babékan, the founder of the Sassanian dynasty. The legend describes him as "King of Kings, King of Iran, and worshipper of Ormazd." At Nakshi Rajab, near Persepolis, at Pai Kuli, between Kermanshah and Bághdád, are Inscriptions of Ardeshir and his son Sapor leading a procession on horseback, with a legend, that it is the image of Ormazd-worshipper, divine Shahpur, King of Kings, &c. Another Monumental Inscription, one of many in different parts of Persia, represents the triumph over Valerian, the Emperor of the Romans, 260 A.D. The Inscription has not been translated, but the facts are supplied in the history of the Roman Empire. There are others at other places, and a good harvest is left open to future gleaners. It is interesting to find short Pahlavi Inscriptions in the caves in the island of Salsette near Bombay, with dates of the tenth century of our era. Pahlavi signatures are also found on the metal Tablets in the possession of the Syrian Church of Southern India, to be noticed further on. We read also of Pahlavi papyri being found in the Fyum in Egypt.

The Inscriptions on public buildings in the sweet and concise language of modern Persia, and the adapted Arabic Alphabet, are very numerous in Persia, Afghanistan, and India, and wherever that most elegant and facile language has been adopted as a vernacular, or a court-vehicle of communication. In such Inscriptions we find clever Chronograms marking the date of mosque, or bridge, or hospital, or serai, or tomb. The flow of the Arabic Alphabet is well suited for the embellishment of wall and ceiling. At Delhi we have the famous legend: "If there is Elysium on earth, it is this, it is this." At Shikarpúr, in Sindh, the word for "frog" in Persian is written upon the great mosque to record the marshes in the neighbourhood, and recall the date of the erection. Sometimes a pious sentiment is pressed into the service. At Ahmedabád, in

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Gujerát, the date is conveyed by the sentiment, "He built it from pure motives for the sake of God." More touching is the tomb-stone at Agra, "Oh the grief of Gunna Begam!" which conveys the date of the lady's death, but nothing more; not even the name of father, husband, or son. We read of the tomb of Timúr at Samarkand, with his name, title, and day of death, and in an adjoining room the ominous legend, "If I were alive, people would not be glad." In one of the defiles in the valley of Zarafshán, in Russian Ferghana, are the gates of Tamerlane, with two Persian Rock-Inscriptions, deeply cut, recording for the benefit of passers-by forgotten campaigns and battles. The dates are here expressed in numerals. Another elegant Chronogram is recorded: "A Cypress has gone from this garden;" a date may be extracted, but brevity appears to induce obscurity, where there is no device to record the name of the dear departed. The writer of these pages was not so fortunate, for many years ago in one of the districts of Northern India, which lives in his thoughts, though never likely to be seen again by his eyes, he erected a public building, and a courtly Official inserted over the door a stone with a neat posy, which conveyed a hope, that future generations would remember the name and the date of the builder. Vain hope! for within two years came the Sepoy Mutinies, and the building, the stone, and the Chronogram, disappeared in the confusion, as well as the courtly Official. Allusion has been made to the Inscription over the tomb of Mahmúd at Gházni, and there is no doubt, that many unknown treasures in Afghanistan, possibly Greek, certainly Buddhistic, and a wealth of Arabic and Persian, will be found. In the adjacent country of Baluchistán a Greek Inscription upon a rock not far from Kilát is mentioned, and ancient writings daubed on rocks in red and black colours in the Las district, but unintelligible. Thirty years hence more will be known about these.

We find ourselves insensibly in India, and proceed to deal with the subject of Indian Inscriptions. It is indeed so grand and complicated, and carries with it such a variety of palæographical, linguistic, and historical difficulties, which the industry and intelligence of this generation has not entirely solved, that we must tread with cautious step, and pass lightly over topics of a prickly nature, and, bearing in mind, that we have to deal with the historical aspect alone, give a brief account of some of the chief Monumental Inscriptions of India. The first thing, that calls attention is the comparatively late date of the very oldest of Indian existing Inscriptions, and there is nothing to indicate the existence of older specimens, which have perished. There can be but one conclusion from this fact, that previous to that date there was no knowledge of the art of writing, for the rocks would have preserved Inscriptions of many centuries' older date than that of Asoka, to whom an earlier period

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than two hundred and fifty years before the Christian era cannot be assigned. The next feature worthy of remark is, that this series of Asoka Inscriptions stands unrivalled by any subsequent effort of a Monarch of India, Hindu, or Mahometan, and is of priceless value in a country, of which there are no historical records. Magnificent as was the Monumental Inscription of Darius the son of Hystaspes, the series of Inscriptions carved by order of King Asoka of the great Mauriya dynasty of Northern India upon Rocks, Pillars, and the walls of Caves, at places at great distances from each other, are still more remarkable, and historically are far more important, as they supply forgotten chapters of history, and verify the name of King Asoka, called on his Inscriptions Piyadási, who in the third century before Christ ordered these Edicts to be published in this enduring manner, not to record triumphs or slaughters, or subject nations, but to preach peace and mercy to the lives of man and beast, to inculcate maxims of morality and self-denial, to teach his subjects, that there was a more excellent way than the path of earthly glory, and above all to insist upon religious tolerance. Independently of the wonderful contents of these Edicts, their outward forms present treasures of palæographic and linguistic details, and let a new light in upon the relation of the successors of Alexander the Great to the Sovereigns of India.

The whole have been carefully transcribed, collated, and translated by the united efforts of a succession of great scholars, and published in the first volume of the Indian Inscriptions. Particular Inscriptions have also been photographed. They are interesting, as alluding to well-known Grecian kings by name, which fixes their date, and on the other hand they assist in fixing the important date of the birth of Buddha, which is a kind of pivot, round which the Chronology of India swings.

This series of Monumental Inscriptions is carved on the native Rock, in Caves, which are generally artificial, and on Pillars of a uniform height and architectural design. There are thirteen Rock Inscriptions, though only five are of importance, and seventeen Cave Inscriptions, but chiefly mere fragments. Of the ten existing Pillars, six only have Inscriptions upon them, and of these five only are of importance. This leaves a series of ten Monumental Inscriptions of the highest interest, five upon Rocks and five upon Pillars. The fragments are of palæographical value, and assist the decipherer in determining the value of the Letters, which have stood the blasts, heat, and rains of twenty-one centuries, and survived the neglect, wantonness, and iconoclasm of sixty-three generations of men. Fortunate was the lot of those tablets, which were protected by the incrustation of moss, or the sympathetic embraces of the impenetrable forest. Those suffered most, which fell under the eyes of man and into the hands of arrogant kings, who added their own

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names, or bigoted priests, who tried to destroy what they could not understand.

The field, in which these monuments are strewed is literally the whole of Northern India, from the Indian Ocean to the Bay of Bangál, from the slopes of the Vindhya range to the neighbourhood of the Khaibar Pass. One is in the Kathiáwar district in Bombay, another in the Ganjam district of the Madras Province; others are in the Central and North-West Provinces, Bangál, and the Panjáb; they are found also in Rajpútána. In fact, the field is conterminous with that of the Arian people. Space will not allow us to give more than the names of the localities. The five Rocks are as follows:—1, Kapúr da garhi, in the Yusufzai country of the Pesháwar district; 2, Khalsi, on the west bank of the river Jamná, where it leaves the Himálaya mountains; 3, Girnár, in Kathiáwar, forty miles North of Somnáth; 4, Dhauli, on the opposite coast of India, in the district of Kattak, twenty miles North of Jagarnáth; 5, Jaugada, eighteen miles North-West of Ganjam. The last two are most beautifully engraved and have additional Edicts. The five Pillars are: 1, 2, two at Delhi, both having been brought thither by the Mahometan rulers from other localities; 3, Allahabad; 4, 5, two at Lauriya, near Bettiah, in Bangál. They were all prepared by the orders of Asoka, or Piyadási, grandson of Chandragupta, who is identified with Sandracottus, to whom Seleucus, successor of Alexander the Great, sent Megasthenes, as ambassador. In the Inscriptions mention is made of Antiochus of Syria, Ptolemy of Egypt, Antigonus of Macedonia, and others. This justifies the date assigned to them. The language used is not the Sanskrit, but the Pali, the vernacular Court-language of the period, that intermediate linguistic stage, through which the great Arian vernaculars of India have passed in the course of their development from the synthetic to the analytic stage. Three dialectal variations are noted; but it would not be safe to argue, that the language was intelligible to the common people at each and all of the places mentioned. No doubt it was the language of the Court and the Officials. The form of written character used is twofold; the single Rock-Inscription of Kapur-da-garhi is written in the Ariano-Pali, or Northern Asoka, character, while the Southern Asoka, or Indo-Pali, is used for all the others. There is no space to enter into the discussion, which these facts give birth to. All parties admit the Phenician parentage of the Northern Asoka. The same origin is claimed for the Southern Asoka, though contested by some, who strive to establish the existence of a distinct Alphabet in India, developed from a preceding Ideographic germ, of which there is not the faintest trace either in physical existence, or in an allusion made to it by any authors.

In one of the Delhi Pillars the King records his wish, that his religious Edicts should endure unto remote ages, and this wish has

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been realised. We learn, that in the third century before the Christian era, a great king of India, either a Buddhist or a Jaina, by religion, or possibly both, thought it part of his duty to publish in the vernacular the following Edicts:—1, prohibition of slaughter of animals for food or sacrifice; 2, provision of a system of medical aid for men and animals, and of plantations, and wells, on the roadside; 3, order for a quinquennial humiliation, and republication of the great moral precepts of his creed; 4, comparison of the former and present state of things, to the advantage of the latter; 5, appointment of missionaries to go into the countries, which are indicated, for the purpose of converting the people and foreigners; 6, appointment of informers and guardians of morality; 7, expression of a desire, that there may be uniformity of religion and equality of rank; 8, contrast of carnal enjoyments of previous rulers with the pious pleasures of the present king; 9, inculcation of the true happiness to be found in virtue, through which alone the blessings of Heaven can be propitiated; 10, contrast of the vain and the transitory glory of this world with the reward, for which the king strove and looked; 11, inculcation of the doctrine, that the imparting of Dharma, or virtue, is the greatest of charitable donations; 12, address to all unbelievers. It is a bitter satire to think, that for the last two thousand years there should have been sermons on stones, and moral precepts carved on enduring rock, which no one could read or understand. Could such a Code have prevailed, there would have been no room for the abominations of Saivism and Vaishnavism. Moreover, the King prays with every variety of prayer for those, who differ from him in creed, that they, following his example, may with him attain eternal salvation. He ordains tolerance, by desiring that all unbelievers everywhere may dwell unmolested, as they also wish for moral restraints and purity of disposition; for men are of various passions and various desires.

The soul wakes up in a glad surprise to think, that men of old could, out of their own hearts, have conceived such good things, and the same sensation overpowers us, which we feel, when we read the discourses of Socrates. If Monumental Inscriptions had done no more than record the Edicts of King Asoka, they would have benefited mankind with an imperishable gift. The blast of the royal trumpets of Darius, the wail of King Esmunazar over the vanity of life, the ostentatious devotion of long lines of Egyptian and Assyrian Kings to Amen Ra and Ashur, their great gods and lords, the proud patriotism of the Athenians over those, who fell at Potidæa; the stately record of Augustus of all that he had done for Rome;—all these varied and affecting strains sound faintly through the corridors of Time, compared with the still, small voice from the broken Pillar, the moss-grown Rock, the forgotten Cave, preaching mercy, toleration, and the highest conception of human

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excellence to mankind. How knightly seems that princely figure, whose only recorded title was "beloved of the gods," whose greatest conquest for an Oriental, as well as an Occidental monarch, was over himself, contrasted with those haughty Asiarchs, who only wished to be remembered by posterity, as the slaughterers of their enemies, the destroyers of cities, and the depopulators of provinces, in fact, the enemies of the human race!

We alluded above to the Ariano-Pali, as the character of the Asoka Inscription in the Yusufzai country. The antiquity of this character is carried back one century on the coins of an Indian king, contemporary of Alexander the Great. It ceased to be used about one hundred years after the Christian era. Within that period we find other Inscriptions in that form of writing; two only of any historical interest. Those found at Takht-i-Bahi are connected with certain remains of sculpture known as Græco-Buddhist, which indicate the presence in India of sculptors influenced by the Greek school. Another Inscription is interesting, as bearing the name of Gondophanes, which apparently coincides with the name of the sovereign, under whom, according to monkish legends, the Apostle St. Thomas suffered martyrdom. The ruins of Taxila, the tope of Manikyala, the hills of Kangra, the Pillar at Hissar, and the mounds of Mathurá, have supplied specimens of this ancient Alphabet. It is worthy of note, that not one Greek Inscription has been found in the whole of India, though that character remained, as the leading vehicle of official record on coins, with a subsidiary vernacular translation, during more than two centuries under Greek and Scythian dynasties.

We have already mentioned the Asoka Pillar, called the Feroz Shahi Lát at Delhi. The Chohán Raja, Visála Deva, whose power extended from Himadri to Vindhya, has scored his name about 1163 A.D. with his titles, above and below that of his great predecessor; others have done the same, the latest being Ibrahim Lodi in 1507 A.D. It gives a reality to the existence of these people to be able to see and touch their autographs. On the celebrated iron Pillar at the Kutab, near Delhi, in addition to the Gupta Inscription, which we shall notice further on, there are numerous scratchings of visitors, some in Indian, some in Persian characters. An Inscription on the great mosque at the Kutab records the name of Kutab-ud-Deen; an Arabic Inscription at the same place records, that the colonnades were made up by the demolition of twenty-seven idolatrous temples. On the great Kutab-Minar itself are three bands of Inscriptions: 1, quotations from the Koran; 2, ninety-nine names of God; 3, praises of Muaz-ud-din; 4, quotations from the Koran; 5, praises of Sultan Mahmúd; 6, the last band is too much injured to be read.

The Monumental Inscriptions of Mathurá are a comparatively

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recent contribution to our store of knowledge. Certain mounds were excavated, and twenty-five Inscriptions were brought to light, as well as sculptured figures, which were clearly of Jaina origin. In these Inscriptions not only the year, but the season of the year, is given; the date assigned is about 50 B.C. The written character is the same Ariano-Pali above described, and the language is a translation from Sanskrit into Pali. They are carved on the base of Pillars, and their general purport is to record gifts, but fortunately the deviser has added the names of the reigning Sovereign and the year, and thus they play the same part in fixing the Chronology of India, that we have witnessed in the case of contract Tablets in Babylonia and Tombstones in Egypt. They form, in fact, so many skeleton pages of the lost history of India. They belong to a period before and after the Christian era, just when the Indo-Scythians had conquered India; they mention the names of King Kanishka, Vasadéva, Huvishka, and they prove the existence of the Jaina religion at that date.

Gaya in Bahár is a place of great interest from every point of view, but lately an Inscription has been found here, which is one of the most important ever discovered, if the right interpretation has been put upon its contents. It is stated to be the only record yet found, that is dated in the Buddhist era of Nirvána. It runs, "In the year of Bhagavata Nirvána 1819, on Wednesday the first day of the waning moon, Kartik." If the interpretation is admitted, it will fix the date of the Nirvána; and contribute to the establishment of a firm Chronology for India.

As we approach Southern India, we feel the want of a series of volumes such as the Records of the Past and History from the Monuments, which have so lightened our task in dealing with the Inscriptions of Egypt, Assyria, and Persia.

We will notice first the Monumental Inscriptions of the Sáh kings of Surashtra, on the Western coast of India. The presumed founder is Nahapána, and in three Inscriptions, partly Sanskrit and partly Pali, in the Násik Caves, we find his name mentioned under the title of Satrap. He is also mentioned in the Caves of Karlen and Junir, in the Bombay Province. The next king of this dynasty who has left an Inscription is Raja Rudra Dama, who, on the rock at Girnár, on which Asoka had recorded his Edicts, centuries afterwards recapitulates the consecutive repairs of the dam of the Palesáni river. In this document we find mention of the name of the Mauriya Raja Chandragupta or Sandracottus, and the still more venerable name of the celebrated Yavana Raja Asoka Mauriya. This is of extreme importance, as in his own Edicts he is only called Piyadási, beloved of the gods. The last Inscription of this dynasty is that on the Jasdan Pillar, in the North of Kathiáwar of

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Raja Rudra Sena, who records his descent from the above Rudra Dama.

In the same Násik Caves are a succession of Inscriptions, consisting, indeed, entirely of religious grants, but alluding to the names of a succession of Sovereigns of the Saliváhana dynasty, who ruled in that country. It is not clear, how one dynasty succeeded the other, and it is impossible to arrive at certainty, when we have to depend upon such unreliable chronicles as the Purána on one side, and on coins bearing dates with reference to uncertain eras. The historian has to walk upon hidden volcanoes.

The genealogy of the Gupta dynasty has been singularly well preserved in a succession of Inscriptions. The earliest is that of Samudra Gupta, who recorded his name on the Asoka Pillar in the fort of Allahabád, and in the modified form of the Indian Alphabet current in his own day. We find the name of this dynasty in an Inscription at Mathurá, and on the Bhitári Pillar, in the district of Ghazipúr, and again at Bahár. One member of this dynasty had cut six Sanskrit lines on the iron Pillar at the Kutab at Delhi, for the nature of the character betrays the period. The Inscription is not wholly decipherable; it tells us that "the Pillar is called the arm of fame by Raja Dhava, and the letters cut are called the typical cuts inflicted on his enemies by his sword writing his universal fame." We find the Gupta name at Udáyagiri, the Sanchi tope the monolith of Kuhaon, in the Gorakhpùr district, and on a copperplate near Anophshahr on the river Ganges, at Gwalior, Bhopál, and, lastly, on the rock of Girnár, in Kathiáwar. Here Skanda Gupta records the measures taken in consequence of the bursting of the lake Sudarsana.

The Inscriptions hitherto noticed have been generally of a public character. Henceforward we must look almost entirely to private contemporary records, analogous to European charters of abbeys and municipalities. They are of various kinds, and were intended to serve as the title-deeds of grants and endowments, made by kings and chiefs to temples and religious communities. Some are on Rocks, some on Pillars and walls of Temples, others on large single slabs of stone, set up in public places; others engraved on plates of copper, held together by rings, to which is attached the seal of the reigning dynasty. In these lie our hope of filling up the long gap of pre-Mahometan history of India. The industry and scientific zeal of private individuals has amassed a vast store of material in the shape of impressions of copperplates and transcriptions of stone Tablets. By means of them the Chronology of the Valabhi dynasty at Wala in Kathiáwar, of the great Chalukya dynasty of the Kanarese and Maratha districts, have been to a certain extent established, and light thrown upon other lines of Sovereigns.

Vast tracts of country lie more to the South. We read of Pali

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Inscriptions on the Amravati tope on the river Kristna; of Kanarese Inscriptions in the kingdom of Mysore, and of Malayálim in the kingdom of Travancore; of a large series of copperplates of the Vizayanagaram and other dynasties. Thousands of Inscriptions were collected years ago in the Tamil district, and, whatever be their character of writing, are generally in Sanskrit, though vernacular Inscriptions on private deeds do exist. The oldest Inscription of Southern India is far from being as old as the Edicts of Asoka; and the paucity of old ones, found only at Amravati, indicates the historical fact, that Buddhism had not advanced in that direction to any extent. There is not a South Indian Inscription with a date earlier than the fourth century of the Christian era, before which period the civilisation, which came from the North, cannot have commenced its work.

One scholar of the Madras Province, Burnell, has made the study of palæography one of his chief pursuits, and has thus cleared the way for the collector and interpreter of Inscriptions. From him we learn the variation of character and languages, and the nature of the documents, which have been preserved on stone and metal. The walls of temples, the pavement, and the pillars of colonnades are chiefly used for recording grants and public documents. The following varieties of Inscriptions are found:—1, Royal Grants, which were in certain recognised forms, contained the genealogy of the king, the description of the grant, the conditions, and the date, ending with imprecations and attestations. So entirely a matter of common form had this become, that an endowment in favour of a church of Tamil Christians ended with the imprecation, that the violater of the grant would incur the same sin, as one who killed a black cow on the banks of the Ganges. 2, Private transfers; 3, memorials of a widow-burning, or religious suicide; 4, the erection and repair of temples, or dedication of images; 5, the erection of resting-places, or dedication of particular articles, such as bells, &c.; 6, dedicatory adorations and explanations of sculptures. Bilingual Inscriptions are very rare. As a rule, Inscriptions belong to a few periods and dynasties leaving wide gaps. The historical sense was quite absent from India; if facts are recorded, they are mixed up with absurd fables, and such Inscriptions, as have been deciphered, have quite destroyed existing traditions. A scientific study on a larger field will lead to large and important results.

An interesting specimen of Monumental Inscriptions in Southern India is supplied by the six Tablets of the Syrian Church in Travancore. The first five Tablets are in the old Kanarese character. The sixth contains the signatures of the witnesses, which present features of great interest. Eleven are in the Kufic character; ten are in the cursive form of Sassanian Pahlavi: the last four are in the Chaldean Pahlavi character, but the language is Persian. They

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date back to the ninth century, and convey the historical fact of the presence of writers of Pahlavi and Kufic at that time and place, and may possibly throw a light upon the true origin of this Church, as there is no trace of Syriac in these Tablets. Inscriptions in the same character are found at the Mount near Madras.

The Island of Ceylon derived its civilisation, religion, and language from India, and also the taste for Monumental Inscriptions. No part of India has been so fortunate as this island. It is true, that the history of the Sinhalese Kings is comparatively well known from the Mahawanso, but there is an uninterrupted series of Inscriptions in the vernacular language of the people from the period of the introduction of Indian Buddhism. Thus a continued history of the Sinhalese language, and the Sinhalese written character, can be traced back to a period far beyond what is possible for any of the living vernaculars of India. The Government of Ceylon have taken efficient steps to secure copies and translations of all Inscriptions, and the language presents no difficulties here. They are found in Caves, on Rocks, on stone Pillars, and on inscribed stones in cenotaphs and temples. Many have perished, and more have suffered damage. The figures of a dog and crow, engraved on one side of the pillars, are supposed to imply a curse against any one, who should violate the condition of the grant conveyed, the curse of being born again in such degraded animal forms. Very little historical interest is to be found in these Inscriptions. Some are in the Tamil language, and Sanskrit is used very exceptionally. The subjects are chiefly connected with the priesthood and religion. The interest therefore chiefly rests upon the continuity and the use of the vernacular Sinhalese form at a period antecedent to the Christian era.

The Indo-Chinese Peninsula, with the exception of Annam, owes its civilisation to India. In the great Barmese kingdom there are Inscriptions on the ancient buildings of Pagán the deserted capital; but here the field is still open to the inquirer. There is the incidental interest of Barmese Inscriptions found at Gaya, sufficiently explained by the mission to the sacred scenes of Buddhistic legends. What a thrill of delight would pass through antiquarian circles, could future excavations stumble upon some Tablet or Rock bearing tokens of the visit of the Chinese travellers Fa-Hian and Hiouen-Tsang! More impossible things have happened.

A surprise awaits us to read in the pages of a competent authority, that the Karén, though they had no books and no recognised written character, yet had some sort of Inscriptions on plates of metal and ivory. No scientific investigation has been made as yet into these general statements of the American missionaries, and it is impossible to say, what these records will turn out to be.

In the Peninsula of Malacca Inscriptions have been found, which

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prove that Hindu settlements formerly existed there, though they have left no other traces than half-obliterated writing on the rocks in the forest. Here again we must trust to future inquirers and to some antiquary at Penang or Singapore.

In the kingdom of Siam we find something more tangible and worthy of note. It is clear, that Monumental Inscriptions of any size and importance can only be found, where there has been a settled polity and accumulated wealth and, with few exceptions, an absolute Monarchy. Republics, with the exception of Athens, have not left Monumental traces behind them. Rome began to be Monumental, when it ceased to be Republican. In Siam there has been a powerful and wealthy State; in the ancient capital of Ayuthia, on the river Menam, fifty miles higher up than the modern Capital of Bangkok, are most extensive ruins, and an Inscription in a form of the Indian Alphabet, dated 1284 A.D. The King of Siam asserted, that it was the oldest specimen of the Siamese language, and that at that period the use of letters was introduced from Kambodia, and superseded the Alphabet from India or the Pali. This statement is not worth much, as in the temple-court of the royal Palace at Bangkok are three stone Inscriptions, discovered on the site of ancient cities; of these copies have been made. That of Sukkothay is the oldest, with an assigned date of 1193 A.D. The letters are of a more ancient type, and the deeds of a king are celebrated. The second is from Labong in the subject kingdom of Laos, and details the bringing of relics and the merits accumulated thereby. The third, of Kamphungphet near Rahaing, contains details, that may be useful in bringing into order Siamese Chronology, but is not yet satisfactorily translated. As the king has a Printing Press of his own, we commend this subject to the attention of European residents at Bangkok. The antiquity is not great, but the foundation of true history with regard to the migration of the Indo-Chinese people could be laid.

Of a higher class of interest are the old Inscriptions in the ruins of Angeour in Kambodia. Photographs have been supplied of some of them by the officers of the French expedition up the river Mekong; they are in the old Khmer character, and not intelligible to the modern Kambojan. The language is archaic, and the tradition with regard to its interpretation has ceased. The Inscriptions, collected by Harmand, were submitted to Kern of Leyden, and were in a great part deciphered. The Alphabet proved to be partly Káwi and the language Sanskrit. In other Inscriptions the Kalinga character prevails, but the language is not intelligible.

We quit temporarily the Continent of Asia, to throw a glance over the Islands of Java and Sumatra. It has hitherto been believed, that Java owes its civilisation, ancient religion, and written character, to the East Coast of the Indian Peninsula. A new

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theory has now been started, that civilisation spread to Java from Kambodia. Much has been done by Dutch scholars to collect and publish the Monumental Inscriptions on stone, which are found both in Sanskrit and Káwi. Not much of historical importance has as yet transpired, but they have led to interesting linguistic and palæographical conclusions. The date of the oldest is fixed at 450 A.D. Some are found engraven on rocks near Buitenzong; they are intended to record a conquest or taking possession of the country by engraving the impression of the king's feet on a rock. We look forward to a history of Java from the Monuments from Kern of Leyden, who is learned in the lore of the archaic languages of Nearer and Farther India. The existence of Sanskrit and Káwi Inscriptions in the Island of Sumatra is mentioned by Raffles, and we cannot doubt but that they will be found in the Island of Bali also, the last refuge of the Hindu people.

We replace our feet on the Continent of Asia, and enter the great domains of Chinese culture. The Chinese have been before us here also, as they have works on Lapidary Inscriptions dating back to the seventeenth century. We have only space to notice two remarkable Monuments, which would have attracted notice in any country. In the Province of Shen-si, at Singanfu or Chujjan, in 1624, workmen were digging the foundation of a house, when they hit upon a slab of stone covered with Inscriptions. The Governor had it set up in a protected spot near a temple. It was found to contain a long Inscription in Chinese, and lines of the well-known Syriac character surrounding it. It was perfectly intelligible; in the Syriac was noted the date of erection, the names of the reigning Nestorian Patriarch and the chief Ecclesiastical authorities of the Christian Church in China; to this were added the names of seventy-seven persons, chiefly priests of Western Asia, and sixty-one Chinese, nearly all of whom were priests. In the Chinese was an account of the Christian doctrine, but in vague terms; of the arrival of the missionaries in 635 A.D. from the Empire of Tahtsin or Syria; of a decree of the Emperor in favour of the new doctrine, and of the spread of the religion. The Syrian date tallies exactly with the Chinese. History tells us, that a century later the Nestorian Church was extinguished in China a long time before the arrival of the Jesuits in comparatively modern times. It need scarcely be said, that this famous Inscription gave rise to much doubt and severe criticism. Some attributed it to a device of the Jesuits, but the general opinion seems now to be, that it is genuine; it was visited in modern times by some Protestant missionaries, and reported to be still perfect, though all around was in ruins. Two years ago it was reported to have been destroyed by the Mahometan insurgents. It must ever rank among the most important and interesting of Monumental Inscriptions.

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No less interesting, though from a totally different reason, is the great Inscription, in six languages, at Keu-yung-kwan, an archway in the Nangkow Pass, which all travellers from Pekin to the town of Kalgan on the great Wall of China, must pass. It is engrossed in the characters of six different nations, and covers the greater part of the inner facing of the structure on both sides, from the basement to the spring of the arch. Two of the parts are inscribed in horizontal lines, at a great height from the ground, in archaic Indian and Tibetan characters, twenty feet long on each wall. Below these are four compartments, inscribed respectively in Mongol, Ouigour, Neuchih, and Chinese characters. It dates back more than five centuries, and has suffered much from the weather; all are transcripts of the Sanskrit original, but no one version is an exact counterpart of the other. The Sanskrit was found to be a Buddhistic precept, and fortunately a copy of the Chinese version has been found in a book of ritual. The Mongol version is in the Alphabet called Bashpah, which was devised by order of the Emperor Kublai, but is now quite obsolete. The Ouigour is an Alphabet traced back to the Phenician, with a history well known. The Neuchih is the Syllabary of the Kin Dynasty, enforced by an Imperial decree 1119 A.D., and known as the large Neuchih; in 1145 the small Neuchih was introduced. In fact, each Tartar dynasty, which ruled over China, thought it part of its prerogative to devise a new phonetic medium, and to abandon that of its predecessors. The Chinese Ideographic system, being deeply rooted in the Monosyllabic language, has held its own, and the time seems past for any possible change either in the structure of the language or the character. Within the gate of the Temple of Confucius at Pekin stand the celebrated stone drums, inscribed with stanzas cut nearly 2000 years ago in the most primitive form of Chinese writing. Thus these drums prove the antiquity at once of the poetry and of the character, in which they are engraved. They have been translated.

We pause at the edge of the extreme Orient. China, Japan, Korea, Mandchuria, Mongolia, and the vast tracts of Northern Asia may have treasures of Monumental Inscriptions still to be revealed, but none have reached our notebook. So far, at least, they may be presumed not to exist. Before we lay down our pen, we may notice in two words the existence of Inscriptions in Central America, Yucatan, and at Easter Island in Polynesia.

The thought comes over us, that we hear the voices of the men, who have gone before us, played their little part on the stage of life, and have departed; they were true men like ourselves, and they desired to be known to posterity, and for centuries their wishes in many cases have been ungratified. It was the pleasure of one generation to disregard the messages of the preceding, and it did

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not matter much to the great dead, who had passed away, whether they were remembered or forgotten; to this generation has fallen the privilege of gathering the first-fruits of the harvest of the ancient world. What will future ages think of us? Will our grandchildren think, that we were in this matter of Inscription-hunting slow and stupid, and knew nothing at all? The Tiber may be turned from its course for a few weeks and reveal such treasures, as will cast all, that we have hitherto found, into the shade. There is no manner of reason, why we should not find the ten Tables of the Roman Law and the two stone Tables of the Jewish Law; that some lucky chance may reveal the stone on the banks of the river Beas, which history tells us that Alexander the Great put up with the Inscription, which the Latin authors translate, "Ego Alexander huc perveni."

The rights of ancient families have been maintained and perpetuated by a single tombstone. So the stones cry out against some of the lies of Græcia Mendax, and the fond self-delusion of the Jew and Christian, that all goodness came into existence with them, and was their monopoly. The subject is of enormous importance. On England has devolved the duty as regards Eastern Asia, which Germany has so nobly performed with regard to the Inscriptions of Greece and Italy, and which France has undertaken for North Africa and Western Asia. Nothing short of an Ancient Inscription Society, with branches at different portions of the field, will maintain continuity and uniformity of procedure. As far back as 1807, Colebrooke called attention to this subject. "It is not on a first or cursory examination, that the utility of any particular Monument for the illustration of the civil and literary history of the country may be certainly determined. Those, which at first sight appear uninteresting, may be afterwards found to bear strongly on some important point. We may gather what has been the state of arts, of sciences, of manners, in remote ages, among ancient and civilised nations, and learn, what has been the succession of doctrines, religious and philosophical, among nations prone to superstition." Then there is historical importance in such Inscriptions as the one at Ravello, near Amalfi, in South Italy, recording an annual grant of money to redeem Italians captured by the Moorish pirates; in the Portuguese Inscription on the gate of the Fort of Mombása in East Africa, recording the long-forgotten occupation of that place; and the Inscription on a rock, called the Column of Kinsembo, near St. Paul de Loanda, recording the names of Vasco di Gama and other early Portuguese discoverers. We conclude with a quotation from an old French author, not unworthy of the subject: "Pleased as I was to meet an old Monument or Statue in the course of my travels, I was much more delighted, when I had the opportunity of reading a beautiful Inscription. I felt, as if a human voice was speaking to me

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out of the stone, sending its sound across long centuries of time, and crying out to men in the midst of the wilderness, 'You are not alone; other men have thought and felt and suffered before like yourself.'" If the Inscription belongs to an ancient people that have perished, it conveys to the soul a certain sense of immensity, and awakens in us the thought of immortality, since it shows how ideas can survive the fall of Empire.

LONDON, 1879.

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CHAPTER XIV.

THE INTERNATIONAL CONGRESSES OF ORIENTAL SCHOLARS.

PART I.—LONDON.

INTERNATIONAL Congresses are the fashion of the day. Birds of every feather flock together, and, though apt to peck at each other at a distance, it must be admitted, that personal meetings bring with them a smoothing down of asperities and a softening of animosities. Among the Congresses of late years have been those of the Oriental Scholars of the world. The first was held at Paris in 1873, the second at London in 1874, the third at St. Petersburg in 1876, the fourth at Florence in 1878. The meetings, as regards both their immediate and ulterior object, were most successful, and it seems advisable, that some notice of them should be made for the convenience of future reference, and as affording opportunity to take stock, as it were, of the accumulated wealth of Oriental Research, and to mark the high tide-level of Eastern knowledge. If we do not include the Congress of Paris, held in 1873, in our Review, it is not for want of respect to that country, or to the enterprising scholar, De Rosny, to whom we are indebted for the conception. The Congress of Paris was almost entirely local. The report of its proceeding is most valuable. The attendance at London was more numerous than can probably be anticipated elsewhere, for London is easy of access, cosmopolitan in habit, and has outgrown all those national prejudices and hatreds, which now sadly alienate the great Teutonic and Gallic races from each other. Moreover, there is in England what exists nowhere else, an intelligent public, capable of appreciating the labours of Oriental students without being engaged in authorship or professorial duties. In France, Italy, and Germany a learned Society consists of Professors and authors only, who speak and write for each other, and as the orbit of each is limited, a deferential and respectful silence is maintained by the Arianist to the Sinologist, and by both to the Egyptologist. In England it is otherwise. There is a limited, yet an appreciable, number of men, who enter into the labours of their more laborious

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brethren. Some indeed strive to maintain a certain amount of intelligent knowledge all down the line, others confine themselves to special subjects. Thus it came to pass, that the benches of the Congress were crowded with men quite capable of appreciating a discovery and detecting a palpable fallacy disguised under a plausible theory. Men, whom the authors of books, or the writers in the Journals of the Learned Societies, had never heard of, were nevertheless quite abreast with the subject, ready to applaud, condemn, doubt, or reserve for consideration, each of the statements brought under notice.

The week, during which the London Congress was sitting, began on the 14th and ended on the 20th of September. Inconvenient it may have been for tourists and sportsmen, still it was the only one, during which the attendance of the foreign Professors could be secured. The meetings were held in the theatre of the Royal Institution, Albemarle Street, that of King's College, Strand, and the rooms of the Society of Biblical Archæology in Conduit Street. Interspersed betwixt the meetings were visits to Museums and Libraries and social gatherings, and the Central Office of general reference was in the rooms of the Royal Asiatic Society. Arrivals were uncertain to the last moment, and there was a lamentable want of organising power in the Council. Still the Congress was a great success. Men saw each other for the first time, who had known each other in print for a quarter of a century; hands were joined in amity, which had wielded broadswords; ideas were interchanged, and publicity given to discoveries; correspondences were commenced, which may last many a year, refreshed, no doubt, by meetings at future Congresses; and all parted with a sense of pleasure and satisfaction, having left their photographs in London.

Before we detail further the proceedings, we must consider the great kingdoms, into which the world of Oriental knowledge is now divided, and the great nationalities, which have supplied scholars to go in and possess these kingdoms. If we use hard and new phrases, it is not from pedantry, but in order to take a large view of this great subject. The grand division may be thus defined :—1, Arian; 2, Semitic; 3, Hamitic; 4, Altaic; 5, Caucasian; 6, Indian Non-Arian; 7, Extreme Orient; 8, Chinese. The last five have sometimes been described as Non-Arian, but have gradually asserted for themselves a distinct and independent individuality. First in order are the Linguists, but in connection with them is a great army of Numismatists, Palæographs, Archæologists, Ethnologists, and lastly the shrewd and skilful diviner or guesser, who, without any deep critical knowledge, has the divine gift of catching at the meaning of mutilated Inscriptions or defaced coins by a species of inspiration. It will be perceived, that from the domain of an Oriental Congress Europe and America are excluded, and

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the whole of Asia and North Africa as far as the Pillars of Hercules, are included. But it will be hard to exclude the Eastern, Southern, and Western shores of Africa from future Congresses. At the Congress there were six Sections under the general presidency of Dr. S. Birch. 1. Arian—President, Professor Max Müller; 2. Semitic—President, Sir Henry Rawlinson; 3. Non-Arian—President, Sir Walter Elliot; 4. Hamitic—President, Dr. Birch; 5. Archæological—President, M. E. Grant Duff, Esq.; 6. Ethnological—President, Professor R. Owen. The countries, which furnished representatives were Great Britain, France, Germany, Switzerland, Turkey, Norway, Hungary, Sweden, Russia, and India. No delegates came from the United States, the Iberian Peninsula, Italy, Holland, Belgium, or Denmark. The German Governments so thoroughly entered into the advantage of such meetings, that they provided their representatives with the means of attending. We do not attempt to enumerate the names of the scholars, who attended these Congresses. Like a noble river, the stream of Oriental scholarship flows on, shining and bright, though no one particle is the same in each succeeding hour. Those, who attended successive Congresses, missed at the later ones honoured and familiar faces and eloquent voices, but their works remained, and this is the true aim of the scholar, not to secure an individual reputation, but to add one sound brick to the Tower of Knowledge. The Italian nation, though absent, expressed its readiness, and that of its Government, to welcome the Congress, if the choice for a future session should fall upon Italy. The Indian Government expressed its readiness to facilitate the attendance of some of the most distinguished native scholars of India; but there were great difficulties in the way of the class, who naturally supply the soundest scholars in that country. One native member of the Civil Service did attend, Shankar Pandurang Pandit, who was in every way entitled to take his place among Oriental scholars. There were two sets of delegates. One comprised the representatives of the Congress in each country, who had assisted in the organisation and correspondence, and were called the Foreign Delegates; the other set comprised those who were sent at the charge of Foreign Governments to represent their country at the Congress.

The Congress assembled on the day appointed, and it at once appeared, how successful it was both in the quantity and quality of the attendance. On the evening of Monday the Theatre was crowded to listen to the inaugural address of the President, who was so far qualified that, though his personal predilections were to the Hamitic Section, yet he had a certain knowledge of, and interest in, the whole subject; while the failing of most Oriental scholars is to devote themselves to one particular branch, and ignore all the rest. As it is scarcely possible to over-estimate the value of the Inscrip-

tions on rocks, and stones, and pottery, which are now brought under the scrutiny of scholars from all quarters, the President suggested to the Congress to recommend to the notice of the different Governments, that facilities should be accorded in the East to excavations undertaken purely from a scientific point of view; for these branches of excavations, which follow up the hints afforded by Monumental information, require continually the discovery of fresh materials to stimulate the student, and without them the study languishes. He then proceeded to throw out some important suggestions on the subject of an accepted system of Transliteration, a Universal Alphabet, and a still more striking novelty of writing by ciphers, called Pasigraphy. To give publicity to these advanced views on a most important subject, and to obviate the possibility of errors on our part in reporting his meaning, we transcribe Dr. Birch's actual words, and they open out a very large and new subject of consideration, which the next generation will dispose of in a very summary manner. It may be added, that Pasigraphical dictionaries, in the English, German, and French languages, were distributed to members of the Congress, who could thus communicate with each other without any knowledge of the language spoken by either party. "I turn to the transliteration of Oriental texts into European characters. Great progress in this direction has been made of late years, and many schemes have been proposed. In some instances, the Learned Societies have insisted on the adoption of particular systems. There are many members present of all the Oriental Societies of Europe, and it will be for them to consider, if some mutual agreement can be arrived at on this subject, and, for most Oriental languages, a decision favourable to one universal transliteration would be of the highest importance, as it would, in many instances, supersede the necessity of printing in various characters, and different Oriental types, an expensive and difficult process. It would not, indeed, effect this for languages written with Syllabic characters, but for those only, which have an Alphabet; and the same mode of transliteration would be an invaluable aid to the simplification and rendering of words in these languages, and making them universally intelligible. It is one of the subjects, which it should be the especial object of the Congress to regulate, or at all events to initiate. That some such necessity exists and is felt is proved by the constant changes made by individuals in their transliteration of the vowels of Oriental languages, whether living or extinct, the older systems already adopted not answering to their special notions of the manner, in which these languages should be transliterated. Should the Congress be able to pronounce any opinion on this difficult subject, that opinion would, no doubt, carry with it great weight, even should it not finally decide the

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question, and lead to a further consideration of this pressing want of philological unity. It is not, perhaps, necessary for the Congress to consider, how far it would be desirable to discuss the question of a Universal Alphabet, such a one as would supersede for Orientals themselves the necessity of writing in their own different characters the different languages distributed over the East. Could such be devised, it would be a great advantage for the acquisition of those languages by the West, months and perhaps years being now spent in mastering Alphabets and Syllabaries of complex kinds. Among the Polynesian islanders the European script has been successfully introduced and adopted, because they never had, till the appearance of European civilisation among them, a mode of writing; and there was consequently no national *amour-propre* to contend with, nor any script already in use to supersede. It is not so in the East, attached, from various causes, to their respective characters. But it is evident that, clothed in a European Alphabet, there would be no greater difficulty in mastering many of the Arian and Semitic languages by the Western scholars than in acquiring the different languages spoken in Europe, a task much facilitated by their having one common mode of printing and writing the same sounds. Nothing would more powerfully connect the East and the West than the removal of these barriers, which prevent an easy acquisition of those keys of thought necessary for the mutual understanding and happiness of mankind. It is a natural transition to pass from this subject to the consideration of the attempts making to introduce universal communication by means of Pasigraphy or writing by ciphers. This system has been for some time in use in the West, and different ways have been proposed to arrive at the result. A modification of this principle will be laid before the Ethnographical Section, consisting principally in the substitution of numbers for words, the same number answering to the same equivalent word in all languages. It is evident that when dictionaries on this principle shall have been compiled, it will be possible for a limited communication to be held in writing with Orientals, of whose language the European is ignorant, in the same manner as by maritime signals. It is a step towards Universal Language; and, although a feeble one, probably the only step, which will ever be made. It is not a language properly so called, but a means of interchange of thought, and might prove of the greatest value where other means were not at hand. People divided by Sounds will be united by Numbers." The President then entered more particularly into the organisation of the sections of the present Congress. Touching lightly on the subjects of each Section, in the presence of the assembled wisdom of the Oriental world, he made an emphatic declaration in favour of the reality and truth of Cuneiform discoveries, and if no

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other advantage were to be derived from such Congresses, there would, at least, be this one, that the mouths of all doubters on this subject are henceforth and for ever stopped. The path of the Cuneiform student is no longer obstructed. Year by year he will advance further into clearer day, opening out consequences to the study of Comparative Mythology generally, and Comparative Grammar of the Semitic languages, the importance of which cannot as yet be appreciated. After remarking that the Ancient Language of India was not a Monumental Language, as no Monumental Inscriptions in that country are older than the third century B.C., and that no Arian Alphabet is as yet known, which can be considered older than the seventh century B.C., a period which the Egyptologists and Assyriologists deem comparatively recent, he trod on firmer ground, when he arrived at his own peculiar sphere, the Hamitic section, announcing as a fact beyond all contest, that the ancient language of Egypt is in every sense the property of the present generation. And then follow remarks spoken, we must remember, in the presence of the assembled Egyptologists of the world, that beyond those distant centuries, to which we have now got access, a more distant vista of centuries must be imagined, during which the gradual development of this wonderful Alphabet must have been worked out. As in language itself, so in the vehicle for representing sound by marks, when we have pushed our inquiries as far back as possible, when we have dropped our longest line, there is still no bottom. Admitting the proved antiquity of any Sanskrit, Hebrew, or Egyptian word, how many previous centuries did it take to wear that word down to its present shape and meaning? It is one of the marvels of Egypt, that it starts already full grown into life, as a nation highly advanced in language, painting, and sculpture, and offers the enigma as to whence it attained so high a point of development. There is no Monumental nation, which can compete with it for antiquity except, perhaps, Babylonia, and evidence is yet required to determine which of the two is the older. As far as an opinion can be formed from Archæological considerations, there is a great weight of evidence in favour of gradual development in Babylonia. Some of the linguistic Tablets found in that country have recorded the transactions in that region in characters gradually developing from the pure pictorial into the conventional Cuneiform, but no Egyptian Inscriptions, as yet discovered, are written exclusively, or even mainly, in Hieroglyphs used as pictures only in contradistinction to Sounds. All, even those of the most remote antiquity, are full of Phonetic Hieroglyphics. The arts of Egypt exercised an all-powerful influence on the ancient world. The Phenicians copied their types, and Greece adopted the early Oriental style of architecture, for the Doric style came from Egypt, the Ionic from Assyria, the later

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Corinthian came from Egypt. If Phenicia conferred an Alphabet on Greece, Egypt suggested the use of such characters to Phenicia. Already, in the seventh century before Christ, the Hieroglyphics represented a dead form of the Egyptian language, one which had ceased to be spoken, and Egyptian traders used a conventional mode of writing simpler than the older forms, and better adapted for the purposes of the vernacular idiom. He remarked with justice that the labours of the Philologist must be supplemented by the Archæologist and Ethnologist to secure completeness and prevent errors; and he alluded to a subject, which has indeed obtained a painful prominence, the wholesale forgery of antiquities for the purpose of dishonest gain, which has thrown suspicion and engendered animosity everywhere. Professor de Rosny, the President of the First Congress at Paris, then made some suitable remarks in French, especially this one, that these assemblies constitute a new era in the history of science; that they give a well-deserved publicity to labours otherwise not fully appreciated, and attract the sympathies of the outside world of all nationalities. With a few observations from Shankar Pandurang Pandit, the Indian representative, the proceedings of the first day closed.

On Tuesday morning the members of the Congress met in an informal manner in the British Museum. At half-past two, Sir Henry Rawlinson, President of the Semite Section, read his address. This was a sad loss of time, and entirely prevented any paper being read or any discussion taking place. The eyes of the Congress were now painfully opened to the weak side of the arrangements. Were so many scholars assembled in one place merely to hear a lecture by one member, however distinguished, in a language unintelligible to at least half of the hearers? The President, however, was worthy of the place, and his address was worthy of the man, not too long and to the point. He showed, that the chief interest on the part of the general public in the Semitic family of languages was connected with the Bible, and that that side of the subject had been unduly strained, as Hebrew was only one, and not the most important, nor the most ancient, member of the family; he showed further, that the materials were not yet available for sound generalisation in regard to the origin, development, and scientific classification in the same manner, in which the Arian languages had been handled during the last half-century. Modestly, yet confidently, and with the air of a man, who had fought a good fight, won a great victory, and left his mark on his age, he made the following remarks: "I draw attention to the enlarged proportions, that have lately been given to Semitic research. Not only have our Phenician materials been more than doubled since Gesenius wrote his famous text-book on the relics of that language, but Southern Arabia has yielded a mass of Inscrip-

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tions from copperplates and sculptured rocks, which have brought the old Himyarite language fairly within our grasp; and more recently Assyria has been added to the list, sustained inquiry having opened up to investigation of scholars that ancient language, which, as far as our present knowledge extends, would seem to be one of the earliest members of this widespread family. Europe was very slow to admit the genuineness of Cuneiform decipherment. It was asserted, that it was impossible to recover lost Alphabets and extinct Languages without the aid of a bilingual key, such as was afforded to Egyptologists by the stone of Rosetta. Our efforts at interpretation were therefore pronounced to be empirical, and scholars were warned against accepting our results. I have a vivid recollection, indeed, of the scornful incredulity, with which I was generally received, when, in 1849, I first brought to England a copy of the Babylonian version of the Behistun Inscription, and endeavoured to show, that by comparing this version with the corresponding Persian text I had arrived at a partial understanding of the newly-discovered records of Assyria and Babylonia. I did not assume to have done more than break the crust of the difficulty, and yet I obtained no attention. Hardly any one in England, except Hincks, Norris, and Bunsen, were satisfied of the soundness of the basis of inquiry. Scholars, accustomed to the rigid forms and limited scope of Alphabets of the Phenician type, were bewildered at the laxity of Cuneiform expression, where Phonetic and Ideographic elements were commingled; and refused to admit the possibility of such a system of writing being applied to a Semitic language. Biblical students again were not favourable at first to the idea of testing the authenticity of the Hebrew annals by comparing them with the contemporary annals of a cognate people, and for a time ignored our results, while the Classicists, who followed the lead of Cornewall Lewis, calmly asserted the superiority and sufficiency of Greek tradition, and treated our endeavours to set up a rival school of historical criticism, derived from a barbarian source, with contempt." He then ran over the names of the distinguished Assyriologists of the different European nations. He implied, that his own knowledge, and that of his English fellow-labourers, had been surpassed by foreign scholars, who, taking a practical rather than a sensational view of the subject, had applied a searching and elaborate critical power, combined with intense application, and a thorough mastery of the Semitic languages, rather than conjectural translations or premature generalisations; he further remarked, that the illustration of obscure points of Ethnology and Chronology were more attractive in their nature, than dry disquisitions on Grammar, but that these studies ought to be a necessary preliminary to the others, whose very attractiveness is in inverse ratio to their philological

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value. This is a wise caution; the period for guesswork is past; and, as Sir Henry Rawlinson was the first to open the sealed casket, he is entitled to give his advice to younger scholars, how those treasures can be most advantageously used, so as to weld together the newly-discovered members of the Semitic family with their three younger sisters, who have lived down to our time on the secure basis of manuscripts and tradition, the Hebrew, Syrian, and Arabic. Professor Oppert then occupied the Congress by a long discourse in French, upon a subject connected with Assyriology, the purport of which scholars educated up to the mark might, after reading and reflection, understand, or fancy that they understand, in part or entirely. His manner was excited; his pronunciation rapid; he covered a lecture-board with figures at a rate baffling all power of calculation; and the mixed audience, imperfectly acquainted with the subject and the language of the speaker, were thoroughly wearied. But a fresh surprise was in store for them, when Professor Schrader addressed the Congress in German, thus limiting the intelligent audience still further, and he was understood to combat the assertions of his predecessor. The assembly felt, that they had fallen from the frying-pan into the fire in thus exchanging German for French; and, as no attempt was made by means of an interpreter to give the audience a brief abstract of the statements of either speaker, many remained absolutely ignorant as to what they had been listening to. This, however, opened out the whole question of the utility of such Congresses, as it became clear, that this afternoon there had been a triangular duel betwixt English, German, and French, which no one could understand, for, with the exception of a few gifted trilinguals, all were in turn barbarians on the second day of the Oriental Congress.

The hours of Wednesday were wasted. The Mahomet of the day, instead of coming to London, was pleased to summon the mountain to Wimbledon to partake of a crowded breakfast; thence some drifted away to the Kew Gardens, and it was not till the late hour of 8.30 P.M., that the learned body was again assembled. The subject to be discussed was the Non-Arian Languages, as above described, with the exception of the Hamitic, for which a separate Section had been provided. Sir Walter Elliot, the President, exercised the self-denying grace of not reading his address, laying it on the table to be printed with the Proceedings. It is well worthy of being read, though it goes over ground more or less familiar, and shows, that the speculation of the author is equal in daring to that of any in this age of daring speculation. Professor Hunfalvy, of Pesth, brought the Congress back from theory to hard facts. His address was delivered in German, and related to the classification of the languages of the Altaic family. The Hungarian nation, whose language is called Magyar, together with

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the Finns and Turks, represent the Altaic race in Europe, and are in a high state of civilisation. He showed by numerous facts, adduced from Magyar, Wogul, Ostiak, and Finnish, that the established theory was not well founded, and that it led students into many errors. The same genealogical method of studying, which had created the Arian and Semitic linguistic families must be applied to these languages, and that, until this was scientifically done, all comparative study of them must be unavailing. The Congress then listened to a paper by the Rev. Isaac Taylor on his theory of the connection of the Etruscan language with the Altaic family. He wished to show a connection of the extinct Etruscan with the equally extinct Proto-Babylonian Language, a knowledge of which is slowly but surely being worked out. His theory did not receive much support, since all that is known of Etruscan does not exceed half a hundred words, chiefly proper names. The Reverend Joseph Edkins, one of the most advanced of the Chinese scholars, who ventures to go beyond the mere knowledge of the language into the great arena of comparative language, then interested such of the Congress, as could understand English, and had an elementary knowledge of Chinese, with a paper on the Chinese language at the time of the invention of writing. We give his argument, as opening out new vistas of thought, with reference to the remarks quoted above on the subject of Egyptian Hieroglyphics. "Gradually the great Ideographic mystery is being solved, and the development of the human mind is being traced in three independent channels, the Chinese, Egyptian, and Assyrian. The date of the origin of the written character of the Chinese is said by themselves to be 2300 B.C. In order to leave sufficient time for the development of that language since the invention of writing, it is best to accept the native date as not being too ancient. The celebrated Buddhist pilgrim, Hiouen Tsang, translated several Sanskrit works into Chinese 1200 years ago. His way of writing Sanskrit names with Chinese characters shows what sounds were attached to those characters at that period. A little before his days the Chinese learned from Hindu missionaries for the first time the way to spell words with the help of the Alphabet. A second period of 1200 years takes us back to the time of the old Chinese poetry, recently translated by Dr. Legge. That poetry was in the simple vernacular of the time, and was arranged in short lines all carefully rhyming together. By this aid we learn what the language then was, and how the Chinese characters were then pronounced, their meaning, and which of them were occasionally changed one for another. Another similar period of 1200 years carries us back nearly to the traditional date of the invention of writing. Proceeding carefully with the information thus acquired on the characteristics of the language at the two epochs named, we

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may attack the characters themselves to learn, whether they can tell us anything as to what that language was, which they were invented to represent. After a thousand or more Ideographs had been formed by drawing pictures in outline of natural objects, and suggestive groupings of strokes to represent the verbs, the Chinese attached the sounds of the objects or actions to the pictures, and then advanced another step, which was to use about 1000 select Ideographs as signs of sound. By examining the mass of compound characters thus constructed, it is possible to restore the pronunciation, as it was at the date of the invention. Every word has changed its sound in the interim. A large number of remarkable letter-changes have grown up and run their course. By the application of the principle of Phonetic writing just stated, the ancient language was, as it were, photographed, and the photograph can be deciphered by the Philologist. The laws of intervening change was estimated, and the language restored to its primitive state, as far as regards many of its essential features." From the standpoint of our present knowledge we look back with some feeling of pity on the groping in the dark of Sir William Jones and Anquetil de Perron. In the year 1974 what will be thought of the remarks made in this Congress? The last paper was also in English, The Result of an Examination of Chinese-Buddhist Books in the Library of the India Office,' by the Rev. S. Beal, who reported that there were seventy-two distinct Buddhist compilations, and forty-seven of them were translations from Sanskrit, containing valuable facts not recorded elsewhere. Signs of dissatisfaction were evident in the faces of many of the foreigners, who sat through these tedious hours listening to unknown tongues, unrelieved by any intellectual skirmishes. There was a general feeling, that there was something wrong in the first principle, on which the Congress was organised; and yet no blame could attach to the President of the Section, who in a spirit of laudable self-negation held his peace, nor to those, who addressed the Congress, for they spoke clearly and well on interesting subjects: some one should have risen up, and cast a ball of contest, which would have brought to their legs in quick succession the most distinguished of the scholars present, whose words should have been rapidly interpreted.

The next day, Thursday, was thoroughly devoted to the proper work of the Congress, the inspection of Soane Museum and of the India Office Library. After-ages and Scholars yet to be born will learn to speak with gratitude of the labours of the Catalogue-makers of the last twenty years. The President, Max Müller, occupied the Congress with a long address in English. He was one of the happy few, who could have struck off brief but striking

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passages in English, and then electrified his audience by gracefully repeating them in French, and reiterating them in his native language; it was an opportunity for a "tour de force," which many a man would have sought for, and which would have been hailed as the master-stroke of the Congress; and English, French, and German would have united in praising that trilingual hero, who could captivate equally his hearers at Paris, at Strasburg, or in London. But he lost his opportunity; all that fell from his lips was valuable, though to those, who have heard him often, there is an amount of sameness. Those, who have read his works, seem to know his stock illustrations, and could finish his half-uttered sentences from their knowledge of the Chips in his workshop. We quote a portion. "The first question, which the world never fails to address to us, is: *Dic cur hic?* Why are you here? What is your *raison d'être?* We have had to submit to this examination, even before we existed, and many a time have I been asked, What is the good of an International Congress of Orientalists? It seems to me, that the real and permanent use of these scientific gatherings is twofold: (1.) They enable us to take stock, to compare notes, to see, where we are, and to find out, where we ought to be going. (2.) They give us an opportunity, from time to time, to tell the world, where we are, what we have been doing for the world, and what, in return, we expect the world to do for us. The danger of all scientific work at present, not only among Oriental scholars, but, as far as I can see, everywhere, is the tendency to extreme specialisation. Our age shows in that respect a decided reaction against the spirit of a former age, which those with grey heads among us can still remember, an age represented by men, who look to us like giants, carrying a weight of knowledge far too heavy for the shoulders of such mortals as now be; but whose chief strength consisted in this, that they were never entirely absorbed or bewildered by special researches, but kept their eye steadily on the highest objects of all human knowledge; who could trace the vast outlines of the kosmos of nature or of the mind with an unwavering hand, and to whose maps and guide-books we must still recur, whenever we are in danger of losing our way in the mazes of minute research. At the present moment, such works as theirs would be impossible. It is quite right, that this should be so, at least for a time; but all rivers are meant to flow into the Ocean, and all special knowledge, to keep it from stagnation, must have an outlet into the general knowledge of the world. Knowledge, for its own sake, is the most dangerous idol, that a student can worship. We despise the miser, who amasses money for the sake of money, but still more contemptible is the intellectual miser, who hoards up knowledge instead of spending it. Against this danger of mistaking the means for the end, of making

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bricks without making mortar, of working for ourselves instead of working for others, meetings such as our own, bringing together so large a number of the first Oriental scholars, seem to me a most excellent safeguard. Oriental literature is of such enormous dimensions, that our small army of Scholars can occupy certain prominent positions only; but those points, like the stations of a Survey, ought to be carefully chosen, so as to be able to work in harmony together. I hope that in that respect our Congress may prove of special benefit. We shall hear, each of us from others, what they wish us to do. 'Why don't you finish this?' 'Why don't you publish that?' are questions, which we have already heard asked by many of our friends. We shall be able to avoid what happens so often, that two men collect materials for exactly the same work; and we may possibly hear of some combined effort to carry out great works, which can only be carried out *viribus unitis*, and of which I may at least mention one, a translation of the Sacred Books of Mankind. Important progress has already been made for setting on foot this great undertaking, an undertaking, which I think the world has a right to demand from Oriental Scholars, but which can only be carried out by joint action. This Congress has helped us to lay the foundation-stone, and I trust that at our next Congress we shall be able to produce some tangible results. I now come to the second point. A Congress enables us to tell the world what we have been doing. This, it seems to me, is particularly needful with regard to Oriental studies, which, with the exception of Hebrew, stand still outside the pale of our Universities, and are cultivated by the smallest number of students. And yet I make bold to say, that during the last fifty years Oriental studies have contributed more than any other branch of scientific research to change, to purify, to clear, and intensify the intellectual atmosphere of Europe, and to widen our horizon in all that pertains to the science of man, in history, philology, and philosophy. We have not only conquered and annexed new worlds to the ancient Empire of learning, but we have leavened the old world with ideas, that are already fermenting even in the daily bread of Schools and Universities." He goes on to show, what a change in our thoughts has been produced by the discovery of the Comparative Method, which was only possible, when the revelation of the Oriental store of knowledge gave to the European student the power of generalising in Language, Mythology, and Religion. He then turned his attention to the neglect, which Oriental studies met with in England, and specially at the Universities, which ought to be the Metropolis of all knowledge, but which stifled the free study of Hebrew under a load of Theology, and neglected all the languages of the world in favour of Latin and Greek. He pointed out, how much Missions would profit by facilities of acquir-

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ing foreign languages at the Universities, how much knowledge had to be caught alive, while there was yet time, arrayed and published by men, who possessed learned leisure, the very class for whom the emoluments of Fellowships were intended. He rendered due homage to the unceasing and discriminating liberality ever shown by the Government of India to Oriental study, and he drew attention to the Surveys now in progress in India, Literary (for the collection and cataloguing of Manuscripts), Archæological and Ethnological, and urged the necessity of progress being made in the classification and popularising the knowledge of the numerous languages of British India. He then laid on the table the last sheet of the text of the Rig Veda, the oldest book of the Arian world, a work commenced a quarter of a century before, and prosecuted continuously; and he closed by assigning to the Veda their proper position. The Rig Veda is valuable and priceless, not because it is not like the Psalms, and not like Pindar, but because it stands alone by itself, and reveals to us the earliest germs of religious thoughts, such as they really were; it is, because it places before us a language more primitive than any we knew before; it is because its poetry is savage and uncouth, showing us what man was, what we were before we had reached the level of David, of Homer, of Zoroaster, showing us the very cradle of our thoughts, our words, and deeds. Professor Stenzler of Breslau then read a paper in the German language on the Hindu Doctrine of Expiation; the German portion of the audience thus had their revenge on the English and French monoglots by understanding his words, if not his arguments. The Syrian Patriarch and his Suffragan, the Bishop of Jerusalem, who knew literally nothing but their own Arabic, got through this and the meetings of the other days with Stoical patience, and a look of polite semi-intelligence; no doubt the habitual attendance of a form of religious worship in a language totally unintelligible to themselves, or their congregation, does help a person to play the otherwise awkward part of a lay-figure in the midst of an assembly of great intelligence with dignity and self-respect, and they were able to maintain during discussions, which they could not comprehend, the same reverend, easy, and polite appearance, which they presented the previous day at the public breakfast, of which they appeared to be unable to partake. Professor Haug, of Munich, followed with a paper on the interpretation of the Veda, a subject of the greatest interest, but which no one can pretend to understand, who is not educated up to it. Here a new difficulty met the Congress. The Professor is an English scholar, and has written books in English; but his pronunciation was such, as can only be compared to the barking of a dog, and was perfectly unintelligible to all; his paper also was inordinately long; and these two facts point to another rule for future Congresses, that the abstract of papers

should be read rather than the whole production, with a rigidly-kept allowance of time, and that a wise discretion be exercised in excluding those, however distinguished, who have not the divine power of addressing public audiences. Shankar Pandurang Pandit addressed the Congress on Hindu Law and its bearings on Violation of Caste; his appearance was singularly prepossessing, his manner modest, his language well chosen and well pronounced. Professor Thibaut then read in English a paper on the Culva Sutra, a class of writing which contains the very first beginning of Geometry among the ancient Indians. In a sad and subdued tone, this obscure and uninteresting treatise fell upon the audience like the last straw on the camel's back, and it fairly melted away under its influence.

A special meeting of the Arian Section was held on Friday morning at an early hour, and a paper was read by the Rev. Dr. Mitchell on the Difficulty of rendering European Ideas in Eastern Languages. This was followed by a paper by Shankar Pandurang Pandit on the Age of the Poet Kalidâsa. Two further papers were laid on the table, one by Dr. Wise on the Systems of Hindu Medicine, and one by Colonel Ellis on Certain Disputed Points of Indian History. Baron Textor de Ravisi, late Governor of Pondicherry, then raised a question regarding the Chronology of India, founded upon an Inscription on the Pagoda of Udaipur; his main object was to have this important Inscription photographed, as at present the copies differed materially, and according to one version, a great revolution in the order of Chronological events at present received would be effected. On the table of the Congress were exposed to public view by Dr. Eggeling, the Secretary of the Royal Asiatic Society, some valuable Manuscripts. Among others were some Jaina palm-leaves, dating from the twelfth to the fourteenth century A.D., which is the oldest date which can safely be assigned to any Indian Manuscript, showing, how far India falls behind Egypt, Greece, and Rome; nor does India make up for the want of antiquity in her Manuscripts by an over-abundant wealth or excessive age of her Monuments on stone and metal, as in this particular also she falls centuries behind Assyria, Egypt, Asia-Minor, Syria, Greece, and Italy. In fact, the claim of India to rank among the ancient Monumental Treasuries of the world has been set aside, and all that has come down to us is comparatively recent. On the other hand, uninterrupted tradition, oral and literary, has done for the great authors of India the same work of conservation, to which we owe the records of the Hebrew nation. Thus closed the Arian Section. Brilliant as it was in many respects, it lacked that life and conflict of mind with mind, which appears to be of the essence of a Congress. We should have liked to have seen some evidences of the searching and elaborate critical power of the

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German, of the sweetness and light of the French, of the practical good sense and sound judgment of the English, illustrated *vivâ voce* before us; it may be unreasonable, but, as the writer of these pages stood on the highest bench of the Theatre, his eyes fell on the collective Oriental knowledge of Europe, and he would have liked to have heard the sound of the voice of some of those men, whose faces he may never probably see again.

On the evening of the same day the members of the Congress were summoned to the Hamitic Section. Professor Lepsius, one of the most eminent and experienced Egyptologists, led the way, as indeed his seniority entitled him; for the writer of these pages can recollect how, in the year 1843, he and Mr. Bonómi, who was also present at the Congress, were engaged in making researches in Egypt, and was found in the act of inscribing in Hieroglyphics of his own composition the praises of the King of Prussia over the entrance to the Great Pyramid of Cheops. Since then his special science has made vast strides. He proposed three points for the decision of the Congress, and in a special conference of Egyptologists they were disposed of, before the Congress separated, and the decision engrossed in a protocol. Professor Brugsch, delegate from Egypt, delivered a lecture on the subject of the route taken by the Israelites out of Egypt, with a grace of manner and diction, that could not be surpassed. By birth a German, and an official of the Khedive, he addressed the audience in French. The attention of the Congress was then drawn by the Baron Textor de Ravisi to the important publications of the Societies of Algiers. Northern Africa has been compelled to give up its Monumental Inscriptions in the Berber languages, and the French rulers have not been found wanting to work this rich and virgin field. Professor Ebers described the nature and contents of the great Medical Papyrus, which he had obtained at Thebes, and was about to publish; but, alas! for the hearers, the lecturer spoke German, and the only sound, which many took home with them, was the oft-repeated word, Papírús. It appears that it consists of 110 pages without a single character wanting, and in a wonderful state of preservation. Its date is 1600 B.C. The contents furnish a favourable testimony to the knowledge and industry of the Egyptian medical men, who embalmed the bodies of Joseph and Jacob, for to that date we are carried back, and the book is full of quotations from still older authors. For students of old Egyptian grammar this book is of value, and additions are made by it to the vocabulary. Facsimiles have been made, which have given its contents an unlimited lease of future life; and Art has become the handmaid of Science to such an extent, that under the new process it is really difficult to distinguish the facsimile from the original. Professor Eisenlohr then read a paper on the contents

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of the Mathematical Papyrus of the British Museum, which is a copy made 1700 B.C. of an original assigned to 2000, a date anterior to the Call of Abraham. It must be remembered, that these facts are stated by Germans, from a Manuscript in the British Museum, and in the presence of French scholars, the earliest and most indefatigable in the field of Egyptology. The boldest may well hold their breath for a time, and wish, that their lives might be extended to enjoy the stores, which the next quarter of a century must pour into the lap of the survivors, the happy inheritors of the treasures of this generation of industry and ingenuity. Papers were then laid on the table on the royal tombs of Abydos, and the proportions of the great Pyramid of Cheops. Remarks were made by Professor Lieblein of Christiania and Professor Duemichen; and the meeting closed, to which, perhaps, the palm of superiority over all other meetings of the Congress must be conceded; and, if only an interpreter could have stood forward, and rapidly communicated the nature of the remarks made in foreign languages, the pleasure would have been complete, as it would have been shared by all.

On Friday the Congress met for the Archæological Section. The President, Mr. Duff, narrowed the subject to British Indian Archæology, excluding the vast fields of Algerian, Egyptian, Cypriote, Syrian, Assyrian, Ephesian, and Trojan discoveries, each of which would form a subject for a day's tournament. He described to the Congress the steps taken to set on foot an Archæological Survey, remarking that the Government of India had not neglected their duties as custodians of the Archæological treasures of India. There is, indeed, a limit, within which the action of an absolute Government is restricted, and it is out of reason to suppose, that any Government could undertake to keep in repair all the tombs, mosques, temples, gateways, palaces, and forts, which their predecessors had erected with lavish hand in every part of India, many also being of second or third rate importance, while some few were of surpassing excellence and interest. Dr. Eggeling then read a paper on the Inscriptions of Southern India. Literary documents, Sanskrit or Vernacular, are scanty and untrustworthy. Thus Inscriptions became the sole reliable evidence, and it was satisfactory to know, that there were thousands both on stone and copperplates scattered all over India, especially in the Dakhan, an examination of which might be expected to throw light on many a dark point of Chronology. Some general and systematic plan should be adopted to render Indian Inscriptions accessible to scholars by means of faithful photographs, and these should be taken on sufficiently large a scale to allow of the closest scrutiny of each bend of the letter and each spot, and should be taken with reference solely to the Inscription, and not the Architectural surroundings; thus

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gradually a great Corpus Inscriptionum for India would be worked out. The world has gone mad after Inscriptions on rock, stone tablets, metal, and pottery; and behind, or rather before, the Archæologist and the Inscription-hunter stalks the pest of modern times, the forger, and the literary journals of Europe resound with controversies over treasures alleged to be false, and warnings against rash and hasty purchasers. Papers were then laid on the table by Professor R. G. Bhandakár of Bombay on the Násik Inscriptions; by Mr. Hyde Clarke on the Ancient River-Names of India, and their relation with similar names in America; and by Professor Leitner on Greco-Buddhist Sculptures.

On the following day, Saturday, after visiting the Kensington Museum, the Congress came together to hear Professor Owen in the Ethnological Section, which was also quite subsidiary to the main object of the Congress, and, considering the limited time for the real work of the meetings, might have been dispensed with. The inordinate length of his address seemed to paralyse all. What he said might have been said in fewer words, and yet not have lost their effect on the hearers. The days of the school of Archbishop Usher, according to him, are numbered; the duration of mankind is found to extend over periods of thousands of years instead of hundreds; the Deluge is localised, and did not include Egypt; and vast changes have been made in the geological features of the globe since the creation of man. Such and such were the doctrines propounded, which must neither be rejected with scorn nor accepted in blind trust. Like other great truths they must be sifted, thought over, and discussed in this generation to form the foundation of accepted facts in the next. Dr. Forbes Watson, Keeper of the Indian Museum, then read his memoir on the Foundation of an Indian Institution for Lecture, Inquiry, and Teaching. Professor de Rosny read a paper on the most ancient Chinese palæography. He maintained, that he had determined the ancient Phonetic form of the Chinese spoken language; he had also proved, that the writing, commonly called Ideographic, was not a writing composed of images, although reported so in the writing of Sinologists. No Inscription can be found with the figurative characters in any of the larger Palæographic collections of the Chinese, but in Phonetic characters, viz., in letters expressing sound, and not objects or ideas. The written language had been developed by a special class of Literati, who wished to express ideas superior to the state of civilisation of former times. They were thus obliged, in order to indicate special shades of thought, to invent a number of different characters, representing the several significations, which they wished to give to each word of the spoken language. Mr. Drew then read a paper on the Castes and Customs of the Dards. He was followed, amidst the rapidly-evaporating patience of the audience, by Mr. Basil Cooper,

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with a paper on the Date of Menes, King of Egypt; and the Rev. J. Long, on Oriental Proverbs and their use. His suggestion, that no time should be lost in collecting the proverbs floating on the lips of the people of India in so many languages, was practical and important; and he should lose no time in giving to the world his own collections of proverbs, as a nucleus round which an aggregation will soon be formed. There is a deep truth in the remark, that they are the words of one man, but the sentiments of a neighbourhood, the laws of old age, and the unwritten moral Code of a people.

The Congress was rapidly degenerating into a mob; the Saturday half-holiday movement of London had infected the scholars of Europe; it was in vain to try to fix attention on any subject. Professor Oppert, from an elevated part of the Theatre, in an excited and theatrical manner, addressed the House in French, thanking the English members of the Congress for the great and cordial hospitality afforded to them. He further remarked, that the English had not only received with interest the communications made to the different sections, but also the newspapers had filled their columns with the records of the proceedings of the Orientalists, giving their speeches *in extenso*. It is difficult to create, still more difficult to preserve. If to the Paris Congress belonged the merit of inaugurating these meetings of Oriental Scholars, to that of London belongs the honour of having consolidated the undertaking, and of assuring its continued existence. Small thanks are, however, due to the English Press, as in the month of September, with general quiet in the Political, Home, Colonial, and Foreign world, the editors were reduced to chronicle abnormal turnips and heavy bags of partridges, and jumped eagerly at the opportunity of airing their knowledge of the East, and filled up columns with facts about Philology culled from text-books; but great thanks are due to the Englishmen, who, at a sacrifice of their own arrangements, came from great distances to be present at the Congress, and give a hearty welcome to the Foreigners.

The last duty of the Congress, which had now become a tumultuous concourse of very noisy atoms, was to decide, where the Third Congress should be held, and who was to be the President. The Council deliberated with closed doors, and came to a decision on both subjects, and the President of the Congress, returning to the Lower House, announced in truly Russian absolute style, that there was to be no discussion, no option in the matter, but that Scholars must accept the place and the man, upon whom the Upper House had determined. That place was St. Petersburg, well known for its great and inconvenient distance; the man was Count Woronzoff-Dashkow, well known for nothing. Unquestionably Berlin or Vienna ought to have been the scene of the Third Congress, one of

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the two centres of the great German nation, which has done so much for Oriental research. If, owing to the unfortunate national alienation between France and Germany, it was not deemed expedient to select Germany, there were at least the neutral grounds of Geneva or Rome. Those who insisted on St. Petersburg, did so with a great responsibility, as few of Western Europe can afford the time and money for so long a pilgrimage. The announcement was received with manifest signs of dissatisfaction.

Then ended the Congress of 1874. The evening was devoted to a dinner with the Lord Mayor and post-prandial speeches. In a country tolerant of all religions, one cult must not be neglected; like the Numen Imperatorum of the Romans, the worship of the Belly-god must be accepted; so the Germans were hurried off from their beer and pipes to the Mansion House to look at strange things on their plates and listen to the characteristic speech of Sir Andrew Lusk, who impressed upon his guests the very low order of sentiment, that dinner was the touch of nature, that made the whole world kin. What a fall was this! What a lamentable conclusion to the lectures and addresses of Rawlinson, Max Müller, and Owen! If the miserable necessity of sustaining exhausted nature by periodical supplies were indeed the missing link, of what use the expenditure of brain in compelling Antiquity to give up the stores of Inscriptions and Paintings laid up by races, who had aspirations higher than could be satisfied by feasting with a Lord Mayor? In one respect, however, the arrangements at the dinner were more sensible than those at the Congress, for the Lay Figures of the Assembly, who had sat patiently through six days of English, German, and French speeches, without understanding one word, the Patriarch of Syria and his Suffragan, responded to the toast of the health of His Holiness, who, according to the Lord Mayor, was the head of a Church founded by St. Peter, and also the most primitive and simple Christian Church, which had come down to the present time. Their words were interpreted by one of Her Majesty's Consuls, but their exact purport was not recorded.

Opportunity was taken at the Congress to give publicity and due honour to two institutions, which have done more for propagating Oriental knowledge than the Universities of England. One of these institutions was an enterprising publisher, the other the Venerable British and Foreign Bible Society. Mr. Stephen Austen of Hertford submitted for inspection one hundred and twenty volumes, printed in Oriental and Foreign types, in no less than thirty-one languages, in several characters, some of these unique. Many of these books were published as well as printed at the expense of the British Museum, the Bible Society, the India Office, and private firms. Medals have been awarded at the different exhibitions at home and abroad; but none, who have the

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progress of Oriental knowledge at heart, can fail to admit that much is owing to Mr. Austen's energetic and enterprising spirit, working no doubt for his own advantage, but certainly in a field occupied by himself alone. Members of the Congress visited the library of the British and Foreign Bible Society in Queen Victoria Street, not the least worthy to be seen of the many sights of London. What other library can exhibit translations of the Bible in two hundred languages, ranging over the whole field of Philology, from the monosyllabic to the polysynthetic, from the Sanskrit, which is the result of the labour and ingenuity of centuries, to the poor unsettled jargons of the Esquimaux and the South Seas? And the reflection arises, that this is the work, not of Sovereigns, not of Parliaments, not of General Councils, nor of Synods, but of the combined action of Protestant Churches, obeying the first principles of the Religion, which they profess.

What advantage, it may now be asked, is there from such Congresses? Much every way. Nobody will rise from the reading of this narrative without a feeling of how circumscribed the field of his own knowledge is, how vast the subject, how short the life of man. To many of those present it will be looked back to as the date of a new life. They heard words, which they will not readily forget; they exchanged words with men, whom it was an honour to know; they had ideas forced upon them, which cannot be hastily thrust aside, and which will be the keystone of reading for many a year. These remarks apply to Scholars, who have, as it were, graduated in the science of language; but to those, who are still outside, perhaps from this Congress may be dated their first notion as to what was the meaning of Arian and Hamitic. Upon them the words of Max Müller must have fallen like the light of a torch, and of Professor Owen like a revelation.

It is idle to deny that there were serious drawbacks. There were some irrepressible speakers, who were never tired of hearing their own voices, and had no sympathy with the audience on that matter. They might have been repressed. There were others whose voices were never heard, though greatly desired. They might have been called upon in a complimentary manner. There were many papers too long. On such occasions there should be an absolute rule of time by an hour-glass without any relaxation, except the acclamation of the audience. There were some papers wholly unsuited for the occasion, learned and abstract discussion of minutiæ, interesting at the best to but a limited number of scholars. The Council should have declined to accept such. There was no attempt by the simple machinery of an interpreter to bring the different nationalities into *rapport* with each other. The President should at least have spoken two languages, and a selected friend should have been by his side for the third. The

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speech and the paper being limited in length, a few pointed sentences would give the purport of it sufficient for the moment. Much might be done by a wider and easier circulation of programmes of the papers to be read, or affixing notice of the business of the day on a screen. It was a joke to talk about any Section discussing anything. The inordinate length of the Address, entirely unintelligible to many, partially so to many more, swallowed up the greater portion of the time. In these two particulars there was an entire miscarriage of the work of the Congress. Still greater was the miscarriage as regards the locality of the Congress, and the Council is more to be blamed, as it erred in spite of knowledge and of opportunity. By a fortunate coincidence it had the Theatre of the Royal Institution for the meetings, and the Rooms of the Royal Asiatic Society next door for the Office, place of rendezvous, and centre of information, where the Secretary should have been seated *en permanence* during the whole week, to answer questions and receive and make communications to the numerous strangers in this large city. The Council was entirely and completely wanting in this particular. From a fancied compliment to members of their own body, they tried without success to crush one Section into a small library in St. Martin's Lane. They stifled another in a back room in Conduit Street. They carried off a third Section to the uncomfortable Theatre of King's College. There was no opportunity of getting information; and the inconvenience to foreigners, which was inseparable from a large city such as London, was magnified by the dispersion of the Sections and the absence of any managing body.

Still it was a great success, and the foreign members dispersed to their homes, feeling that it was so. The public journals felt that it was so also; that the subject was one deserving of a Congress, and that a Congress had been held worthy of the subject. An official Report has since been published of the proceedings. The closing remarks are meant for Oriental scholars and the English Universities. Scholars should bear in mind, that though it is necessary to select one field of study in order to secure accuracy of knowledge, yet that one particular branch of the subject is only a part of the great whole, and that the study of Language and Archæology are but means to an end, are but steps in the great study of the human mind in all its developments. Some Scholars forget their position, and, to use a simile, devote their minds to the making of bricks, instead of erecting buildings. The German school errs most on this pedantic side, and trifles about the minutiæ of philology, the anise and cummin of language. Accurate and sound scholarship may be bought at too dear a price, if the Scholar forgets that all his knowledge is but relative and tributary. The Arian Scholars have also made too much of their discoveries, forget-

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ting that there are higher laws, which must be evoked than that of Grimm, and a wider arena of Comparative Knowledge, than the limited one of the Indo-Germanic family. And to the English Universities, it is a great disgrace, that in so great a tournament of philological science they should have been unrepresented. If any of their members came, they came as individuals only, to repeat the old story, that no languages but Latin and Greek had any actual value on the banks of the rivers Isis and Cam. Out of their princely revenues, their Fellowships, their Professorial Chairs, how inadequate, how ill-applied the provision for any one of the languages represented at this Congress? At every German University there are Semitic and Arian Chairs filled by men of European reputation, and a gathering of German and foreign students; and the Oriental languages, ancient and modern, have taken their places by the side of their Occidental sisters. It is the same spirit, which resisted Dean Colet and Erasmus in the introduction of Greek, which opposes the establishment of Oriental Chairs and the widening of the field of instruction up to the requirements of modern knowledge. The Royal Asiatic Society has in vain memorialised the University of Oxford, praying for the endowment of two Chairs, one devoted to the Semitic Languages generally, and the second to those languages, which have made use of the Cuneiform character. But nothing will be done, while a certain great Scholar lives, who has narrowed the study of Hebrew down to the limits of Biblical Exegesis, while Arabic is neglected, and Syriac altogether left out of notice. The University of Cambridge has also been memorialised to provide a Chair for Egyptology. A return of the revenues set apart for purposes of education and study has lately been made to Parliament; and we may hope ere long to see Chairs established for the prosecution of study in all the Languages of the Earth, and of the Archæology of the World.

LONDON, 1874.

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PART II.—ST. PETERSBURG.

THE Third International Congress of Oriental Scholars was held at St. Petersburg in September 1876, and the Fourth at Florence in September 1878, while the Fifth is announced to be held at some city of Germany in 1881. On each occasion the attendance has been better than at the previous gathering. Doubters have withdrawn their objections, and it is admitted, that science is advanced by such periodical meetings, and that they will be continued, though probably at longer intervals, now that each great country has been honoured by having been once the place of reunion. A certain amount of expense is necessarily entailed on both the country, which plays the part of the host, and the guests, which forbids the idea of such ceremonies being repeated too often. It may be interesting to some to be informed of the branches of Oriental research, which were discussed, and the nature of the discussions; for there is necessarily a marked preponderance given to certain branches at certain places, and, as it is not every Scholar, that has the time and means to take long journeys, the company necessarily varies as much as the subjects; for instance, at the Congress of 1876 there were many Russians and only one Italian. At the Congress of 1878 there were a very large number of Italians, and only about five Russians. Other national idiosyncracies came markedly into view. Russian scholarship has the robustness and vigour of a Northern climate, but limited indigenous developments; no glorious past, and a very doubtful future, since the nation is an amalgam of uncongenial elements, of which the literary strength is due to the admixture of the Swedes of Finland and the Germans of the Baltic Provinces, and the Scholars, who are worthy of notice, are chiefly of German or French origin. Italian scholarship, on the other hand, represents a glorious past, which, since its last loan from the Greek more than two thousand years ago, has borrowed nothing, but has lent, and given, its treasures to the whole world, and, although it has undergone a long eclipse, has now reasserted itself, and gives promise of a brilliant future. On the other hand, there is in the Italian character an absence of the organising power and strong administrative genius, which distinguish the inhabitants

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of Northern Europe, and render them less amiable and courteous, but more business-like.

Under the Organic Rules of the First Congress at Paris, it rested with the Congress of London of 1874 to fix the date and place of the next Congress, and name the President and Council, and, until that New Council was duly inaugurated by a new Congress, the Council of the old Congress was, by a fiction of law, deemed to be in permanence, in order to keep up the unbroken continuity of these International meetings. On the Continent nothing can be done without the permission and countenance of the Head of the State. It is easy to believe, that the English Government was unaware of the fact of the Congress of 1874 being held in London; it is certain, that no leave was asked, and no patronage extended to the Congress, or hospitality shown to the foreigners by Sovereign, Ministers, or public body, with the exception of the Corporation of the City of London. Leave having been obtained from the Emperor of Russia, the Congress of London, in spite of the hesitation and protest of many of its members, named St. Petersburg as the place of meeting for the year 1875, under the presidency of Count Woronzsoff-Dashkow, of whom nothing is known, except that he declined to act. The Council consisted of the following: Gregorieff, Professor of Oriental history, and Dean of the Faculty of Oriental languages in the University of St. Petersburg; Patkanoff, Professor of Armenian; Chwolson, Professor of Hebrew; and Kuhn, a distinguished Archæologist, attached to the Government of Turkistan. Gregorieff succeeded to the vacant post of President, and the following persons were added to the Council: Baron Osten-Sacken, a member of the Foreign Office, who became General Secretary, and was in effect the mainspring of the Congress; the veteran scholar, Bernhard Dorn, and Count Veliamanoff-Zernoff, a distinguished Tartar noble of Kazan. Both these last were members of the Academy of St. Petersburg. Two secretaries were appointed, Baron Victor Rosen, Professor of Arabic in the University, and Lerch, a Scholar of good repute, Secretary to the Imperial Archæological Commission. To these two gentlemen all the foreign members of the Congress are specially indebted for kindness and courtesy. The Council was worthy of its distinguished duties. The Imperial Government took the matter under its patronage, and guaranteed all the expenditure; but so much time was lost in correspondence, that the meeting of the Congress had to be deferred till 1876, by which time the rumour of the Russo-Turkish war had become so loud, that the existence of the Congress was jeopardised. However, it did actually come off on September 1st of that year, and lasted ten days. No pretence was made of private or public hospitality to the assembled strangers. On two occasions an entertainment,

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was given at the Imperial Palaces of Peterhof and Tsarskoé-Sélo, at which the Imperial Chamberlain presided, but no notice was taken of the Congress by any member of the Imperial family or any of the nobility. The Emperor of Brazil himself on his travels, and a good Scholar, assisted at the meetings, under the name of Dom Pedro de Alcantára.

It soon became evident, that the German element was nearly entirely absent from the Congress. Not only had Germany sent no Scholars, but the Russianised Germans, such as Schiefner and Boetlingk, were absent. Moreover, it was clear, that there was a feud among the Russians, for the Academy of St. Petersburg had turned its back on the University, and with the exception of Dorn and Veliamanoff, not one made his appearance. Men again of such note as Minayeff, the Pali Scholar, were in the city at the time, and had to be visited in their own homes by those, who wished to see them. It could not be concealed, that the President, who had once been Lieutenant-Governor in Central Asia and was now Chief Censor of the Press, was not a popular person, and that the air was full of personal quarrels and antipathies. It is but fair to state, that kindness and attention within the walls of the Congress were shown to all strangers without respect of persons. A great mistake was made in admitting chance travellers, male and female, old and young, to the position of membership of a scientific Congress. Thus it happened, that the English representatives were swamped and discredited, by unwelcome and unworthy additions to their number, who took out tickets of membership for the sake of the invitations to the Imperial banquets.

There were, however, notable improvements in the arrangements made for the Congress, and a great advance upon the procedure in London, in consequence of the earnest representations on this subject made to the Council. A magnificent suite of rooms in one of the Offices of Government was set aside for the purpose. An interesting Museum was attached to this hall of assembly. The publication of Official Bulletins every morning, and the notices affixed to the screen in the Official Bureau, kept every member fully informed of the proceedings of the day and the morrow. Within the walls of the Congress, again, it was the duty of a select body of students of the Oriental College to attend to the requirements of strangers, and act as chamberlains. Some of the members of the Congress also undertook the pleasing task of making themselves acquainted with scholars of all nationalities, and then introducing them to each other, and to the writer of these pages the honour of being an excellent medium was accorded in a Continental periodical. The difficulty about the language to be used soon came to the surface. It had made the London Congress ridiculous, but it made the Russian Congress offensive. By one of the Organic Rules laid down at the

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first Congress in Paris, the number of languages to be used in the Congress was limited to French and the language of the country. It was attempted to enforce this rule, and in the first session an Englishman was promptly shut up by the President for demanding to be heard in English or Bangáli, the only two Vernaculars available to him. When, however, another Englishman ascended the rostrum, and addressed the meeting in a most execrable French, commencing "Je suis un Anglais barbare," on a subject, of which he was pre-eminently master, and when all his countrymen, from very shame at the linguistic exposure, rose and retired from the hall, the conscience of the Congress was touched, and the rule was unanimously rescinded, and liberty given for the use of all languages. Considering the motley character of the assembly, and their polygot capacity, this was a dangerous license to give to the Finlanders, Danes, Norwegians, Swedes, Dutch, Turks, Buriat, and Ostyak, and, had they abused their opportunities in the same ruthless way, in which the Russians did, although they could speak French with facility, and did so when they chose, the Congress would have been a Babel. As it was, the four great and received languages of Europe, English, French, German, and Italian, were heard with satisfaction, and a set speech in Latin, in the old scholastic style, was not objected to; but the rule for the future must be, that a member having a facility of using more than one language should be compelled to adopt the one most intelligible, and, failing this, he must prepare his written communication in one of the great languages of Europe, to be read by the Secretary, and entrust his oral remarks to one of his more gifted colleagues; for be it remembered, that for one man, who can make a speech in a foreign language, there are ten, who can perfectly understand a paper properly read, or a speech clearly delivered; and this points to another suggestion, that Presidents and Vice-Presidents should be selected with special reference to their power of catching the drift of the argument of the speaker, and recapitulating it briefly for the information of the meeting.

The long Essays read by the Presidents of Sections, which throttled all discussion in London, were absent at St. Petersburg. On the other hand, the idea of dividing the company into Sections, and thus having contemporaneous sittings, and economising the limited space of time, had not been arrived at, until the Fourth Congress met at Florence. At St. Petersburg there were nine collective sittings in the great hall, and all the proceedings were dignified, practical, and successful. In front of the audience were seated the President and Vice-Presidents, supported by the six Secretaries. The front row of the body of the house was reserved for the representatives of foreign nations. The speaker stood at a rostrum, and behind him were the reporters. The order of the proceedings had

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been carefully thought over, and the Council had settled the main division of subjects to be discussed, and gave the lion's share to Russia in Asia, for the simple reason, that at St. Petersburg alone were the men and matter forthcoming to illustrate those far-off regions. The scope of the Oriental Congress, as originally conceived, was widened, so as to include Ethnology and the Religions and Philosophy of the East.

To carry out their arrangements in a business-like way, the Council drew up rules for the conduct of the business, which were gladly accepted by the members. We shall see further on the inconvenience, which arose from the Council of the Florence Congress neglecting to follow this precedent. The nine Sections were settled as follows: 1, Russia in Northern Asia; 2, Russia in Central Asia; 3, Russia in the Caucasus and the Crimea; 4, Russia in the Trans-Caucasian Provinces and Armenia; 5, Turkistan, Tibet, Mongolia, Mandchuria, Korea, China and Japan, or Eastern Asia; 6, India, Nearer and Farther, Afghanistan, Persia, and the Indian Archipelago, or generally Southern Asia; 7, Turkey, Arabia, and Egypt, or Western Asia; 8, Archæology of Asia; 9, Religions and Philosophic Systems of Asia. A constitution for the conduct of affairs was also drawn up, and all delegates of the Russian and Foreign Governments, Universities, and Learned Bodies, were called in to assist the Council in the very delicate operation of adjusting the personnel of the Sections; and in this matter consideration had to be paid to nationalities, branches of the subject, age of the parties, and scholastic repute. Certain posts were rigorously reserved to Russians, the majority of the Secretariat, and one Chair in every Section; but it was amusing to find, that so great was the antipathy betwixt Turk and Russ, that, when the Presidential chair of the Western Asia Section was conferred on that distinguished scholar and amiable gentleman, Ahmed Vefyk Effendi, no Russian could be found, who would act as Vice-President with him. The number of Russian delegates present gave the President so great a majority in the Council, that he did what he liked, and perhaps it was best, that it should be so, for he never abused his power. To assist the discussions, a list of no less than forty-one questions had been published, and placed in the hands of members, covering the whole ground, which it was proposed to traverse. It was not necessary, that every one of these should be taken up, but it was guarded, that no other question could be mooted without special permission. In the same way all papers proposed to be read were submitted for previous scrutiny, and it was authoritatively declared, that no topic relating to the Christian religion, politics, general administration, commerce, or contemporary manufacture, would be permitted to be alluded to. In a free country the President of such an assembly would, by the common law of public

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meetings, be enabled to keep the discussions within the given programme: in a country ruled by despotic institutions even scientific meetings have to be warned off forbidden topics. It is a singular illustration of the anomaly of Continental systems, that in Russia the Press was admitted, while in Italy it was rigidly excluded. In Russia ladies were freely admitted to be members, and to be present at the discussions, and even to be delegates, in the case of Madame Fedschenko, the widow of the great traveller, who represented the Central Provinces of the Empire, and addressed the Congress; in Italy they were rejected. In Russia such of the general public, as might feel interested in Oriental studies, were pressed to attend, and personal invitations were declared to be unnecessary. In Italy it was a subject of constant complaint in the Press, that even Oriental students were refused admittance, and, as a fact, the general public took no part, not even the silent part of looking on during the discussions, and in the absence of reporters and daily Bulletins the doors were practically closed to the public.

The nationalities represented at St. Petersburg, were English, French, German, Italian, Dane, Swedish, Norwegian, Finlander, Pole, Dutch, Turkish; the rest of Europe and the United States were unrepresented, and few of the greatest Scholars of Europe were present. Instead of the stranger being heard to ask to have the author of such a work pointed out to him, the question generally was, after seeing or hearing a new personage, "What has he written?" The first rank of the scholarship of Europe was not represented at St. Petersburg, nor even the first rank of Russian scholarship. We trust that, in naming officials for administrative posts, a more careful choice is exercised than was shown by the Russian Council of the St. Petersburg Congress. We call it Russian deliberately, as the voice of the foreign delegates was not heard in the two meetings, which were held to settle the personnel of the officials. Round men were put at random into square holes; an Indianist was sent off to the Caucasus; a Finlander Semite was banished to the Extreme Orient; all considerations of fitness and suitability were left outside. As the whole arrangement was one of form and compliment only, it did not much signify. The list stood as follows:—President of Congress, Gregorieff, Russian; General Secretary, Osten-Sacken, Russian; Assistant Secretaries, De Rosen, Semite, Russian, and Lerch, Arianist, Russian. 1st Section, Northern Asia: President, Vassilieff, Sinologist, Russian; Vice-Presidents, Slovtsoff and Neumann, Altaicists, Russian. 2d Section, Central Asia: President, Schéfer, Semite, French; Vice-Presidents, De Goeje, Semite, Dutch, and Veliaminoff, Altaicist, Russian. 3d Section, Caucasus: President, Gamasoff, Semite, Russian; Vice-Presidents, Cust, Arianist, English, and Berger, Caucasian, Russian. 4th Section, Trans-Caucasia: President,

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Patkanoff, Arianist, Russian; Vice-Presidents, Clarke, Geographer, English, and Eastwick, Arianist, English. 5th Section, Eastern Asia: President, De Rosny, Sinologist, French; Vice-Presidents, Zakharoff, Sinologist, Russian, and Lagus, Semite, Russian. 6th Section, Southern Asia: President, Kern, Arianist, Dutch; Vice-Presidents, Sachau, Semite, German, and Kossowich, Arianist, Russian. 7th Section, Western Asia: President, Ahmed Vefyk, Altaicist, Turk; Vice-Presidents, Wright, Semite, English, and Mehren, Semite, Dane. 8th Section, Archæology: President, Oppert, Semite, French; Vice-Presidents, Tiesenhausen, Numismatist, Pole, and Stickel, Numismatist, German. 9th Section, Religions and Philosophic Systems: President, Douglas, Sinologist, English; Vice-Presidents, De Gubernatis, Arianist, Italian, and Chenery, Semite, English.

Members were invited to bring books for the Museum, and the Dutch scholars brought with them the latest works published by Brill of Leyden. Professor De Gubernatis brought a book specially written for this Congress, narrating the work of Italian Orientalists. This is the weak side of Continental scholars; each nationality is too apt to crack up its own workmen. The writer of these pages laid on the table translations of portions of the Holy Scriptures in twenty-three languages of India, and eighty-two different Vernacular newspapers published in British India, collected for the purpose. The Russians exhibited many curious and interesting works, and they undertook to bring out a grand Historico-Bibliographical review of all the publications and researches of Russians in the Oriental field. It was hoped, that this would be ready for the Congress, but it appears, that the work was to be published in the Russian language, and that members of the Congress were specially debarred from the privilege of receiving a copy. No doubt Russia was right to free herself from her ancient bondage to the French language, and the native Russian is naturally jealous of the influence of the Germans, whether their own fellow-subjects of the Baltic provinces or their neighbours of the German Empire. Still Russia must suffer from the maintenance of this system of isolation, and their attachment to their peculiar character of writing and printing, which limits the use of their scientific works and periodicals. The Russian language is musical and pleasant to hear, both in an assembly and on the stage, but it is impossible, that it should ever be accepted, as one of the great languages of literature, nor will the really valuable works published in that language be appreciated, until they are printed in the Roman character.

The Congress was opened in due state in the great Hall of the University. An anthem was sung by the choristers of the Imperial Chapel; the President delivered an address in French, which was responded to by the French delegate Schéfer, and the Secretary

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then read, in the same language, an account of the proceedings of the Council and the arrangements, which had been made for the Congress, and the names of the President and Vice-Presidents were read out, and received the confirmation of the members assembled in conclave. In Russia everything is conducted in due order, and, if little scope is left to private will, at least the controlling authorities knew, what they were about, and took care, that others should be duly informed of the same. Every little detail was considered beforehand, and members, who read a paper, or made a speech, were cautioned to deliver their notes to the Secretary, as they left the tribune, in order that the précis might appear in the Bulletin of the following morning; if they failed to do so, nothing was recorded, but the name of the communication in the briefest fashion. Thus, every one was interested in assisting the secretaries, who ably discharged this part of their duty with the assistance of shorthand writers, who were always present.

The Section of Central Asia was the first, that came before the Congress. Professor Oppert drew attention to the existence of a population in Media, and Mesopotamia, and Susiana, which was neither Semitic nor Arian, but anterior to both, and which had left imperishable records of themselves in the languages called Proto-Median, Susian, and Proto-Babylonian, and was the inventor of that form of writing, called the Cuneiform, subsequently adopted by the Semite Assyrians and the Arian Persians. The next subject was that of Ethnology, and included the history of the people known as the Mongols. Mr. Howorth, an Englishman, and Professor Vassilieff, stated their views. Professor Gregorieff drew attention to the mistaken use of the word Turanian, for the unlimited employment of which Professor Max Müller is responsible. Of late the word has gone out of fashion, and has given way to terms, which are more accurate and distinctive. It was now shown, that the word Turanian never could with propriety have been applied to a non-Arian people, as the name was assigned by the Persians to the inhabitants of the country North of the Oxus, who are convincingly shown at that time to have been Arian, and, according to Gregorieff, the ancestors of the Slavs, Lithuanians, and Germans. If this be true, there is an additional reason for the absolute disuse of a misleading word. The speaker then gave his opinion on the people known as Ouigour.

In the Caucasian Section, which was held in the afternoon of the same day, absolutely nothing took place, and the Congress began to look very like a failure. The President of the Section, Gamazoff, absented himself on the plea of illness; but it was suspected, that a quarrel with Gregorieff was the real cause. So little is known of the language and races of the Caucasus, that much interest might have been expected. One of the Vice-Presidents,

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Berger, was chief of the Archæological Department of that Province, a man of great information, and most willing to impart it, but little or nothing was extracted from him on this occasion. Professor Gregorieff, the only other speaker, made a communication on the subject of the procession of races from Central Asia, as they each in their turn advanced Westward to occupy Europe. He pointed out the misapplication of a popular term, and he showed, that the so-called Caucasian race had no connection whatever with the Caucasus, which never had been, or could be, the cradle of races, for, as a fact, mountains are rather the place of refuge of oppressed races than the birthplace of new and vigorous nationalities. He then proceeded to show, whence the so-called Caucasian races, according to his theory, did come, viz., Central Asia, and that one portion felt their way westward South of the Caucasus by way of Asia Minor and the Greek Archipelago, while the other portion traversed the regions Northward. He cited Herodotus to show, how the Scythians had displaced the Cimmerians north of the Caspian; how the Scythians had given way to the Sarmatians, and they in their turn to the Aláni, who were the last in order. As these people in their Westward movements left space, it was filled up by the advance of Turkish populations, yet the Aborigines of Russian Turkistan were still Arian and spoke a dialect of Persian; and more than this, the inhabitants of Chinese Turkistan, on the other side of the Pamir, though they had at a late period adopted the Turki language, were still, from an Anthropological point of view, Arian. This subject was followed out at considerable length by another scholar, M. Bonnell, in the Trans-Caucasian Section.

The Section of Western Asia was of great interest. M. Harkavy read a paper on the origin of the Slavs. M. Derenbourg brought to notice two works, which he was conducting through the Press at Paris. Mr. Howorth read a paper on the Khazar. Professor Sachau, of Berlin, noticed the expediency of paying more attention to the astronomical works of the Arabs, as illustrative of the degree of civilisation of that period. Professor Chwolson and M. Stickel discussed the points of analogy betwixt the tribes of Israel and the tribes of the Arabs before the time of Mahomet, and the light thrown upon the period of the Judges by this study. Gregorieff tried to find a reason for the fact, that the commerce betwixt Central Asia and the North of Europe, which flourished so remarkably from the seventh to the tenth century of the Christian era, suddenly ceased in the eleventh century. A great quantity of coins are found in Russia and the Baltic provinces, which show, that the commerce was very extensive, and the coins of the latest date found are of 1011 A.D. A commerce, which had lasted at least one thousand years, then suddenly ceased. He could give no explanation of this remarkable fact, but Professor Chwolson took up the subject, and found a cause

in the fall of the kingdom of the Khazar, which occupied all the country north of the Caspian, and the mouth of the river Volga, and which was strong and civilised enough to protect commerce from the plundering Nomads and the old Russians, and with their fall commerce fell also. M. Harkavy and Mr. Howorth joined in this discussion, which will no doubt attract the attention, which it deserves.

"In the afternoon of the same day the Section of Eastern Asia held its sitting. The special delegate from the Japanese Emperor, Vice-Admiral Enomotto, made a communication upon the historical works of the Japanese, for the oldest of which he claimed an antiquity of eleven hundred years. His Excellency then briefly described the relation of the Shogun to the Mikado, remarking that the hereditary power of the Shogun had lasted 680 years, when it was finally destroyed in 1866. Professor De Rosny started the question, whether it was possible, in the interest of Comparative Philology, to reconstitute the language, spoken by the Chinese at the time of the Han Dynasty, and to carry back the investigation even into the preceding centuries. He then proceeded to point out, how the Chinese language, consisting of a limited number of Monosyllabic roots, and an unlimited number of Homophones, differentiated by tones, had undergone considerable changes in the lapse of centuries, but that the Archaic pronunciation could be arrived at by careful comparison with the Japanese, Korean, and Annamite, as well as by the method pursued in expressing the Indian names and terms of Buddhism, in the Chinese language and characters. He remarked, that Mr. Edkins had made considerable advance on the same plan. Having once reconstituted the ancient language of the Chinese, it would be possible to commence upon the work of comparison with regard to it and the other languages of Central Asia, but not till then. He could, however, state, that he had already detected numerous lexicographical and grammatical affinities betwixt Archaic Japanese, Finnic, Magyar, and Turkish, and that it could not be doubted, that before long a grouping upon scientific principles would be possible of all the languages of Central and Northern Asia. Professor Vassilief replied in Russian, that he preferred M. Schlegel's treatment of the subject in his Sinico—Aryaca (1872) to that of Mr. Edkins in his Study of Chinese Characters; he added, that the Chinese themselves had striven to re-establish the pronunciation used long before the time of the Han Dynasty, in fact, as far back as the time of Confucius, who had committed to writing the Shi-King, a classical work which, being in rhythm and rhyme, presented a more solid basis for ascertaining the ancient pronunciation than any deductions derived from the Japanese language, as that nation, at the time of the Emperor Han, was in a state of savagery. He then touched upon the Korean language, remarking

that, on examining a vocabulary of that language, he found a great number of words evidently of Chinese origin, though they had undergone Phonetic distortion in the same way as the Chinese loan-words in the Japanese language. He then drew attention to a little work, which he had himself published some years before, in which he discussed the affinity of the Chinese language and the languages of Central Asia, and showed, that the grammatical suffixes of the Mandchu Agglutinative language could be explained by Chinese roots, and that an attentive examination might possibly extend this affinity to the language of the Turks and Mongols. He then discussed the cause of the emigrations of the Chinese people in the valley of the Yellow river, and went over his geographical notions of the gradual extension of the Chinese authority. M. Raczynski drew attention to the contents of the Imperial Archives in the city of Moscow. Those, who have had the opportunity of visiting them, testify that they are as magnificently and conveniently housed as the French Archives at Paris, and throw into a sad and melancholy contrast the arrangements for the Archives of England, which are deposited in the building in Fetter Lane. Every kind of formality is there weaved to prevent anybody getting in, and, when personal favour and persistent effort succeed in getting in, the impression is such as is above described. M. Raczynski dwelt on the extraordinary importance of the documents contained in these Archives for the right understanding of the relations of Russia with the people of Northern Asia, and there is no doubt, that there exists a treasure, of the extent of which we are imperfectly informed, as the old kingdom of the Tsar of Moscow was essentially an Asiatic kingdom, and for two hundred years was under Tartar domination.

The Section of Southern Asia was presided over by a Dutch scholar, who has the happy privilege of acquaintance with the language of Farther as well as Nearer India, and who, as Professor of the College of Banáras, is as well acquainted with Sanskrit as, being by birth a native of Java, he is with the Javanese, and its archaic form, the Káwi. He was supported by M. Kossowich, who has published a Memorial Book of the text and translation of the Persian Cuneiform Inscriptions of Cyrus and Darius, and Professor Sachau, who has published the works of Albirúni. Professor Kern himself gives a translation of a part of an Inscription of the King Piyadási, or Asoka, and remarked, that it was sufficient to show, that that King was by persuasion a Buddhist. The section was deprived, by a sudden indisposition, of the opportunity of being informed on the subject of the language of the Kurds, which M. Lerch commenced, but was unable to conclude. M. Terantieff, an officer of General Kaufmann's army, developed literary powers, and when Sir Henry Rawlinson published his volume, "England and Russia," in the East, answered it by his volume, "Russia and Eng-

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land," which was translated into English in Calcutta. The writer of these pages has carefully read both, and without agreeing with the policy of the former, he admits the correctness of his facts; as regards the latter he is only more surprised at the obvious ignorance of the writer than at the audacity of the statements. M. Terantieff was not a bad fellow, a rough soldier, who had acquired all his knowledge of British India from the Russian newspapers, and said bluntly, that, as a bad book had been published about Russia by England, he published a bad book about England. In this Section he brought forward his views with regard to the Pushtu language, that it was an entirely independent language, belonging neither to the Iranic nor Indic family. He then gave his views as to the ethnical affinities of the Tajik and Sart, and the Kafir or Siah-Posh, to whom he gave the additional name of Bolors. This speech led to the expression and formularising of a resolution of the Congress, that an address should be made to the Governments of Russia and England, praying them to facilitate by international privileges voyagers, who seek to explore these hitherto unknown regions merely for the love of science. Professor Sachau expressed a wish, that a careful study should be made of the various Tajik dialects, which would be extremely interesting to all Iranic scholars. M. Lerch assured the Congress, that this work had been commenced by M. Kuhn, one of the Council, who had collected and published vocabularies, tales, and ballads of some of the villagers in the Zar-Afshan district. The work, which has to be done, is much more extensive, and includes the collection of every variety of dialect of Modern Persian, from the Ghalchah on the frontier of Little Tibet and Kashmír on the East, to the Kurdo-Persian dialects on the West; from the Semi-Balúch dialects of the Southern Sea-coast to the Tajik on the river Jaxartes. Professor Oppert explained the proper meaning of the words Avesta and Zend, and remarked, that both words belonged to the old Persian of the Inscriptions of the Achæmenides, and that neither appeared in the old Bactrian of the so-called Zendavesta, and the sooner the wrong use of these terms was abandoned in scientific works the better. The language should be called the old Bactrian. Professor Sachau laid down a principle, which we heartily endorse, and which we trust the good sense of Scholars and statesmen will support also, that, when any language is illiterate, and possesses no peculiar written character of its own, Professor Lepsius' Alphabet be adopted, or some equally satisfactory adaptation of the Roman character; but that, when a language has a character of its own, however inadequate it may appear to be to express the sounds, it should not be set aside for a European intruder, but that steps should be taken to improve it. It is quite another case when a people of their own choice accept the use of a new character, and

of this we have instances; but what is objected to is the forcing upon a people a strange character, not because it is theoretically, or even practically, more perfect as a representation of sounds, but because it suits the convenience of compilers of the first grammar. The sentiment, religious feelings, and habitudes of a nation, have to be considered.

The Section of Central Asia was presided over by Professor Vassilieff. After some remarks about the educational establishments in Siberia, Madame Fedschenko laid on the table of the Congress a specimen of the great work on Ethnology of Eastern Asia, which was lately published. The first portion related to the Aino, who inhabit the Northern Island of Japan. M. Neumann then gave an account of the tribe called the Chogti, occupying the inhospitable regions of the extreme North, where the climate was so severe, that there were few nights in the year without a frost. M. Sobruk, an Ostyak by birth, in the dress of his people, then addressed the Congress in Russian, and described the ancient idols of the Ostyak and Vogul, which, though not now worshipped publicly, receive the private homage of nominal Christians. He enumerated the names of the different gods formerly worshipped. He was followed by Zyren-Mob Sakharoff, one of the principal chiefs of the Buriat, who was also dressed in the costume of his country, and spoke Russian. He dwelt beyond the Lake Baikal, and was a member of the great Mongol race, who are Buddhist in religion and Nomads, inhabiting tents during the summer, and wooden houses, erected in spots suitable for pasturage, during the winter. They have turned to agriculture in a slight degree, but it is considered a good beginning. They have a certain amount of civilisation, and use both the Tibetan and Mongolian characters, and have lately begun to learn Russian. It was interesting to hear this specimen of Russian civilisation of the East tell his story, and then to contrast him mentally with the type of Anglo-Indian civilisation turned out yearly by Colleges. England and Russia have both the task before them of enforcing peace among the countries of Asia, and introducing a new civilisation. What kind of intellectual manufacture would the Russo-Indian have been? and would the Anglo-Buriat have been the simple, honest creature, who appeared before the Congress, improved no doubt by Russian culture, but not transformed and denationalised? Professor Vassilieff then threw light upon the important question, how it came about, that Siberia had for two thousand years poured her population into Central Asia, and since the Russian occupation had ceased to do so. His explanation was original. He denied, that Siberia ever had been the nursery of nations, but that, on the contrary, Siberia has been the asylum of nationalities driven from the South, and that from Mongolia, the North of China, and the Altaic range had gone

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forth the Huns, the Mongols, and the Turks. He then turned to the subject of the form of religious faith called Shamanism. He derived the word from the Sanskrit "Sramana," through the Chinese word "Shamyn." He admitted, that some gave the word another derivation. It appeared, that Shamanism was a form of Buddhism, but in direct antagonism to Lamaism.

The next section was that of Trans-Caucasia, under the presidency of an Armenian by birth, Professor Patkanoff. M. Berger laid before the Congress specimens of the songs of the Tartars of Azerbijan, in Persia, in the local dialect of the Turki language. The districts, in which this dialect was spoken, were carefully defined. Selections of these songs were published at Leipsic in 1868. An abstract was then read of the subject of a book, laid before the Congress by an absent scholar, M. Schmidt, in which new and striking theories were broached. It was suggested, that there was a possible connection between the Chinese and Egyptians, and that these latter had their cradle in Mesopotamia, whence they spread to the Persian Gulf, Arabia, Ethiopia, and Egypt, whence again, in due time, their civilisation was conveyed back to Syria and Assyria. The author proceeded further to hint at a connection between the Aborigines of America and the race above described. He concluded by hoping, that the theories thus sketched out might be considered by learned Orientalists. The propounding of such theories indeed makes the hearer hold his breath for a time. Professor Patkanoff made a communication on the subject of the geography of Moses of Khoréne. Professor Oppert took up the subject of the Cuneiform Inscriptions on the rocks of Van, in Armenia, which have hitherto baffled the cunning of Scholars. They are called Armeniac, and are totally unintelligible. They have no connection with modern Armenian. Fortunately many of the signs are Ideographic, and are independent of all Language-Sound; and these correspond to the Assyrian Ideographs. We thus become aware, that mention is made of so much silver and gold, so many oxen, &c., taken from an enemy; of a house and temple being built. It is hoped, that the lucky chance of finding a bilingual Inscription, or the happy divining-rod of some Scholar may reveal the mystery, and inform us of the details of a lost and long-forgotten civilisation of a race entirely passed away. M. Eritsoff drew attention to the seven variations of written character, used by the Armenians, whose Alphabet dates back to the fifth century of our era. He mentioned also the abundance of Armenian Manuscripts in the Monastery of Etchmiadzin, which had been catalogued by Mr. Brosset. There are upwards of thirty-two thousand, although many had perished. M. Tsagarelli gave an account of the tales and fables in the Georgian language, which he had translated. He remarked on the number and importance of the poetic compositions in this language, many

of them entirely indigenous, and not borrowed from their more civilised neighbours. They will contribute greatly to the explanation of the connection betwixt the East and the West, occupying, as they do, a middle position. Another communication was made on the subject of the laws of the Georgians, which appear to have been of a feudal character.

Hitherto the Sections had been divided by Geographical limits. The Section of Archæology and Numismatics embraced all time and space, and had an interest for all present. M. Gorski Platanoff laid on the table some photographic specimen sheets of a Hebrew Manuscript of the Pentateuch of the twelfth century. Other memoirs were deposited, but not read. M. Lerch read a paper on the coins of a particular dynasty in Bokhára. The subject was most interesting, and the conclusions were most novel, but the argument was most intricate, and the President of the Section, Professor Oppert, begged him to give his conclusions, as a distinction must be drawn between papers fit to be read at a Congress, and others suitable to be printed for careful study afterwards. The distinction is most important, and the success of future Congresses depends upon the protection, given by the organising committee from the tyranny of some Scholars, who weary and disgust their audience. This remark does not apply to M. Lerch; but his subject was so intricate, that without the official report it was impossible to define his theory. M. Stickel exhibited an ingenious arrangement for holding coins, so that both sides could be inspected with convenience. Professor Lagus, of Helsingfors, then took up a most interesting subject. It was made more remarkable by being delivered in Latin, a usage, which still clings to unhappy countries, which are not blessed with a language admitted into the clearing-house of European literature. Finland is peculiarly unfortunate. The original language is Finnic, belonging to the same group as the Magyar and Turki, known as the Altaic family; over the Finnic from long political domination is the Swedish, and the Swedish colonists of Finland for many generations call themselves Finlander, as distinguished from Fins proper; over the Swedes again, who speak Swedish, are the Russians. Professor Lagus laid before the Congress the facts, connected with the discovery of Kufic coins, and other Oriental antiquities in great quantities in Finland, and in the islands of Aland, which occupy towards Finland the same position of depository of hidden treasures, that the island of Gothland does to Sweden. No other explanation can be given of these discoveries, except the existence of an extensive commerce in former ages, and this commerce must have extended to Lapland. It must have been owing to this commerce, that the Arab geographers were able to describe these distant regions. M. Stickel, fired by hearing the sound of Latin, made an impromptu reply in the same language, and recommended

its adoption, which is not the least likely to take place. The industry, which would be wasted on Latin, had better be applied to the study of English, German, French, and Italian, any one of which are more intelligible and better suited to the requirements of modern science. Professor Lieblein, of Christiana, in Norway, then read a paper upon the Kheta or Hittites, and the Rutenu, names which occur so often in Egyptian Monuments. M. Harkavy made a communication on a similar subject. The same scholar also announced the publication, in the memoirs of the Imperial Academy, of a paper on the subject of the ancient Hebrew Monuments of the Crimea. Fortunately he went no further, for he touched upon one of the burning subjects of Palæography, as the Karaite Inscriptions are either most interesting and important chronological landmarks, or abominable forgeries. M. Harkavy is of the latter opinion, but Professor Chwolson appeared to be of the former. After some points of minor interest, a question of importance was mooted by M. Terantieff. It really turned on this, whether greater faith should be placed on the dates, derived from the examination of coins than on Monumental Inscriptions and on Chronicles. M. Terantieff quoted a case to prove, that coins ought to be depended upon above all other evidence. The Section closed with a brief discussion about smaller questions; whether the word Apiru, used in Egyptian Inscriptions, meant the Hebrews; whether the name Musur in Assyrian Inscriptions meant always Egypt, which Professor Oppert maintained that it did; and lastly, whether the Philistines were in very deed only an Egyptian military colony, as strongly insisted upon by Professor Chwolson.

The last Section was upon the Religious and Philosophic systems of the East, and was disappointing. A long paper was read by Professor Mehren of Copenhagen on the reform of the Mahometan Religion in the third century of the Hijra, a subject of the least possible importance in the history of the world, and absolutely of no value at all when weighed in the balance with the great questions of the Religions of the East, anterior to, or coeval with, the dawning of Christianity. Professor Gubernatis of Florence opened out a question of the parallel of the Biblical Cosmogony with that of the Veda. At this moment, and just as Professor Oppert was about to mount the rostrum to descant on the subject of the legends of the Deluge, as derived from Cuneiform Inscriptions, arrived, as by melodramatic arrangement, but by a mere chance, a telegram from London, announcing the death at Mosul of George Smith, the well-known decipherer of Cuneiform and other Inscriptions, who was deputed to Nineveh to make further excavations in the company of a young Finlander, M. Eneberg, who had also succumbed to the climate. It was notorious, that Professor Oppert differed entirely from George Smith in his interpretations, but to

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him fell the duty of making an eulogium on his dead adversary. He then proceeded to give his version of the Deluge Tablets, denying altogether the identification of Izdubar with Nimrúd, and maintaining, that that latter word was not the representative of an individual, but of a people. M. Miller of Moscow laid upon the table of the Congress his work on Arian Mythology, and started the theory, that the so-called Vedic civilisation of the first Arian settlers of Northern India, far from being primitive, as was generally accepted to be the case, was, in fact, the result of much more ancient developments. The last question was a singular one, considering that all subjects connected with the Christian religion were rigorously excluded. M. Khyloff started the point, whether the literature published for the purpose of converting the Pagans of Siberia to the Christian religion should be in one of the Oriental literary languages, or in one of the popular vernaculars of the people. It seems scarcely credible, that a missionary should, for one instant, propose to convert the population of India by treatises in Sanskrit and Persian; yet this seems to be the drift of the argument. It appears, that no less than a dozen works have been prepared and printed in the Mongol languages, and that portions of the New Testament have been translated, though not yet printed, but that the circulation of these books has been arrested by the missionaries on the (in the opinion of the speaker) frivolous pretence, that they were translated into a language not intelligible to the people. The Buriat have so many different dialects, that they cannot understand each other; this would seem to indicate the necessity of different versions to suit each clan or division, but the speaker argued that, as it was better for the Buriat to have a translation in the Mongol than in the Slav language, or to have none at all, therefore the objection of the missionaries should be set aside, and the Buriat be compelled to learn the Mongol language, so as to be able to be converted. This is but an additional instance of the extraordinary vagaries of the human intellect.

Thus the Congress of St. Petersburg closed. One duty remained to be discharged, which was to fix on a locality for the next Congress. The Presidents of Sections met, and, as only one offer was made, that was accepted. The offer was from the Government of Italy and the Syndicate of Florence, and a President and Council were appointed. The President of the Congress announced this fact to the members assembled, and after a few words from Professor De Rosny, the Congress was dissolved. It was a great and marked success. The Official Report is a mine of information on the subject of Russia in Asia, and all impartial observers will admit, that Russia is doing its duty to Science in these remote regions, and has already deserved thanks for the excellent work done, and the promise of greater things in progress. The presence of Japanese,

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Buriat, Ostyak, Finlander, and Tartar gave an Oriental reality to the meeting, which can be found nowhere else but in London and St. Petersburg, the two great Powers who divide Asia betwixt them, and who, if they could only rise to an appreciation of the high duties, to which they are called, would maintain friendship, as there is room enough for both and to spare.

LONDON, 1878.

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PART III.—FLORENCE.

Two years elapsed betwixt September 1876 and September 1878, years of great political anxiety; the storm, which all visitors at the St. Petersburg Congress anticipated, burst upon Turkey, and there was a chance of a European war breaking out. All, who were interested in the Congress of 1878, were anxious, and, until the Congress of Berlin had cleared the political atmosphere, no preparations could be made for the peaceful meeting at Florence. However, all ended happily, and on the 12th of September the Fourth Congress was held at Florence. It differed materially from that of St. Petersburg. The arrangements were somewhat worse, but the attendance of scholars was out of all comparison better. All ladies, and persons not bonâ fide interested in Oriental studies, were excluded. The subject-matter and geographical area were greatly modified. The subdivisions were no longer Geographical, but Linguistic; the business was disposed of, not in one collective assembly, in which all participated, but in different rooms at the same time; the organisation of Sections and Presiding Officers was not based upon the autocratic power of a Council, but left to the uncontrolled exercise of universal suffrage. Without the protection of a written constitution or established precedents, the visitors felt, that they were among a people, new to the arts of self-government, jealous of official control, and not much gifted with the art of providing beforehand for contingencies, which must necessarily occur. A magnificent palace was provided, refreshments suited to the hot weather were thoughtfully handed round, amiability and courtesy and a hearty welcome were shown to all; but it was clear, that an organising mind was absent, and a good deal of confusion and waste of time ensued, for it is obvious, that small parties of strangers from every part of Europe, suddenly brought together, required guidance from a benevolent, paternal authority, before they could properly discharge their duties. Gradually light came out of darkness, and the following Sections were formed:—1. Hamitic, or North Africa; 2. Ancient Semitic or Western Asia; 3. Modern Semitic or Western Asia; 4. Arian; 5. Indian or Southern Asia; 6. Altaic or Northern Asia; 7. Chinese, Indo-Chinese, and Japanese, or Eastern Asia. On the whole, this distribution, though neither scientific nor exhaustive, was the best, that could be made with reference to the

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communications received, and the Scholars, who had attended, about one hundred and twenty in number. The next process was to invite Scholars to attach themselves to one or more Sections, and then, assembling in different rooms, proceed to the election by ballot of President, Vice-President, and Secretary. This might under some circumstances have been a very delicate operation, but so complete was the self-abnegetion of the amiable Italians, so abundant the presence of really great Scholars, that no littleness of character was exhibited, and the operation was satisfactorily accomplished, without reclamation, or secession of any disappointed individual.

The Council had appointed delegates in every city in Europe, where there was a University, and any prospect of attention being paid to their invitation. Some countries sent National delegates. A great many learned Societies were represented; the Viceroy of British India sent a delegate. A large number of books, maps, and manuscripts, and other objects of interest, were exhibited in a Museum. Private hospitality was not shown, but the delegates, appointed by the Council, dined with the brother of the King of Italy, Amadeo, Duca d'Aosta, late King of Spain, in the Royal Palazzo Pitti, and all the members of the Congress dined with the Minister of Public Instruction in the Provincial Palazzo Riccardi. Every gallery in the City was opened free of charge to the members of the Congress and their friends. No daily Bulletin was issued, and no report of the work of the previous day; and, as the Press was rigorously excluded, there was a general uncertainty, as to the past, present, and future. The internal arrangement of the Congress being based upon the principle of division into Sections, sitting independent, it became evident, that there were seven Congresses *en seance*, and that it was impossible for individual members to attend more than two or three Sections. This was a very serious drawback, and it was not, until a week had elapsed after the close of the Congress, that a Bulletin was issued, but a very meagre one, when compared with those daily issued at St. Petersburg. The Congress was opened by Amadeo, Duca d'Aosta, who represented his brother the King of Italy, who would have been present but for the Annual Manœuvres of the army. All the members assembled in the Sala di Senato of the Palazzo Uffizi, and heard long speeches made, and a great many allusions to Italian Independence and the Dynasty of Savoy.

The President was Senatore Michel Amári, distinguished, as a Scholar and a Patriot. He was assisted by Professor Ascoli of Milan, Commendatore Gaspare Gorresio of Turin, Severini, Lasinio, and Angelo di Gubernatis of Florence, who was the life and soul of the Congress. The list stood thus:—1st. Section, Hamitic: President, Maspero, Egyptologist, French; Vice-Presidents, Sapéto,

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Egyptologist, Italian, and Leiblein, Egyptologist, Norwegian; Secretary, Naville, Egyptologist, Swiss. 2d. Section, Ancient Semitic: President, Renan, Semite, French; Vice-Presidents, Oppert, Semite, French, and Merx, Semite, German; Secretaries, Perreau, Semite, Italian, and Socin, Semite, German. 3d. Section, Modern Semitic: President, Schéfer, Semite, French; Vice-Presidents, Cusa, Semite, Italian, and Mehren, Semite, Dane; Secretary, Nahmias, Semite, Italian. 4th. Section, Arian: President, Benfey, Arianist, German; Vice-President, Ascoli, Arianist, Italian; Secretary, Kerbaker, Arianist, Italian. 5th. Section, Indian: President, Roth, Arianist, German; Vice-Presidents, Weber, Arianist, German, and Flechia, Arianist, Italian; Secretaries, Da Cunha, Arianist, Indian, and Pullé, Arianist, Italian. 6th. Section, Altaic: President, Velaminoff, Altaicist, Russian; Vice-Presidents, Teza, Altaicist, Italian, and Vambéry, Altaicist, Hungarian; Secretary, Donner, Altaicist, Finlander. 7th. Section, Chinese, Indo-Chinese, and Japanese: President, Legge, Sinologist, English; Vice-Presidents, Gabelentz, Sinologist, German, and Andreozzi, Sinologist, Italian; Secretary, Cordier, Sinologist, French. Unquestionably this was a very strong cast, and there were men of repute, who were present, and yet left out of office, who had held office in previous Congresses, written books of a certain degree of estimation, and otherwise devoted themselves to Oriental subjects.

The Hamitic Section consisted of a harmonious little party of Frenchmen and Italians, with one Swiss and one Norwegian, for both Germans and English were conspicuously absent. Among the subjects discussed was that of the African races of the Blue Nile, and a subordinate question arose as to the extent, to which the phonetic phenomenon known by the term "Click" prevailed, which is one of great interest, as, though clicks prevail in the languages of South Africa, they have hitherto been unnoticed in the languages of Central Africa, either on the East or West Coast, and yet here they appear again in the tribes North of the Equator. Discussions took place on Berber and Egyptian Inscriptions. M. Naville read a paper on the edition of the "Ritual of the Dead," with the preparation of which he had been charged at the Second Congress. No doubt this Section was really effective, for, though the members were limited in number, all were interested in the subjects raised, and the written communications were not so lengthy, as to leave no time for oral discussions. One remarkable communication related to late discoveries of Egyptian remains in Sardinia and at Rome, beneath the Agger of Servius Tullius, thus indicating the existence of a civilisation on the Seven Hills of a date anterior to the date of Romulus.

The Section of Ancient Semitic was enlivened by Professor Oppert. Nothing could exceed the dignity and grace, with which Professor

Renan presided; though not himself an Assyriologist, he had kept himself informed of the nature of each problem as it arose, and on the Hebrew and Phenician questions he was one of the greatest authorities. He read an interesting paper on the Phenician Inscriptions found at Abydos in Egypt. M. Lenormant read a paper on the Myth of Tammuz or Adonis, as illustrated by Cuneiform Inscriptions. Professor Oppert discoursed on the sources of the Chronology of Genesis. Professor Ascoli made an important communication on some Hebrew Inscriptions lately found at Naples, which filled up a great gap in the catena of Inscriptions in the tenth century. Professor Sayce described the Cuneiform Tablets, lately brought home from Mesopotamia. At one of the sittings the Minister of Public Instruction, himself an old Professor, was present, and Professor Ascoli brought prominently to his notice the expediency of conducting further researches for Monumental Inscriptions in Italy. Another interesting feature was the display of the Catalogues of Oriental Manuscripts in the different Libraries of Italy, evidencing the great store of unknown literary treasure, and the great industry of Italian scholars.

We cannot speak in praise of the proceedings of the Modern Semitic, or, in other words, the Mahometan Semitic Section. It was composed of a very large number of members, but the subjects discussed were upon subordinate points, of the driest literary interest, such as would occupy the minds of dilettanti scholars, and would be passed over by the bonâ-fide scholar of this century. There was a singular absence from this section of any Philological or Archæological spirit; no allusion was made to the modern developments of the Arabic language. The report reads very much, like that of a Congress of University tutors fifty years ago on the minutiæ of the Greek and Latin languages, who met to discuss the reading of a passage in a Greek Play, or the accentuation of a vowel, before the great light of Comparative Philology had dawned on the world, and taught scholars, that the words, of which sentences were composed, were as important, if not more so, than the ideas, which those sentences conveyed. Inscriptions on Astrolabes of the Middle Ages, and the question, whether Mahomet could read or write, were scarcely worthy of the time devoted to them; it was forgotten or unknown, that in the East, to this day, hearing, and dictation, so much supply the place of reading and writing, that it is quite possible, that the greatest of administrators and authors may have been deficient in both these accomplishments.

The Indo-European and Iranian Section supplied a great deal of interesting matter for subsequent reflection and inquiry. Professor Oppert showed in detail the process, by which the Cuneiform Alphabet of the Persians was formed on the Acrostychic principle from the characters of the earlier Cuneiform, Syllabic, and Ideographic

systems. Professor Schiefner made a communication of the highest interest, and replete with the greatest learning, on the subject of the Caucasian languages, so little known or appreciated, and marking a distinct advance in linguistic knowledge. A paper was read by Professor Pizzi of Parma on the appearance of the old Bactrian word Karet in the names of all cutting instruments in Europe. A communication was made by Doctor Balbu Constantinesco on the subject of the language, spoken by the Zingari, or Gipsies, of Roumania, and he laid on the table a copy of his lately-published treatise on the subject. This is a subject of interest to all Indian Philologists. Mr. Leland, better known as Hans Breitman, read a paper on the language of the English Gipsy, which he affiliates to the Hindi. Professor Ascoli had also devoted much attention to this subject, and an interesting discussion might have ensued between the Englishman, Roumanian, and Italian, but they had unfortunately no common linguistic medium of exchanging ideas. An equally interesting subject was started by Mr. Brandreth, which, though not entirely original in conception, as it is shadowed out in the Comparative Grammar of the Neo-Arian languages by Mr. Beames, has never been thoroughly worked out. In the same way as the Sanskrit language, when it ceased to be a colloquial medium, was replaced by a group of Neo-Arian Vernaculars, the well-known Hindi, Bangáli, Maráthi, &c., the Latin language, when it ceased to be a living speech, was replaced by the group of Romance Vernaculars, Italian, Spanish, French, Wallachian, &c.; but the curious feature is, that in no other case but these two instances has such a replacement of a dead mother by living daughters taken place, and in both these groups the same linguistic expedients to effect the transition from a Synthetic to an Analytic language can be traced, and more than this, certain languages of each group seem to have undergone analogous Phonetic influences, viz., the Sindhi and the Italian, the Hindí and the French, and so on.

This was the last business of this most important Section in its regular sittings, but a special meeting was held in one of the rooms of the Museum to meet Dr. Leitner, the delegate of British India, who was the only member of the Congress, who could speak the four great languages of Europe with equal fluency; on this occasion he commenced with English, and turned off to Italian. He had brought with him a selection of the Greek Antiquities, disinterred in the Trans-Indus portion of the Panjáb Province, upon which, and upon the archaic form of speech spoken by the Hill people, he based certain theories regarding the connection of the Indian and Greek Mythology. A wish was expressed by the meeting, that the Government of India should publish a description of all the Monumental remains, which have been discovered, which no doubt will be carried out.

In the Indian Section the company was small but select; perhaps so many Sanskrit Scholars of repute were never before collected in so small a room. Professor Rudolph Roth, of Tubingen, read a most interesting paper on a lately-discovered Manuscript of the Atharvan Veda in Kashmír in the Sárada variation of the Indian character peculiar to that valley. He remarked, that the discrepancies between this and other Manuscripts were very marked, and that this discovery was most important, as it showed that a totally distinct recension existed of the Veda. Dr. Gerson da Cunha, a Brahman by race, but of a Christian family for many generations in the Portuguese settlement of Goa, read a paper on the subjects of the labours of the Portuguese scholars of Goa in the Sanskrit language, and that form of the Neo-Arian speech called Kónkani, which has hitherto been classed as a dialect of Maráthi, but for which Da Cunha claimed a separate existence as a language, in which Arian, Dravidian, and Romance elements were remarkably blended owing to the geographical position of the people. The writer of these pages then placed in the hands of Professor Pullé, the Secretary of the Section, a paper on the non-Arian Languages of British India, and the adjoining Independent States. This paper had been prepared in Italian under the idea, that the Congress would meet in full session, and out of compliment to the country where the Congress was held; but it so happened, that with the exception of the writer, two or three Italians, and Dr. Leitner, no one present understood Italian, so the reading of the paper fell very flat. It was designed to draw attention to the five families of languages of India, in addition to and independent of the great Arian Family, viz., Dravidian, Kolarian, Tibeto-Barman, Tai, and Mon-Anam, comprising scores of languages and dialects spoken by millions. Remarking, that his Italian paper had not been understood, he addressed the Section in English, and went over the names of the distinguished scholars, who had, by their works published at different times and places, and by contributions to different periodicals during the last quarter of a century, enabled him to compile a good deal of information regarding the Modern Languages of the East Indies. English Scholars had done their part from a simple sense of duty to the great kingdom, which Providence had placed in their charge, but the contributions of the Scholars of the other nations of Europe and America were labours of pure love to science, and had not been requited with the praise, which they deserved. Dr. Rost, Librarian of the India Office, then moved, that an address be forwarded to the Viceroy of India, praying that encouragement be given to the publication of the second volume of the Ayín Akbari. The Rev. J. Long moved, that another address be presented, praying that measures be taken to collect the Proverbs of the Indian People. Steps were taken to carry out both motions.

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In the Altaic Section little business was disposed of. Professor Vambéry, of Buda-Pesth, read a paper on the Primitive Culture of the Turco-Tartar Race; Professor Donner, of Helsingfors, discussed the question of the connection of the Finnic with the Samoiedic language. In the absence of legitimate material for this Section, an Italian had the hardihood to read a paper on an American language, which did not fall within the scope of an Oriental Congress, and which should not have been allowed a hearing.

In the Chinese Section Professor Legge read an address on the state of study, and what was wanting to complete the analysis of the written character. He was master of two living languages only, English and Chinese, but, as they did not go far as media of communication to his audience, he made his opening address in Latin. M. de Rosny found himself ousted of his position of President of the Extreme Orient Section, by the absence of any other Scholars. He made an interesting communication on some affinities between the Indo-Chinese and Maláyan races, drawn from Chinese writers. Mr. Wylie, Agent for many years of the British and Foreign Bible Society in China, read a paper on the subjugation of ancient Korea. Professor Von Gabelentz entered upon the subject of the relation of the Indo-Chinese languages to each other.

Many papers of less interest were read, some with scanty and others with no discussion at all. It might have been an economy of time, that such should only be printed in the report. The papers of absent members were in some cases read by persons, who knew nothing of the subject, and on the other hand, some persons actually present could not get the opportunity to read their papers. Much might have been done, had there been a competent Committee of Selection. Thus ended the Fourth Congress. On the last day it again assembled in the Palazzo Uffizi, and was addressed by the President and Secretary; the butterboat went freely round after the fashion of the Latin races, for Professor Renan undertook to give back to the Council, in French, an amount of flattery and eulogium of equal weight and thickness with that, which had been bespattered on the Congress in Italian. It was much to be regretted, as it gave an air of unreality to the whole meeting.

The heat was intense, and the members were longing to start, but two other matters had to be disposed of. By the Organic Rules, the place of meeting of the next Congress, and the time, and the Council had to be named. Great difficulties were contemplated, and may still arise. The great German nation, so prolific of Scholars, could no longer be passed over, and yet it was feared, that no Frenchman would go to Berlin. An attempt was made to get over this difficulty by putting off the next meeting for three years, naming Germany as the field, leaving the choice of place, and the direction, to the German Oriental Society, under tacit understanding

that Dresden would be selected. The other point was to announce the decision of the judges as to the prize awarded by the Italian Government for the best Essay on the Vicissitudes of Arian Culture in India; six were admitted to compete, and prizes of different values were given to four, among whom were two Hindu and Dr. Gerson da Cunha, a member of the Congress.

The very incomplete Bulletin has not allowed of justice being rendered to the work of this Congress, and the neglect is quite inexplicable; there were Secretaries in every Section, really efficient men, chosen for the purpose; the aid of a shorthand writer would have enabled them to draw up a short résumé of what was said and read, which should have been at once printed. Instead of this, the most meagre statements were put forth, merely noting the names of the persons who read papers, and intimating that there was discussion.[1] A thick volume was made up of unsatisfactory padding, such as the long speeches of the President and Secretary, the Catalogue of the contents of the Museum, and a list of the works of each member of the Congress, as far as the data at the disposal of the editor enabled him to make one. This Bibliographical Appendix seems like a bitter satire. It is not the greatest Scholars and the greatest authorities, who have published the greatest number of fugitive contributions to contemporary literature. Three pages are barely sufficient to contain the name of the works of Professor Lagus of Helsingfors, who, until these Congresses, was unknown beyond Finland; one-third of a page is sufficient to chronicle the works of Legge, Roth, and Vambéry, whose works Science would not willingly allow to die; less than three lines suffice for Sapéto, Schiaparelli, and Gorresio, the last of whom will not be forgotten, while the study of the Sanskrit language lives.

We wish well to future International Oriental Congresses. It is wise now and then to take stock of our progress and shortcomings; it is well that Scholars, too apt to quarrel at a distance, should meet now and then, shake hands, and find what good fellows they are, though one in the opinion of the other has failed in a particular translation, or is mad for propounding a particular theory. The writer of these pages hopes to live to attend the Congress in Germany. No one can read the above imperfect description of the three Congresses without feeling, that the world does indeed move, that knowledge is advancing with rapidity and certainty.

LONDON, 1879.

[1] Up to this date (July 1880), no Official Report has been published of the Proceedings of the Florence Congress.

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CHAPTER XV.

ORIENTAL SCHOLARS.

It is proposed to give fuller particulars of the constituent members of the Oriental Congresses, who are known generally under the name of Oriental Scholars, and occupy a very prominent position among the learned bodies of Europe.

It is necessary to contract the boundaries of a very large subject by excluding the distinguished men, who have devoted themselves to the subjects of Oriental Geography, Ethnology, Archæology, Numismatics, Comparative Mythology, History, and Religion. The word Oriental must be taken so as to include Africa, and yet exclude any portion of Europe, Australasia, and America. Language, in all its developments of Philology, Phonology, Grammatography, Palæography, Comparative Philology (called also Glottology), comes into the scope, whether such language be dead, extinct, or living, whether cultivated or left in savage freedom, whether committed to the safe custody of paper, linen, reeds, wood, metal, stone, or clay, or handed down orally from generation to generation, without the shackles and the safeguard of Alphabetic, Syllabic, or Ideographic characters.

It is necessary to cast over the world of Oriental letters such a net of classification, as will embrace all the component parts in such harmonious order as will commend itself to the judgment of the reader. The noble army of Scholars has been recruited from many nationalities, the majority using the languages of England, France, and Germany. Many Scholars write in French, who are not so by nationality. Some have also ventured upon English, who do not belong to that nation. Latin was in former years, and is sometimes now, a vehicle of communication. In addition to the above-named three great nationalities, Scholars have been contributed by the United States of North America, Holland, Belgium, Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Switzerland, Italy, Spain, Greece, Austria, Russia, India, and Turkey. It is difficult to obtain information as to the state of progress of particular Fields, so imperfect are the arrangements to record the names of the workmen, the output of each year; so impossible it has been to bring labourers in the same Field into communication with each other. There have been

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established for many years learned Societies. Annual Reports have been issued, but insufficient, unmethodical, and disappointing. Those of the French Society, written by MM. Mohl and Renan, have been models of style, but very limited in scope, and nearly entirely restricted to notice of the work of Frenchmen. The reports of the German Society have fallen in arrears, and attempt too much, and therefore produce no result. Enterprising publishers have from time to time put forth records, but too prominent a place is assigned to their own publications, and no attempt made to include everything. A scheme should be devised by the united agency of all the Societies so to divide the work geographically, as to secure the notice of every work, good or bad, that has come forth within the year. This may possibly lead hereafter to an International report of work done, prepared every year, marking the progress of each branch up to date.

England and France were first in the field, rival in arts as well as arms. The possession of India threw a great advantage into the hands of England, and the proclivity of Scholars of that country has been decidedly in an Arian direction, led by the great Hindu Triad, Jones, Colebrooke, and Wilson. On the other hand, the connection of the French with the Levant, and latterly with Algeria, has given them a bias towards Semitic studies, and they have also become prominent in the Chinese Field. There are names, which can only be pronounced with veneration among the French pioneers; such as Champollion, De Sacy, Anquetil de Perron, and Burnouf, of whose early death it may be truly said, that we should indeed have known something, had he lived to old age. In those days the ore lay near the surface. One fortunate Scholar could skim all milkpots, and spread a net to catch all fish; but with increase of knowledge has come a demand for more accuracy and a minuter subdivision of labour. The Scholars of Germany came in next, and introduced system and method, and propounded laws to regulate all future progress. Thus a Science was created, where formerly had existed only empirical discovery. Societies, Professorial Chairs, State Institutions, sprang into existence. Political necessities helped the progress of knowledge, and on the confines of European Russia, in the town of Kazan, a University sprung up, the object being to supply instruction in Arabic, Persian, Turkish, Tartar, Mongol, and Chinese, aided by Printing Presses. Still further East, in India and China, a free Press, numberless places of Education, and Literary Societies, have had a marked effect. How different is the lot of students of the nineteenth century, who read printed works with settled texts, set out with all the luxury of punctuation and pagination, garnished with notes, supplemented by translations and vocabularies, and in the comfort of their own armchairs, compared with the hard lot of the labourers of the eighteenth century;

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who in dirty and ill-lighted Libraries pored over ill-written, imperfect, and unintelligible Manuscripts, to which earthen vessels however were committed with impunity for many centuries the price less treasures of the East!

The blessed peace and liberty of England, which have lasted for so many years, can only be estimated at their full value, when we consider for one moment the lot of other nations even in these latter days. During the war of 1870 Professors and students were hurried to the field of battle from the calm of the Lecture-room, and we read of the progress of the campaign being reported home in Sanskrit Slokes by some unwilling combatant. On the other hand, the occupation of the country by the enemy, and the siege and Commune of Paris, interrupted the serene course of Oriental study. The Council of the Société Asiatique met in fear and trembling, not for their own lives, but for their books and collections. The monthly number of their Journal was stopped for a time, but they were equal to the occasion, and each number has been made up to the full tale by the publication of accumulated material. During the siege the printing of Masudi's Prairies d'Or was pushed on. Garcin de Tassy issued his annual report on the Languages of India from a village in Normandy, to which he had retired for a season. Some of the members of the Society were so discomposed, that they succumbed under the annoyance of the interruption of study. The usual official compliments were however paid to their memories. While the cannons were still firing, they remembered, that some of De Sacy's best works were published in the midst of the horrors of 1793. They had not forgotten, that Archimedes perished at the capture of Syrakuse, while working out a problem. It is characteristic of the brave and sensational nation to have done as they did, and to have cared to record it.

The opening address of the first number of the Annuario della Società Italiana per gli studii Orientali gives us another peep behind the scenes in the history of a noble nation. Senatore Amári, who suffered as a patriot under the Bourbons, alluded to Italy as being in old time the first in the Oriental field, and first in the Renaissance of the fifteenth century in every intellectual field. But smitten to death by the arrangements made at the peace of 1815, Italy lost its mental activity, and had no spirit to attend to the affairs of Asia and Africa, while the happier people of the other kingdoms of Europe had been daily adding to the domain of knowledge. Then came the struggle for Independence, and at last freedom and unity in 1870, and leisure and national confidence, and a right to name their union Società Italiana. So in 1871 was started the idea, and in 1872 was ushered into the world the first Report.

Some idea must be realised of the manner of men, who are called Scholars, their inner life, and the characteristics of the genus. One

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thing is clear, that it is a mere chance, that brings recruits to the ranks. No one has deliberately from his childhood selected the profession. There is scarcely an instance of the mantle of scholarship having fallen from the shoulders of the father to the son. On the contrary, we have heard a Scholar say, that he would never allow his children to adopt such a thankless walk of life, and as a rule the children grow up totally ignorant of, and unsympathetic in, the pursuits of their father. A great Sanskrit Scholar had six sons, not one of whom had the grace or curiosity to learn the character of the language, which had made their father's name and fortune. It is very well for spoiled children of fortune to eulogise the still life of the Professor in a German University. The only German Professor, who had the opportunity, cared not to exchange his Chair in an English University, his abundant income, and his repeated dotations from the India Office, for the Geist and narrow resources of a Chair in his Vaterland, though he talked of doing so. It was all very well for Niebuhr and Bunsen in their splendid positions, as diplomatic representatives of Prussia, to write romantically of their regret for their abandoned Professorial Lecture-rooms. It is patent, that the pursuit of Oriental learning is ill-requited either by honour or by material reward. Talents, which might have achieved fame; industry, which might have rolled up wealth; sometimes an eloquence, which would hold the first place at the Bar; a grasp of intellect and power of calculation, which would have made the fortune of a merchant or a banker; a shrewdness and a detective skill, which would have picked the locks of diplomacy; such are some of the varied capacities of the intellect, which have been brought into the service of Oriental literature, where every step had to be won by strong power of reasoning, united to undaunted perseverance.

Nor have instances of devotion of a life, abnegation of self, and singleness of purpose, the noble qualities which make up the perfect man, been wanting. We read how Castren, in delicate health, left his study and travelled for years alone in his sledge through the snowy deserts of Siberia, coasted along the borders of the Polar Sea, lived for whole winters in caves of ice, or in the smoky huts of the greasy Samoied, then braved the sand-clouds of Mongolia, past the Baikal, and returned from the frontiers of China to his duties of Professor at Helsingfors, only to die after placing the knowledge of the Altaic family of languages on a sound basis. A few years ago died Von Gabelentz; his name is known only to a few; patient, methodical, and undaunted by difficulties, he brought to bear on his studies the highest philological acumen. He never formed a final opinion of the nature of a language, till he had analysed a number of the original texts. In many cases, when no grammars or lexicons existed, he made his own; he acquired the

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knowledge of subsidiary languages merely to help him to the study of some outlandish tongue otherwise inaccessible. Thus he learned Russian, so as to get at Mongol dialects and Altaic languages; he atttacked the Wogulian through Magyar, and the Finnic through Swedish. He was the greatest linguist, that the world ever knew; not only did he know eighty languages, thus far surpassing Mezzofanti, but he made that knowledge available for the highest philological purposes, while the latter did not enrich science with a single discovery or a single new idea; he could talk his languages, and that was all.

Other names suggest themselves; some, like Schultz, have been veritable martyrs; or, like Norris, have been gifted with such modesty of character, that they have allowed others to carry off the credit for work, to which they have contributed so much, that to impartial critics it seems to belong to them alone. When we think of such instances, we can bear with more patience the self-assertion, the flashy-trumpery book, reviewed by friendly hands, the proof sheets of the review being corrected by the author of the book; the flimsy lecture, the greasy compliments, the false reputation gained by some sciolist, who has the art of stringing neatly together a few facts culled from the works of others, prates wisely, prints carefully, and binds handsomely.

The life of the French or German Scholars (and they alone are of the true stock) is not much to be envied; they have generally limited incomes, and are to be found in the second or third floors of houses in large towns, where a small suite of rooms contains their family and their library. To one, not accustomed to the life, there appears to be too close an atmosphere, and too much tobacco smoke; to visitors the Scholar appears as a genial, enthusiastic man, a delightful companion, full of intelligence; with perhaps a little too much oil and vinegar in his conversation, according as the name of a friend or a rival comes on the tapis. His is a hard life, much rising up early, and going late to rest, daily disappointments or mortifications, and midnight toil. The work of the compiler of a dictionary is enough to drive a man mad, and it is recorded, that after the completion of a fourteen years' work, and the correction of the last proof-sheet, the intellect of an unhappy compiler lost its balance from sheer want of the food, to which it had become habituated. Then, as might be expected, eyes grow prematurely weak, health or memory fails, the right hand loses its cunning, early death interrupts the work, as in the case of Burnouf and Deutsch. Champollion is said to have contracted some peculiar disease in the tombs of Egypt; the stooping back, the scholarly bend, the pallid abstracted countenance, mark the bookworm, who can take no interest in any branch of the subject but his own;

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a form of selfishness has swallowed up everything, and he sees, as it were, with a single eye.

The characters of the men vary; some plod on, and are diffident, and doubt to the last; but their doubting convinces others. Some are unduly modest; some so conceited, that they describe the outer world by a negation, calling them Nicht-Arabisch or Nicht-Sanskrit, dividing the human race into scholars or non-scholars. Some are too daring, using the divining-rod too freely, dashing off a hundred suggestions, and conflicting interpretations of the same Inscriptions, so as to generate a feeling of distrust in spite of their profound knowledge. Some are so presumptuous, that unsupported by long study or tested knowledge, they are sure of themselves, resent contradiction, or suspended judgment on their theories, lavish abuse on those, who venture to differ, consider a critique to be good only on condition, that it agrees with their views, and denounce the writer as ignorant, who has an opinion of his own; such a writer expresses undue confidence in his own ideas, all the stronger because he possesses the whole of the stock himself, not one single person taking a share, except his much-suffering wife, who, like the consort of the prophet Mahomet, allows herself to be convinced for the sake of the peace of the house; of all phases this is the most lamentable.

The wife of the Scholar often sits by his side, sharing his narrow quarters for a quarter of a century, and, while he is picking the most intricate locks, and solving the most difficult puzzles, that an extinct language can supply, she knows nothing about it from the first to the last, or at least understands nothing. She listens to his abuse of his fellow-labourers; she is present, while he talks with his friends; she hears his mutterings in his sleep; she knows his last work by the look of it on the shelves; but often that is all, and it is as well. If she had unusual intelligence, she might possibly differ. If she had none, as is most probably the case, nothing could make her understand the subtle points at issue, which it requires a special education to approach. And there is another feature of the life of the Scholar. The practiser of the Law goes out in the morning to his work, but he returns home at the usual hour fresh, and with an aroma of the outer world to cheer his home; the medical practitioner is in and out at all hours; and so on with other professions; but the Scholar has his workshop in his home, and has no occasion to go forth and mix among his fellows, except on the occasions of giving a lecture as Professor, or the meeting of a learned Society, or a visit to his publisher. If he has faith in his stars, he may say to himself, with Telemachus,

αλκιμος εσσ', ινα τις σε και οψιγονων ευ ειπη.

And in very deed his name may hereafter be pronounced with

reverence, like those of Champollion, Burnouf, Colebrooke, and Horace Wilson, or with a laugh, like that of ——, or with a sigh, like that of Goldstücker and Deutch, and many another, the lengthening of whose days would have made the world wiser.

Some die "opere in medio," with their papers and notes in confusion, and the table and desk of the Scholar is generally in that state; the materials collected, but the arranging mind gone. On the last page of the incomplete work may be inscribed, "He fell asleep here," and "sulle pagine Cadde la stanca man." Stores of painfully-accumulated knowledge are all wasted; pigeon-holes of memory, stuffed with quotations and references, are all rendered useless; a great reputation lost for ever, as the tired Scholar lays some evening his head down on his great work, never to lift it up again from the leaf, on which his amanuensis finds it stiffened next morning, when he comes in to ask for more copy. To that inquirer there are no more secrets as to the Origin of Language; he has got to the bottom of the myth of the Tower of Babel at last. On the tomb of Beer an Inscription was carved in the Sinaitic character, the secret of which he had unravelled; a well-deserved trophy to one, who died a martyr. Some may have the good fortune of possessing good and capable sons, like de Rongé, to whom it was a privilege to arrange and edit the manuscripts of their deceased parent. Some may, like Champollion, be great enough, and blessed enough, to leave a school of devoted followers, whose delight it has been, like the companions of Mahomet, to catch up every word of their great master. This is not generally the case; the premature death of an Oriental Scholar means literary bankruptcy. In the obituary notice of a dead worker we too often read the sad announcement, that unfinished work was found among his papers, and the last portion of the treatise unwritten; or we hear of voluminous collections of materials for a dictionary quite useless, except to the master-mind, which, like the prince in the fairy tale, alone had the power of sorting the confused heap of commingled feathers. It would add to the bitterness of death, or cause the body of the dead man to turn in his coffin, to know, that the task of finishing his work was entrusted to some incapable blunderer, or some hated rival.

There is yet another class, to whom some may refuse the name of Scholars, but whose scholarly tastes and wide range of acquirement, place them as far above the mere scholar, as a jurist is above a case-lawyer. Such was the Duc de Luynes, in France, and such are many retired Anglo-Indians, who, after years of active employment, have a sufficient range of culture to take an interest nearly, or entirely, all down the line of Oriental research. Such men are averse to writing, and prefer reading, and forming an opinion on the books of others. Perhaps their knowledge is too diluted, or spread like gold over too large a surface; but they form that

intelligent public, which is a necessity to an author, and they are free from those enmities, those prejudices, that dead weight of envy, hatred, and malice, which make grave Oriental Scholars as sensitive and irritable, as concert-singers and ballet-dancers, and exhibit such deplorable absence of nobility of character. "Oh! that mine enemy had written a book!" "How these Scholars hate each other!" Such sentiments must rise up in the mind of the most casual observer. The "Odium Literarium" is something worse than the "Odium Theologicum." Fierce invectives in a Preface denounce a rival work; jealousy as to priority of discovery in an age, when needs be there must be often simultaneous arrival at the same result from the same data; general depreciation of every one; the title of charlatan liberally circulated; an extreme littleness of disposition; most illiberal, most unjust, and unworthy insinuations; the spectacle would be saddening, were it not ridiculous. "Ce n'est pas la paix, c'est la guerre, que M. Halévy est venu apporter dans ce monde," was remarked in the annual Reports of the Société Asiatique with regard to that Free lance, who, armed at all points by profound knowledge, but deficient in common sense, wages war singlehanded against the company of Assyriologists, Egyptologists, and interpreters of Monumental Inscriptions generally.

The din of battle sounds on all sides; a remark made thirty years before is neither forgiven nor forgotten. Fierce quarrels have lasted a whole life, destroyed the serenity of scientific meetings, have only been allayed by death, even if then, for to either of the combatants it would impair the bliss of Paradise to have the other man there. Panthier and St. Julien, the only two Frenchmen of their time, who were masters of Chinese, managed to carry on their lifelong war "outre le tombe," by leaving for posthumous publication discordant translations of the same work. In one celebrated seat of learning the only two men, who have knowledge of the great Arian master-language, refuse to hold any intercourse with each other. Still the volumes of the greatest enemies, the most unkindly rivals, rest peacefully side by side on the shelves of the student, who is able to utilise the great good, that can be extracted from both, and laugh at his ease at the follies of the wise, the weaknesses of the strong.

As a rule, the centre fight is betwixt the armies of France and Germany, with the English army looking on. Sedán, and the occupation of Paris, leave their traces even in Oriental literature. Like the head of Charles I., contemporary politics will crop up at most unexpected opportunities. While discussing tthe wars of Assyria and Babylon 800 B.C., M. Lenormant drags in the ingratitude of the French Chamber to M. Thiers, with reference to one of the campaigns of Sargon. As in the Homeric wars, so throughout the

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whole field of Oriental research, there are desperate hand-to-hand fights going on; and by a strange attraction or repulsion, we find generally a Frenchman on one side and a German on the other. The duel is sometimes triangular or even quadrangular. Fire is no doubt struck out of the weapons of the combatants, and the gold of truth is wrought out and refined in the furnace of controversy; and so far the world is a gainer. Gradually, gradually certain great truths work themselves beyond the arena of dispute; they are removed beyond the debatable ground; no one would nowadays question the classification of Bopp, the law of Grimm, the Hieroglyphic interpretation of Champollion, the translations from the Cuneiform; but impudent frauds, and foolish theories, and downright forgeries, do sometimes crop up, and have to be coughed down, or laughed down, or trampled down, till they are put aside and forgotten. Other great questions, such as the nature of the Proto-Babylonian language, the proper principles of Vedic interpretation, the proper translation of Himyarite, Berber, Punic, Karian, Etruscan, Hittite, and Lykian Inscriptions, are still the subject of vehement, shifting, and bitter controversy.

It must not be supposed, that the feeling of the general body of Scholars and authors does not revolt and protest against the puerile license of recrimination and abuse, in which great men have indulged against their literary adversaries. The subject has been noticed with regret and reproof; authors seemed hardened to it, but the outside world regards with feelings of disgust the exhibitions of petulance. The saddest feature is, that the greatest Scholars have been the greatest offenders against the laws of good feeling and good taste; and scholars, after having accomplished work worthy of giants, commence to prick each other with pins, as if they were dwarfs, forgetting Niebuhr's noble advice: "If in laying down our pen we cannot say, that we have knowingly written nothing, that is not true; if without deceiving ourselves or others, we have not presented our opponents only in such a light, that we could justify it on our deathbeds, study and literature serve only to make us unrighteous and sinful." And we fear very much that such is the case.

It is difficult to say, to which of the three great nations the palm must be awarded of the greatest violation of good manners. Allusion has already been made to the controversies of the great French Sinologists, but what shall be said of the abuse of the English language made by Max Müller and his great American rival, which so much diminishes the beauty of their latest works? The Arianist Goldstücker, in one of his greatest works, allowed himself a license of abuse, quite unwarranted by the abstract nature of the subject, regarding which there was ample room for diversity of opinion, for in many matters Scholars are still groping in the dark.

Let us consider now the fields of study and the workmen. The

regiment of Oriental Scholars, made up of recruits from different nations, is divided into nine companies, according to the field to which their labours are directed. Some Scholars belong to two or more companies. Knowledge would advance with more certain steps, if there were less special devotion to one subject, and a larger and more catholic spirit in study; but we must take them, as we find them, and be thankful. They are well described as the rolling-stock of the knowledge-concern, while Libraries are the dead-stock.

The Arianists come first, occupying the Arian field, the most numerous, learned, and influential, but their tyranny in linguistic matters and self-assertion is felt to be unsupportable. First in the field, and in possession of a highly-cultivated literary treasure, to which they have done full justice, they forget, how small a portion of the world's surface was occupied by speakers of Arian languages, and that linguistic methods are not of universal application. A large and important portion of the Arian field lies outside the limits of Oriental scholarship; two branches only, the Indian and Iranian, fall within our notice. They remained united, when the other branches left their original home and migrated to the West, occupying the whole of Europe with successive waves of colonisation. The Indian branch is represented by the Sanskritists, and the students of the languages, which are descendants from Sanskrit in the first generation, Pali, and the Prakrits, and the descendants in the second generation, the eight great Neo-Arian Vernaculars of India and Ceylon: Hindi, with its great dialect, Hindustáni, Panjábi, Bangáli, Uriya, Maráthi, Gujaráti, Sindhi, and Sinhalese. The number of Scholars in this field are legion. The Study is conducted upon the soundest basis; the material of study is boundless. In importance and mass, both as regards accumulated literature of the past and number of the population actually using these languages, the Indian field stands unrivalled in the whole world. If scantily represented by Monumental Inscriptions, and those of comparatively late date, the bulk of Manuscripts in the Sanskrit, Pali, Prakrit, and Modern Vernaculars far exceeds the treasures of any other linguistic field whatsoever.

The Iranian branch is of far less importance and notoriety. The earliest form of the language is represented by the Monumental Inscriptions of the Achæmenides and the Avestan, or old Bactrian (a term used in supersession of the incorrect Zend), represented in Manuscripts, which may be copies in a long succession, and open to considerable suspicion. Descendants in the first generation in the Pahlavi, Pázend, and Huzvaresh; and in the second generation the Persian with its numerous dialects. The Kurdish and Armenian on the West of Persia, and the Pushtu and Balúchi on the East, complete the field. Burnouf and Grotéfend may be said to have created the ancient portion of this study. The Iranianists are not numerous or influential, and the material is limited.

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The Semites constitute the second company, with a method as rigorous and an egotism as arrogant, but without the justification of the Arianist, as up to this time they have not discovered the common parent of their languages. The three languages of first rank—the Hebrew, Syriac, and Arabic—are closely allied, maintain a kind of chronological sequence, and are the vehicle of Jewish, Christian, and Mahometan dogmas. It is an astonishing fact, that no Vernacular modern language should have been generated in this family, though its Vocabulary should have so largely enriched the Persian, Osmanli Turkish, the Neo-Arian Vernaculars of India and the Malay. In this field must be included the Phenician, Punic, Samaritan, Moabite, Himyaritic, Nabathean, Mandaic, the ancient and modern languages of Abyssinia, and the ancient Babylonian and Assyrian of the Cuneiform Inscriptions. A large body of Scholars has attached itself to the study of the boundless treasures of the Semitic family. Hebrew has long had its votaries for purposes of Exegesis of the Holy Scriptures; and in late years the study of Arabic and Syriac has received a large development. The discovery of Assyrian and Babylonian let in new light by bringing to view a language perhaps earlier than, certainly contemporary with, Hebrew, and closely allied to it. Extraordinary progress has been made on every side of the subject; texts, translations, grammars, and dictionaries have been produced in great profusion. The collection of Inscriptions in every part of the Semitic field has exercised the ingenuity, and sharpened the polemical appetite, of rival schools, while they supplied solid additions to linguistic knowledge. The disinterred palaces of Nineveh, the bricks of Babylon, the Moabite Stone, the Himyaritic Inscriptions of Arabia, the scratchings on the rocks of the Sinaitic Peninsula and Safa, the tombstones of Tyre and Carthage, the dedicatory tablets of temples, have placed original documents in the hands of the scholar, by which the Manuscripts can be controlled.

The Egyptologists represent a field of transcendant interest, the Hamitic; they also are numerous, powerful, and of marked ability. Though much has been done, there is work sufficient to employ the Scholars of this and the next generation in interpreting the material, with which all the Museums of Europe are crowded. The historical results of this study have attracted attention, and no religious prejudices stand in the way of research. Occupying an important, though subordinate, position is the Koptic, and in the same field are the Hamitic Languages of Morocco, Algiers, the Suhára; Abyssinia, and the countries to the South of that kingdom; the Berber, Tuwarik, Galla, Somáli, and others. The French Scholars have been foremost in the researches of the two former. Inscriptions have been forthcoming, but there is a total absence of other literature.

The fourth family of languages and company of Scholars is that of the Altaic and Altaicists. How much is suggested to the mind in that short word, the numberless languages of the Finnic, Samoiedic, Turkic, Mongolic, and Tungusic branches, spoken over Russia in Europe and Asia, to which provisionally might be added the disinterred languages of the Proto-Babylonian, Proto-Median, and Susian, as revealed to us in the older Cuneiform Inscriptions. The Scholars are numerous and the material of importance.

The fifth field is the Caucasian, lately explored by one of the greatest Scholars, Schiefner, lost to us all too early for science, and exhibiting the most singular phenomena. The Scholars are few and the material scanty.

A sixth and numerous company occupies the vast Non-Arian field of the East Indies in its widest sense, and including Nearer or British India, and Farther India or Indo-China, and the Indian Archipelago. Numerous excellent Scholars have illustrated this field, and it is subdivided into the Dravidian, Kolarian, Khasi, Tibeto-Barman, Tai, Mon-Anam, and Malayan families. It presents marvellous linguistic combinations and variations, scores of languages spoken by millions, and a great literature.

The seventh company is known as the Japanese, and their field is the Extreme Orient, which includes, in addition to the great cultivated language of Japan, the languages of Korea, the Aino, the Luchu, and others. The Scholars are numerous and the literature considerable.

The eighth company is that of the Sinologists, occupying the great kingdom of China, with its multiplicity of dialects, its unique Ideographic character, its vast literature, and its millions of population. The Scholars are most numerous.

It is impossible in any survey of Oriental scholars, as distinguished from their Occidental brethren, to omit the field of Africa, occupied by the company of Africanists, increasing every year in number, importance, and excellence. The North of Africa is included partly in the Semitic and partly in the Hamitic field, but to the South of the great Sahára and the Tropic of Cancer are four great families of languages, the Fula-Nuba, Negro, Bantu, and Hottentot-Bushman. This must be called the ninth field.

In addition to the above-mentioned companies is the forlorn hope, who strive to solve the insoluble, to pick locks of which the key has been long lost of the character, and the language, such as the Armenian of the Van Cuneiform Inscriptions, the Hieroglyphics of Hamath, the Etruscan, the Lykian, Karian, and others.

Mention of names of living scholars is purposely omitted. The purport of this Essay is to indicate the field and the nature of the work rather than to individualise living workmen. Any other course would have led to inconvenience and errors, as, though it is

generally known, in what direction the published labours of each Scholar of repute have been directed, any accurate description of his knowledge is impossible without such information, as is only supplied in an obituary notice.

If from other reasons we refrain from giving the names of the living scholars, time and space would fail, if we would attempt to speak of the dead, the mighty dead, resting from their labours, of each of whom it may with truth be said, that though dead they still speak. They have gone beyond the tribunal of human praise or blame, but left their works behind. How grand and knightly do the figures of Champollion and Burnouf stand out amidst the haze of the past, like Raphael among painters, superior even to the envy of their contemporaries! When Burnouf fell, not only were lost to science the further revelations, which that splendid and trained genius would have made, but the principal fire was extinguished, from which the youth of that generation, the Scholars of the next, used to gather their inspiration. We think with reverence of the schools of Sylvestre de Sacy and Horace Hayman Wilson. Knowledge has gone far beyond the highwater level of their time; but the novelty of the study, the great variety of their attainments, surrounded them at that time with a dignity and, after the lapse of years, with a halo, which is now unattainable. Every Scholar, every successive generation, owes a debt of gratitude to the great discoverers or the mighty pioneers, such as Grotefend, Champollion, Burnouf, and Colebrooke. It may be, that they were fortunate in being the first in the field, that the general knowledge was so fast advancing, that the ripe fruit must soon have fallen. Such may be said of all inventors and discoverers. Many had failed before them. After-ages at least do justice to patient and truthful Scholars.

There are certain authors, who from time to time thrust themselves forward on a much-enduring public, of a very different character. We mention one case, as the author has passed beyond the arena of criticism. A clergyman, apparently with no knowledge of language or palæography in the proper sense of these terms, nor well read in the works of others, presumed to rush into the field on three of the greatest subjects of Oriental investigation, the Sinaitic Inscriptions, the Egyptian Hieroglyphics, and the Cuneiform Systems of Western Asia. This gentleman swept away, as with a feather-broom, the labours of Champollion, Lepsius, Grotefend, Burnouf, Rawlinson, and Beer, and substituted a theory of a primeval language and character, the words of which he found in the Arabic dictionary; and to this one type he reduced the above-mentioned Inscriptions, which have no one connecting link of date, or principle, or language. Such books can only be passed over by Scholars in silence, but they do infinite mischief by misleading the general public, and thus causing them to mistrust the

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researches of real Scholars. The manner of treatment was so plausible, that it was quoted and read by many, who were not aware what baseless theories it contained. And here it may be added that treatises on such subjects must necessarily be twofold: either for the benefit of Scholars, and therefore technical and in detail, or in a popular form; and it is on this point, that so large a portion of praise is due to Professors Max Müller and Whitney, who have done more than any other Scholars to popularise the subject, and give correct information in a readable and entertaining garb.

In the first line of discovery comes the intelligent Missionary or Public Officer, thrown amidst an unknown people. He learns their language, reduces it to writing; if wisely instructed, he adopts the Standard-Alphabet of Lepsius, and compiles vocabularies, grammatical notes, short sentences, and passages of the Holy Scriptures. He may not have linguistic knowledge, but he ought to have accuracy of defining sounds, and recording them on one uniform system, and his rough material is valuable. It falls into the hands of a trained Scholar, who applies certain tests to it, removes all loan-words from other languages, and from the ore thus purified builds up a grammar, and brings out the structural features of the language. In the third rank comes the Linguistic Architect, the Scholar with the genius of Comparison; he it is, that groups the bricks thus laid to his hand, and organises a System, showing how languages, spoken by tribes separated many hundreds of miles, possess in themselves such elements of Unity, that a common origin must be predicated. In the fourth rank comes the Populariser, not necessarily a man of genius, or of linguistic knowledge, but endowed with industry and accuracy, and to him his predecessors are indebted often for their reputation.

Modesty and self-distrust are two of the chief tokens of a great Scholar. Those, who know something, get into the light, and then know, how very little that light is; those, who know next to nothing, are still in outer darkness, and have not light enough to measure the extent of their own ignorance. And to do good work there must have been good training in a good school of Comparative Philology; the greatest industry, the most fortunate opportunities, will not enable a Scholar to dispense with this condition. The works of some otherwise valuable Scholars are marred by this deficiency, the absence of proper training, and a sufficient breadth of reading lets itself be unconsciously seen, like the pronunciation of a boy not educated at a great public school.

Luck and a good constitution, in war and politics, at the Bar, and every other profession, must have some influence. Poor Rosen! poor Leyden! poor Deutch! "Tulit alter honores." They succumbed early, having made the way easy for others. On the other hand, Colebrooke, Horace Hayman Wilson, Benfey, Lepsius, Wester-

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gaard, Lassen, and others have worked every day of a very long life, and the result has been prodigious. The aid of a friend in power, by putting forward a young man of ability, enables him to secure a position at a time of life, when he can cultivate his talents, and secure a hearing. Without detracting from the great merits of such, we may say that they would probably not have risen so early to distinction, but for the judicious and timely assistance, which helped them down to the well, leaving no doubt some better men on the steps, waiting for a helping hand, which to some never has come.

The true Scholar must feel, that it is of the essence of his profession to be led occasionally into error. In the course of investigations, where there is so much guessing, so much hypothesis, so much strained analogy, there must be time lost in constructing and pulling down, in advancing and retracing steps, in casting about with the diviner's rod, until at last the right vein is struck, the right nail is hit on the head, the right interpretation or deduction made. Each man should be to his own works the severest critic and censor. His own consciousness should gradually lead him to see his error, and, as perfectness and truth must be the object of all true research, to correct it, and nobly admit, that he was in the wrong. It must be trying to Scholars, who have passed their maturity, to come suddenly on such a new revelation as Bopp's Comparative Grammar, and to see so many of their castles of cards swept to the ground; but it is one of the conditions of advancing knowledge to be liable to such great changes of front, and all epochs and all fields of inquiry have known them. It is wiser to accept the new truth, than to be left stranded, or impotently to contend against what is accepted by others, upon grounds which cannot be gainsaid. Ask any of the great Scholars, who are past their seventieth year, how much they have had to unlearn, steps to take back, rolls of manuscript to put behind the fire, before they arrived at conclusions, which satisfied themselves and others. No one can read Bunsen's works, without wishing that he had lived a little longer, and enjoyed the advantage of the discoveries, of the advance down the line, made since his death. If Scholars could only see, that Knowledge is the one object, no matter by whom it is advanced, and not their own individual reputation, there would not be so much petty self-seeking and self-glorification and depreciation of the work of others, which disgraces at present the guild of Scholarship. The true Scholar never need be afraid of the cold, impartial judgment of the next generation. The charlatan is forgotten.

Attention was drawn in the Journal of the Société Asiatique some thirty years ago to the degree of attention and patronage, extended by the Governments of France, England, Germany, and Russia respectively to the extension of Oriental studies and research.

NATIONAL BOOK TRUST OF INDIA

Though somewhat coloured with that halo, which compels a Frenchman to view everything through patriotic spectacles, still in the main the judgment expressed was discriminating and correct. Of course France was considered to have done more for Oriental Science than any other country. Professorial Chairs had been founded; books and manuscripts collected; expeditions undertaken to foreign countries; special types had been founded for the publication of Oriental works; Scholars themselves had been encouraged by honours, by pensions, by flattering distinctions; but whatever had been done was confined to Paris, and a very limited circle in Paris. No portion of the outside public had been touched, no works published in a popular form, no interest whatsoever felt by the general public.

In England nothing has been done by the State for Oriental literature, as in fact nothing has been done for any branch of Science. Such matters are left to the disposal of associations and corporate bodies. The Universities are very rich, but they also do nothing at all. There are no proper Oriental Chairs. The Sanskrit Chair at Oxford was the endowment of a private person; that at Cambridge is maintained by a College-Fellowship. There are magnificent Libraries, abundance of learned ease, but absolutely nothing is done. The public, however, do not neglect the subject. Large sums have been devoted to the Oriental Translation Fund and the Oriental Text Fund. Associations are formed, scientific voyages are undertaken, missionary bodies are established; there is a countless out-turn of translations of the Holy Scriptures, dictionaries, grammars, and texts, but all by the means of private subscriptions. Conspicuous above all had in former days been the Indian Government, which had been lavish in its patronage of Oriental literature. From the Indian Services had sprung up a constant crop of ripe Scholars. All is changed now. There is no native army to supply new Scholars. The Civil Service, supplied by competitors, may contain able men, but few Oriental Scholars. The Secretary of State for India has not inherited the liberality with the power of his predecessors; and an application made by the Royal Asiatic Society for assistance in preparing the all-important Corpus Inscriptionum of India, was met by a recommendation to undertake this Imperial work by the means of private associations.

What has Germany done? It has supplied the workmen. A nation without colonies or commerce to absorb the flower of their youth has supplied the raw material for forming Missionaries, Scholars, Librarians, Editors, Lexicologers, Translators, and Critics. A great number of small Universities and Professorial Chairs, a simple manner of life, and a cheap system of education, have resulted in spreading Oriental knowledge over a much wider sur-

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face, and supplying a crop of well-grounded men to do the literary work of Europe. But, with some remarkable exceptions, the tendency of German scholarship is to literary brickmaking rather than to literary architecture. The German Government has not been wanting in liberal assistance. Expeditions have been despatched, such as that headed by Lepsius to Egypt, and magnificent additions made to Royal Museums and Libraries, sometimes, as in the case of the late Moabite Potteries, with more haste than judgment.

The smaller kingdoms of Denmark, Sweden, Belgium, and Holland have not been wanting, and especially the latter. Italy, which was once the foremost, and whose existence was effaced from the catalogue of nations, has now resumed its place. Spain and Portugal are as stolid and unmoved as Turkey itself; and it is a sure mark of an inert people, that they take no thought to enter the International lists with the rest of Europe.

We come to the last, and perhaps the greatest, the Russian Empire. It has done its duty to Science, whatever may have been its motive; but each adjacent country, that heard, that the peculiarities of its language were being studied at St. Petersburg, must have felt a cold shudder, such as men are said to feel, when the spots destined to be their graves are trodden upon. It must have occurred to them, that a rod was in pickle for them, and a deadly fascination must have come over them, as when, a serpent is first spied by its prey. Thirty years ago German Scholars of repute were salaried to learn the languages of Armenia and Georgia; both countries have since been absorbed. A flank movement round the Caspian brings Russia in face of a great Mahometan people, and simultaneously Professor Dorn publishes at St. Petersburg a grammar of the Pushtu language, though the legitimate interest of Russia in the Afghan people is not obvious. Further inquiry brings to notice the preparation of grammars of the Mandchu and Mongol languages; in fact, grammatical study is the advance-guard of conquest. Kazan became a city of Printing Presses, but, with a view to the administration of conquered provinces, a kind of military propaganda. As Rome sought to enclose the world in a spiritual net, so Russia seeks physical aggrandisement. There is but a scant public in Russia to appreciate such Oriental studies; they are but a portion of the rolling-stock of the great railway of absorption.

We have alluded to the existence of Learned Societies; such associations are, in fact, the offspring of a kind of Protestantism against the effeteness of existing institutions; they play the part of prophets against the antiquated and sluggish priesthood; they consist of selected members from a larger and more inert mass, endowed with a greater elasticity of combination, and a greater vigour of proceeding.

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Twice in late years such associations have sprung into existence. First, at the time of the Renaissance, when the established Schools were quite out of harmony with the aspirations and necessities of the time; then it was that the few enlightened associated themselves, and at length reformed Education, and the Universities, and the conventional limits of knowledge; and, having done their work, they ceased to exist. At this time the study of Greek and Latin authors was introduced; and a long period followed, during which the work of classicising Europe was slowly carried out. In our days has come the second occasion: a new world has come into existence. "Ex Oriente Lux;" we have found the existing institutions unequal to the burden, and unwilling to move onwards. From this cause have sprung into existence associations, which are gradually reaching the whole mass. Slowly Education, Schools, and Universities are reforming themselves. Scholars, linked together, have made themselves heard. The existing Learned Societies were all founded soon after the peace of 1815. There was then a general development of intellectual activity, and great interest in all things ancient exhibited by all classes. The East came in for its share; and many men of great distinction and wealth joined Oriental Societies from general love of learning; not only London and Paris, but other Continental cities felt the same movement. But as time went on, this influential class has died out, and no recruits have succeeded to the vacancies caused by death; and, as the members of the Societies have become more strictly Oriental Scholars, the income and influence of the Associations have diminished. The real reason has been, that the reform, to effect which these institutions were formed, has been more or less effected. Notably a great portion of the original object, which the Royal Asiatic Society laid before themselves, has been undertaken by the Government of India, which has been roused to a sense of its responsibilities. But a work still remains, and it is this. Missing pages of history have to be written, and existing pages to be rewritten under the light of subsequent discoveries. The depth of previous ignorance would be more descanted upon, did not real Scholars feel, how little even now was known. The real object of the movement, which now sways the intelligent of Europe, and which is the raison d'être of Oriental Societies, is to approach nearer to the mechanism of the human mind, to scatter the mists of fable, and worse than fable, the oft-repeated historic lie; to get at the real Annals of the early world; to enrich moral and social Science, with the experience of the grand nations, who peopled Asia four thousand years ago; to feel to the bottom of the religious sentiments and philosophical groundwork, which influenced men of like passions as ourselves at that remote period; to trace the origin, migration, and fall of Races, and to give a larger and

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firmer basis to the history of the world. When this work is done, the Societies may dissolve, and the longer series of their Journals, the contemporary chronicles of the unrolling of the great Palimpsest of the Past, may be discontinued.

The curtain has been gradually lifted up, that for the last twenty centuries has obscured the Oriental world. We now know secrets, which the priests would not reveal to Herodotus, or Mánetho, or Berósus; perhaps the recollection and right understanding of them had fairly died out before their time. We can handle and read papyri, which Moses could never have seen, as before his birth they had been deposited in the tomb of some Egyptian sage, which has only now been compelled to give up its treasure, held so many centuries in the mummified hand, or hidden away in the cerements.

Still Knowledge comes slowly, slowly creeping on, always gaining a point, sometimes making an advance down the whole line, amidst a multitude of hypotheses, the din of controversies, and, alas! no lack of shameless forgeries. And the result is the shaking to the foundation of every received date, the turning inside out of every accepted fact, the whitewashing of some great historical characters, the lampblacking of others; the propounding of the Eponym theory, the abuse of the Myth theory, the wide extension of the Legend theory, till absolutely nothing solid remains. In this transcendental scepticism we find M. Renan, in his report of the Société Asiatique of 1873, treating with scorn any one, who ventured to talk of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, as real characters, or who did not allude to Moses with reserve. A soberer author, though of the same school, talked of the possibility of there having been one hundred Adams, and therefore one hundred separate seedplots of language. The pavement of History quakes beneath us, and we walk "per ignes suppositos cineri doloso."

We give up with a sigh and a wrench of conscience the Garden of Eden and the Biblical heroes of our infancy, and at the same time we are requested to give implicit credence to new truths disinterred from a tomb, which has been sealed up for four thousand years, and to the latest account of the Fall of Man and the Deluge, deciphered from a Babylonian brick. Archbishop Usher, and his theory of Chronology are placed out of court. Fifteen thousand years are required as the least possible interval betwixt Abraham and the Creation, which event is not easily dispensed with, though the Deluge shrinks up into a local flood. No wonder, that an astonished clergyman on one occasion rose to remind his hearers, that the Society, to which they belonged, and at which they had listened to such astounding novelties, went by the name of Biblical Archæology.

What will be the feelings of the next generation, if they find themselves with no new worlds to conquer? Is it possible, that

they will think this generation slow, or diffident, or unduly conscientious, or without the power of gestation of theories and paradoxes? At any rate we of this generation have the better of our successors on some points. There can be no new Egyptian Hieroglyphics to decipher, no new Assyrian Palaces to disinter, no new China and Japan to bring into intercourse with the outer world. There can be no new Sanskrit grammars to study, no new Sacred Literatures to unfold; no new Libraries to catalogue in Europe, no old ones in Asia or Africa to rifle. We have our descendants on the hip there.

But let the over-confident pause for a moment in the midst of his egotistical presumption, and think what place his book will occupy in 1900. Will it exist at all, be read at all, or will it have found its way to the trunk-maker, or be reduced to more useful pulp, or kept in a dishonoured existence? It is humbling, but salutary, to reflect, that some boy now at school, or the very baby in arms, will laugh some favourite theories to scorn, as being so stupidly wrong, when seen in the light of subsequent discoveries. But let a Scholar do his work thoroughly, issue it modestly, and admit and correct his errors, as they are pointed out, and he will hand down to posterity a brick, a good brick, which will occupy a position in the wall for ever. Controversy within bounds is good, is indispensable, as expressed by a deep thinker. "Il faut a de pareilles problems des esprits varies, opposés meme, provenant d'écoles contraires, abordant le question avec des outils divers, et avec la resolution de ne ceder a aucun prejuge."

The love of Truth should be sufficient for an author. Let the work be done, and no matter by whom it is done. Let him not be jealous of a supposed rival. At a certain stage of inquiry the truth is ready to leap out, and it is a mere chance who touches the spring. On the other hand, let him not expect gratitude; of the contrary he will have his share. A French writer has wittily illustrated this feature: The oxen, who conveyed back the Ark from the cities of the Philistines to the village of the Hebrews, on their arrival with their sacred burden looked round, as if expecting a reward, or at least thanks; on the contrary, these faithful and intelligent beasts were killed, flayed, and sacrificed upon the wood of their cart, and the narrative seems to imply, that they ought to have been pleased. Such is the fate of many an author. Halevy supplied the text of Himyarite Inscriptions by a long and painful pilgrimage at the risk of his life, only to supply materials for a German Professor, who had never left his Vaterland, to immolate him as a fool, if not an impostor. George Smith, without the training of a scholar, by the gift of intuition, solved many puzzles, which had defied the learned. A jealous French Scholar remarked of his labours, that he liked his discoveries, but not his inventions.

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All Scholars and authors would do well to reflect on the fierce light, which in the next generation will fall upon them, and if their lives are prolonged, they may find, that they have outlived their epoch, that knowledge has progressed to a stratum beyond their seam; that all their labours are incorporated and assimilated by some young author, who forgets to thank the writer, to whom he is indebted for his teaching, though he does not forget to point out his inaccuracies. All, that was true in his discoveries, has become part of the general inheritance of acquired knowledge; all that was false has stuck to his name.

It has been justly remarked, that for many years less attention is paid by the English public at large to Oriental literature than has been paid on the Continent. The reason is obvious; we have to deal with the East practically, and this rubs off much of the romance, that surrounds the subject in the vision of the untravelled Scholar. Anglo-Indians know the Hindu Pandit as a dirty half-naked fellow, with a deficiency of hair upon his head, and a most offensive breath from over-indulgence in the use of the betel-nut; he recollects the Mahometan Maulavi, as a conceited illiberal personage with a turban of unusual proportions; to the untravelled foreigner a certain amount of sanctity and reverence have attached themselves to the idea of the Indian sage. The flower of the youth of England throws itself into the more exciting Professions; and those, who have obtained distinction as Oriental Scholars, are generally not Professors or Schoolmasters, but the soldier, the civilian, the medical man, who in the midst of his proper avocations has indulged the bent of his genius. This gives a greater manliness and larger-heartedness to his views, though it diminishes his accuracy and profoundness of knowledge. Moreover it saves him from the Scylla of the Society of Mutual Admiration, which is the snare of some Professorial cliques, and the Charybdis of Immortal Hatred, which is the bane of others. The practical bent of his mind saves him from devoting a life to a really useless work, a mere intellectual "tour de force," such as is described in the following biting sarcasm:—"Quel gout du travail il a fallu pour mener a terme une pareille œuvre de patience, qui ne peut avoir d'autre recompense, que le plaisir, qu'on a trouvé de l'executer." And again, "Quelques personnes regrettent, que cet eminent philologue depense en apres critiques contre les travaux de ses confrères une part d'activité, que pourrait être mieux employée."

When science has become a profession, the means are sometimes mistaken for the object and the real point is lost sight of. Comparative Philology is after all, in the opinion of all properly constituted minds, only a means towards the solution of most important philosophical and historical questions. As we reject the

Scholar with the one eye only, and protest against the tyranny of Sanskrit in the republic of letters, so we would wish to distinguish the grand philological architect from the mere maker of bricks. Technical philology and critical powers of details of grammar are excellent things; but on one condition, that they subserve to an inquiry into the history of the past, and a fuller knowledge of the progress of human intellect. To degrade linguistic science into a mere game of puzzles, a mere trial of strength in the way of resolving moot-points, is an act of sacrilege, something like playing at dice with the knuckle-bones of a saint. There have been botanists, who have been deeply interested in counting the petals of a flower, and cared nothing for the perfume. Let us not hold them up as objects of imitation; nor fall into the opposite error of believing what every literary charlatan may please to propound, who asserts that he has made a great discovery, and that nothing was known before his coming.

The close of the nineteenth century will find us only at the door of the temple. It is idle, with our present knowledge, to discuss the Origin of Language, or even the Affinity of Languages to each other, until we have more full and sufficient data. We cannot as yet approximate the well-worked Semitic and Arian families, and outside them are vast families of languages, systems of stars and asteroids, beyond the ken of our best linguistic telescopes. The men of the twentieth century will have this work before them, to utilise the material, which we are diligently collecting. We look back with pity on the limited knowledge of the eighteenth century, because they knew little and did nothing. But the nineteenth century has gathered in an ample harvest from all quarters of the world; and from this point of view the Oriental Scholars are deserving of reverence, as bees of great labour, who have been storing honey during many a long year for the benefit of an unknown race of philologers, who will be born to profit therefrom.

LONDON, 1875.

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PRINTED BY BALLANTYNE, HANSON AND CO.
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